THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS OCTOBER 1967 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

THE KLANSMAN

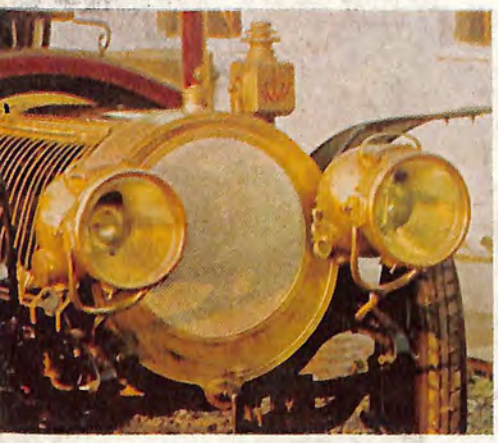
A Shock Treatment Novel
By William Bradford Huie

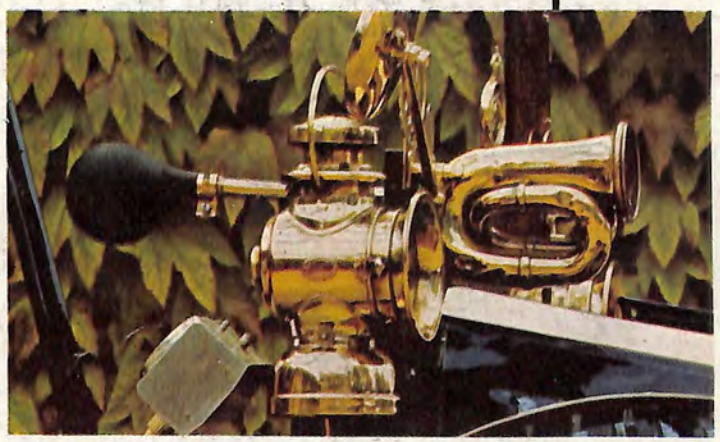
Why South Viet Nam's Army Won't Fight

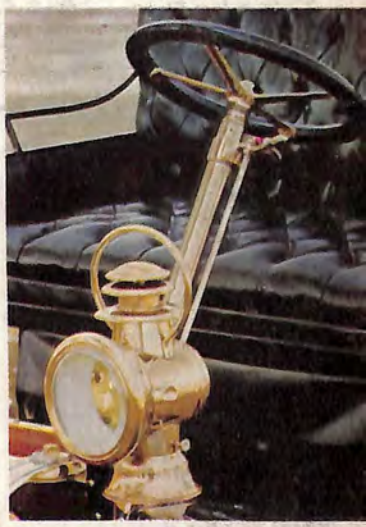
THE RIDDLE OF RFK

AFL's STRAM BETS: The NFL Will Lose the Next Super Bowl Game

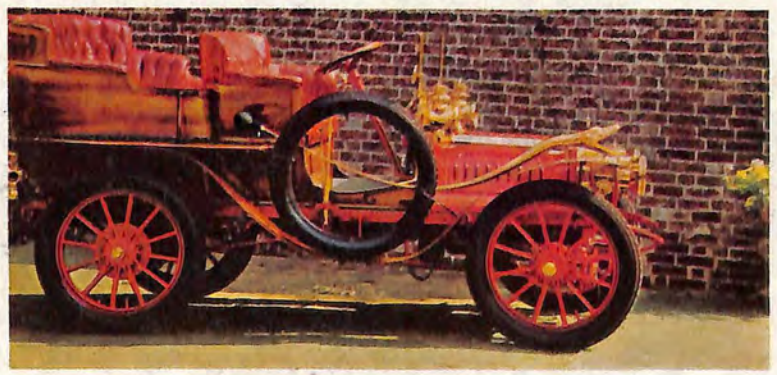
What's New in the New Cars? Safer & Sportier in '68







GOLDEN GLEAMS FROM MOTORING'S BRASSY PAST



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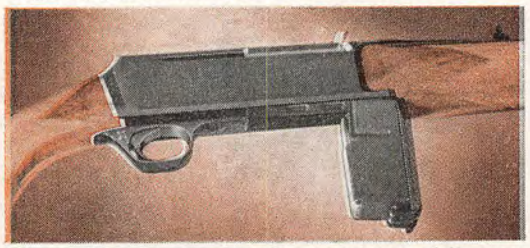

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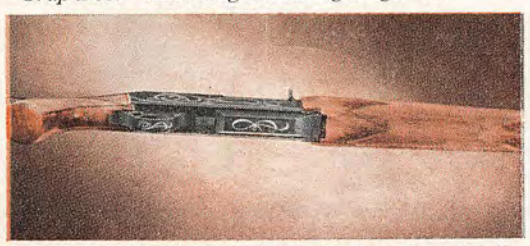

You'll like its select French walnut stock, skillfully checkered and hand rubbed to a brilliant finish.

For years Browning users have asked us for a Semi-Automatic Sporter made the Browning way. Now . . . here it is.

There are a lot of years of know-how represented in this new gas operated centerfire. In fact, John M. Browning invented the first successful one 77 years ago . . . and automatic rifles, pistols, and shotguns have been synonymous with the name Browning ever since.

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Bugsy's Paradise

I have just finished reading, *The Hood Who Invented Las Vegas,* in the August issue of True. I would like to compliment your magazine and Dean Jennings on the story of Bugsy Siegel. I have never read a more interesting or informative article on an underworld character in my life. What a life for a man to lead! He set out to do a certain thing and almost succeeded—it's too bad he didn't use his efforts on useful accomplishments.

—Mrs. H.L. Bowen
Modesto, Calif.

True has long been a citadel of vital and brilliant reporting while lesser publications clobber us with a tornado of journalistic garbage. It was, therefore, a bit of a shock when you saw fit to exhume the maggoty shade of Bugsy Siegel in your August issue. What purpose did you have in trailing this sickly saga across the pages of an otherwise exciting issue? Dean Jennings' tale, like a leap off a bridge, could not well be stopped in midair; I gave it time, and it gave me a distinct hangover. What is worse, I have a strong conviction that the documenting of such redolent entrails of American society afford "aid and comfort" to those less partisan than I. Further, I consider that Las Vegas, the star-spangled glamor Mecca for the entire vacationing West, hardly deserves the malodorous cloud your historian dumped over it.

—Virginia C. Strong
Salt Lake City, Utah

Yes, Virginia, there was a Bugsy Siegel.

Train Time

Your article *The Train is Dead! Long Live the Train!* in the July issue was most interesting especially as we have just completed a 6,000 mile trip by train. I can assure you that it was one of the most enjoyable vacations in my life. Your mention of the new Turbo Trains to run between Montreal and Toronto was pertinent as later in the article it went on to say that American railroads were hurting because of our excellent highways. May I point out that there is a superhighway between the two cities mentioned. If American roads would serve meals as the Canadian railways do, *gratis* with Pullman reservations, it would improve their position in the passenger business. That is if they want that business, which I seriously doubt.

Canadian National and Canadian Pacific are bending over backward to make the traveler welcome aboard, the meals were excellent and the service superb. Many of the persons on the trains were from this country and all were agreed on one thing: travel by train in Canada is not dead—it's fun.

—C.N. Hughes
Napavine, Wash.

Your train article was basically pretty good, however Mr. Barnard was a little misinformed about Atlantic Coast Line's Florida Special. On page 69, he says:

". . . the Florida Special covers the 1,404 miles between New York and Miami in 13 hours, charges $93.28—about 6½ cents per mile. . . ."

If this were true, its average speed of 105+ mph. would be almost as fast as Japan's Tokaido line trains and certainly the fastest thing on American rails.

Facts are as follows (from January, 1967, *Official Guide of the Railways*):

The Florida Special requires 24½ hours for a one-way jaunt, New York to Miami. The $93 fare quoted is approximately correct for a *round trip*—this works out to roughly 3.3 cents a mile.

It's refreshing to see a pro-passenger article these days, but a little simple checking could have avoided these errors.

—G.D. Ogle
Spokane, Wash.

Author Barnard was on the right track—the timetable was off.

Men With A Mission

This letter concerns the story *Kill Her or Die* which appeared in your May issue. I read this article with great interest. Diamond Jeness from the Arctic Institute of North America stated. "The education that the missionaries offered them (the Eskimos) taught nothing and explained nothing."

I believe that Mr. Jeness has overlooked two Catholic missionaries, Father Andre Steinman and Father Joseph Meuss of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, specialists in difficult missions. I personally visited their mission (located on the far northern shore of Hudson Bay), in Povungnetuk, Quebec, in January 1967 to photograph the Eskimos.

My amazement at learning that the fathers have spent the last 30 years in the Arctic wilderness grew when I was told that they built their own mission, doctored, delivered babies and did dental work for the whole village of 500! They have taught the Eskimos how to market their soapstone carvings and other handicrafts (to such an extent that there is a worldwide demand for them). If it weren't for the diligent work on the part of these priests, Povungnetuk would have no co-op store, which is similar to the Hudson Bay Posts. Each year the Eskimos share equally in the profits.

Connected to the mission, a rather large wooden building was built by the priests for use by the people of the village. This is the only meeting place for them, and they gather daily to play games, hold special celebrations and watch free movies.

The irony of this story is that there isn't one Catholic Eskimo in that settlement, nor are there any that contribute to the mission.

—William H. Pusey
Rochester, N.Y.

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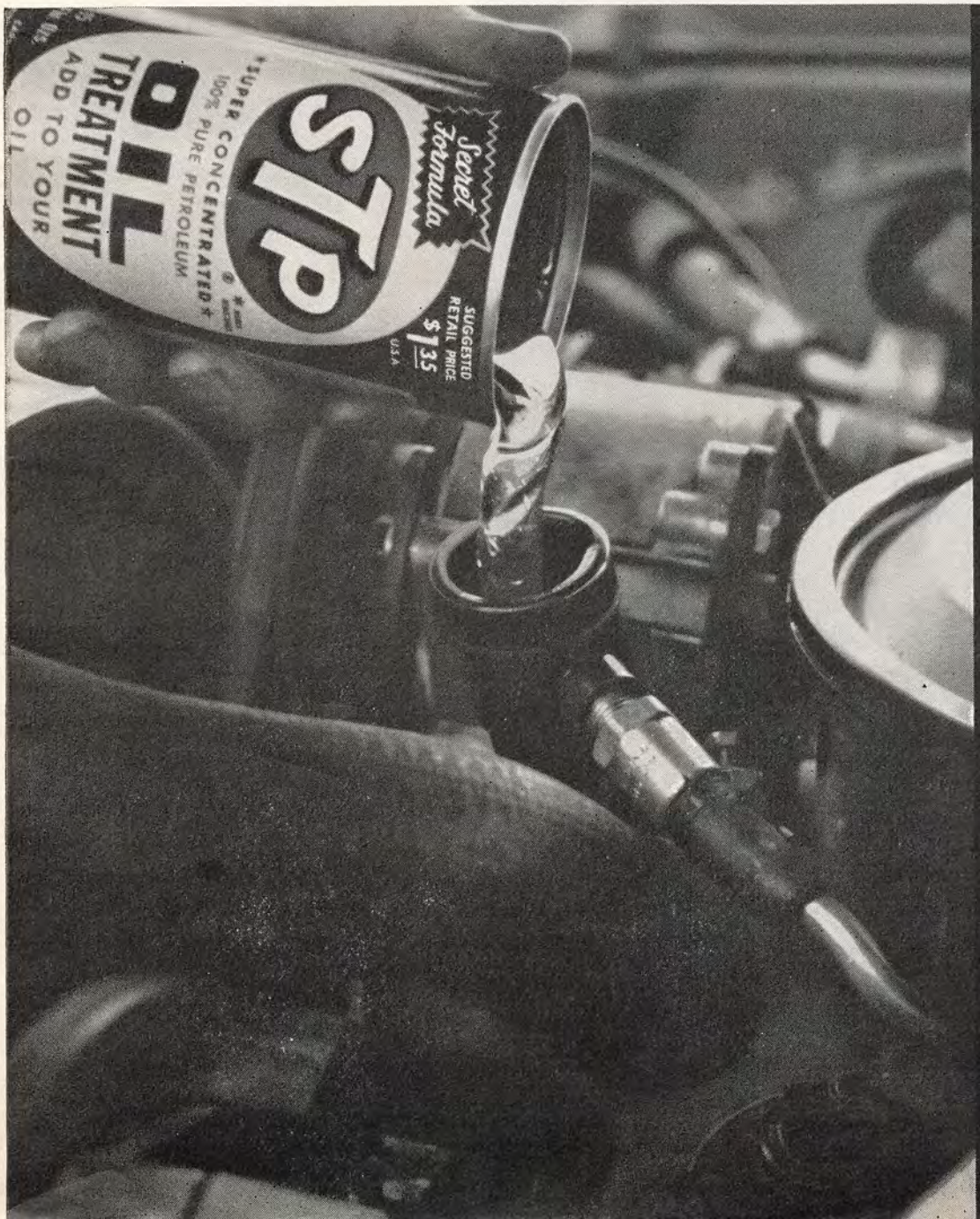

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A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde.**

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks.* **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty,* bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth,* eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love,* unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde.**

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the **L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other,** and Berkeley **Barb.**

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever.*

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost $10 per year. This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out—we will send you a whole year for *only $5*. This is *half price!*

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Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once.* To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to **Avant-Garde,** 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE OCTOBER 1967

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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movies

COOL HAND LUKE. Paul Newman stars as a convict sentenced to two years on a chain gang in this well-nigh perfect movie. With honesty, realism and a great deal of humor, the film relates his rebellion against the brutality of the system which eventually crushes him. Newman is excellent, and George Kennedy, Jo Van Fleet and J. D. Cannon stand out. Don't miss it.

THE WHISPERERS. Dame Edith Evans gives one of the finest performances ever seen on film in this achingly sad movie. She plays a 76-year-old woman on relief and on the brink of senility, alone and unwanted. It delineates the lives of the aged in heartbreaking detail, yet its artistry is so thorough that it ends up exhilarating the viewer—it's first rate.

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT. In a small southern town, a man is murdered; a Negro stranger is immediately arrested. He turns out to be a detective from Philadelphia and is compelled to try to solve the crime. Sidney Poitier is needle-sharp as the cop, and Rod Steiger is bluntly tough as the sheriff who helps and hinders. Uneven but mostly good.

ENTER LAUGHING. This is a funny, nostalgic comedy about a stagestruck boy's entry into show business in the 30's. Based on Carl Reiner's experiences (he coauthored and directed), it unreels one sidesplitting crisis after another on the road to success. Rene Santoni is hilarious as the boy; Elaine May, Jose Ferrer, Jack Gilford and David Opatoshu are tops.

PRIVILEGE. This will probably be the most controversial movie of the year. It tells, in documentary fashion, the story of a pop singer who is the most popular entertainer in the world. It is brutal about the phoniness of his world, but the kicker is that his managers, the government and the church engineer a public religious conversion for him. Cynical and very good. Paul Jones and Jean Shrimpton are adequate as the leads.

WHO'S MINDING THE MINT? Jim Hutton plays a fellow who works at the U.S. Mint. One day he destroys $50,000 accidentally, so he decides to break in and print replacements. His helpers include Walter Brennan, Joey Bishop, Milton Berle and Jack Gilford, easily the nuttiest burglars around, and pert Dorothy Provine as his dumb girl friend. It's good, wacky fun.

books

THE WIND AND BEYOND by Theodore von Karman with Lee Edson. With keen wit and considerable wisdom, a pioneer in aviation and aerospace was able to set down most of his autobiography before his death in 1963. Von Karman hobnobbed with Einstein, Bohr and Fermi, traveled around the world, learned to fly before he learned to drive a car and founded Aerojet General Corp. It's a fascinating book. *Little, Brown; $10.00.*

THROUGH THE GREAT CITY by Anthony Bailey. The author is an excellent writer who drove from Boston to Washington—the expanding urban sprawl known as "megalopolis"—and wrote down his impressions. He talked to architects, city planners and plain folks along the way, and came up with an engaging, unique profile. *Macmillan; $5.95.*

THE EXTRAORDINARY SEAMAN by Phillip Rock. A good sea story is a rare thing, so don't miss this one; it's a dandy. It's a novel about five U.S. sailors in the Philippines in WW II escaping from the Japanese, the beautiful widow they rescue, and the battered river boat they commandeer—skippered by a mysterious, extraordinary Englishman. *Meredith; $4.95.*

THE ANARCHY OF LOVE by Colin Spencer. A novel about sexually confused youngsters in England, this book lays the blame for the mix-ups at the feet of the parents without indulging in grotesque exaggeration. It details the reality of middle-aged marriage, young love and homosexuality relentlessly and believably. *Weybright & Talley; $5.75.*

A SECOND-HAND LIFE by Charles Jackson. This novel by the author of "The Lost Weekend" starts out promisingly, but fizzles out. It's the story of a woman of compulsive sexuality and the men in her life, but it's bloodless and unbelievable. *Macmillan; $5.95.*

MURDER ONE by Dorothy Kilgallen. This is an account of six trials, selected apparently for their sensationalism, notoriety and sex angles. It's too shallow to be good crime history and too snide to be good journalism. *Random House; $5.95.*

THE LAWYERS by Martin Mayer. A massive (586 pages) report on law and lawyers, exhaustively researched, often highly readable, but too long. Many readers will find it quite interesting. *Harper & Row; $8.95.*

records

GEMINI CHANGES. Morgana King has been spinning out ballads in a silken, wispy way for years, quietly building a reputation for excellence. Now, she has cut loose; half the songs on this album are delicately spun, but the other six are rocking swingers, wild and wonderful. "I Have Loved Me a Man" and "The Look of Love" are standouts. *Reprise.*

REMARKABLE RUBIN. The cover photo proves that Rubin Mitchell has only 10 fingers, but we don't believe it. This remarkable pianist must have at least twice that many. Combining dexterity and delicacy, he trips lightly through "Dardanella," "Alright, Okay, You Win," and nine others. *Capitol.*

MISTER PRYSOCK. Arthur Prysock here takes his big baritone and polishes a batch of unabashedly, bittersweetly romantic ballads. Standards like "April in Paris," "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance" and "How Do You Speak to an Angel" gain a whole new lease on life in his hands. *Verve.*

THE JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND. There is something about authentic blues that is irresistible—real blues tell it like it is. James Cotton is authentic. His band, rocking all the way, supports him perfectly, especially on "Good Time Charlie." *Verve/Forecast.*

THE LOVE ALBUM. Lainie Kazan is a fine, stylish singer. The fact that she's also beautiful is quite a bonus. Here she sings a dozen love songs impeccably, sometimes soaring, sometimes purring, always in fine fettle. Especially good are "If You Go Away" and "Once." *MGM Records.*

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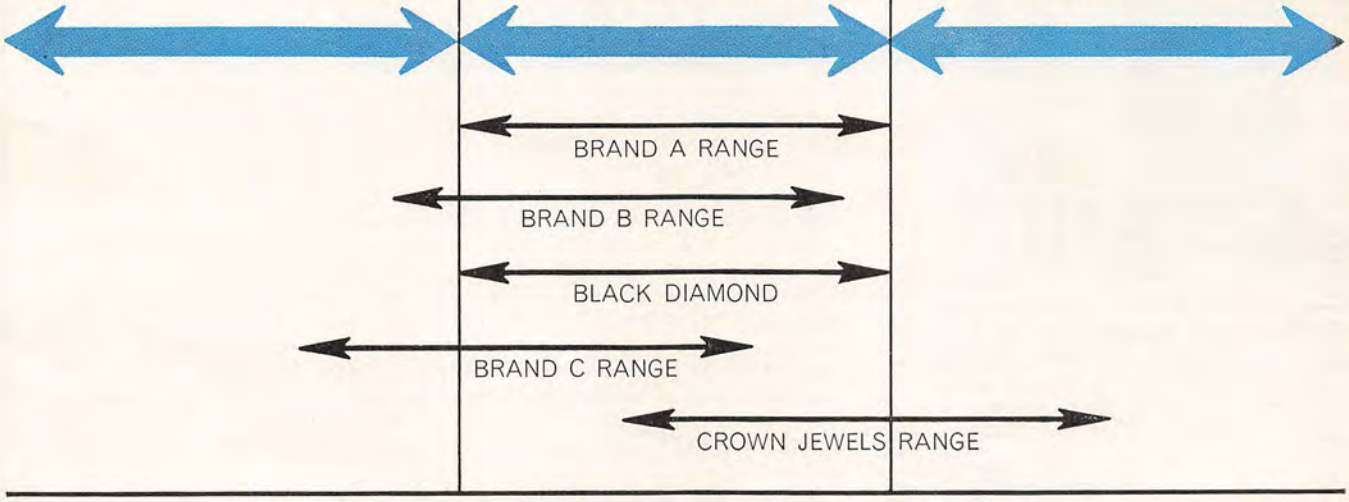

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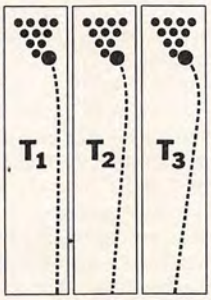

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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY RON SMITH

HOW TO LOSE A DRAW—TWICE

■ Dick Tiger, light-heavyweight champion and former middleweight king, began life in Nigeria as a dishwasher. He saw no future in that line of work. "As soon as I would get the dishes clean," he said, "somebody would dirty them again."

Tiger turned to boxing. When he got good at it, he sailed for America to find a powerful manager. He found one in Jersey Jones—a man wise and successful because he never allows himself to see more than one side of a case.

Consider a June night in 1960 when Tiger defended his British Empire middleweight championship in Edmonton, Canada, against Wilfie Greaves.

To begin with, Jones did not want to go to Edmonton. He is a Times Square man at heart. He had never been to Edmonton but he was certain there was nothing to do there after 10 o'clock. In the morning. Also, Edmonton is Wilfie Greaves' hometown. Jones was wary of a hometown decision.

But Tiger wanted to fight Greaves, and Jones relented. For 15 rounds Tiger bounced hard left jabs off Wilfie's head. Wilfie fought back with sharp rights to the nose. Between them enough damage was done to keep the nearest blood bank in business for weeks. Mostly, though, Jones figured that Tiger had won easily on points. Jones waited in a corner while the ring announcer collected the voting slips and stepped to the microphone.

"The decision," announced the announcer, glancing at the slips, "is . . . a draw."

Jones, whose vocal range registers somewhere between loud and hoarse, let out a holler that rattled windows in Newfoundland. He jumped up and down and turned red in the face. Frantically, he rushed to the city's boxing commissioner.

"Murder! murder!" screamed Jones, in effect. "Lookit the slips! Lookit the slips! There's been a mistake."

The commissioner agreed to reexamine the slips. He looked at them. Then he looked at Jones. "You're right," he told Jones. "The totals were added incorrectly." Jones beamed like a lighthouse while the commissioner called for the ring announcer.

"Ladeez and gentlemen . . ." crackled the voice on the loudspeaker. "An error has been made. Examination of the voting slips, as requested by Tiger's corner, has shown that this contest did not end in a draw. Therefore, the winner is—Wilfie Greaves."

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19-2

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Each month, people like yourself, who love to solve puzzles, but never before won any money, share in the fun and excitement of our contests and walk away with cash prizes that add up to many thousands of dollars. Yes, these winners have used their "tickets" to fame and fortune . . . AND SO CAN YOU!

Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** winners are people just like yourself . . . men and women who never believed that they could have the kind of money paid to sports, TV and movie stars. Our gifted winners have used their cash prizes to do the things they've always dreamed about . . . pay off the mortgage, take a long vacation, start a farm, buy a new wardrobe, install air conditioning, buy a new house, pay old debts.

Here are just a few of thousands of winners: Over $1,000.00 in cash to a Maryland fan; $2,500.00 cash award to a Colorado gentleman; $1,250.00 cash to a San Diego contestant; more than $2,500.00 to a Pennsylvania Puzzle Lover.

How would you feel if you won $5,000.00? "It's a thrill that comes just once in a lifetime," said Mrs. Carl Mouness of La Crescenta, Calif., as she received her cash prize. Men and women of all ages have won tremendous cash awards from our **Puzzle Lovers Club.**

How do they do it? They are members of the world's only puzzle club that holds regularly scheduled competitions and offers cash prizes to winners. Membership in our Club offers you the fun and excitement of puzzle solving, educational information on how to use language and words, the opportunity of winning thousands of dollars each month PLUS extra bonus puzzles each year with prizes ranging all the way up to $100,000.00. Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** limits competition and awards to members only. Our membership is kept small, so that your pleasure, excitement and cash prizes are B-I-G!

Not all of our puzzles and clues are easy. Our Teenie-Weenie puzzles are . . . our word-building contests and statement competitions aren't. But, if you are over 18, you may have the talent to win up to $100,000.00.

Frances Nation, Puzzle Lovers Club winner from Oklahoma City, was overjoyed as she received her $305.88 award. "I'm gleefully capering over your generous check," she said when her cash prize arrived.

"Thank you for that beautiful $1,400.00 check," was the way Sue Repetto, Fort Worth, Tex., reacted to news of her victory. "I'm still in a state of shock," she said over her huge Puzzle Lovers Club winnings.

$1,583.33 in cash went to club member Josephine Wible, Lincoln, Neb. This happy contest winner exclaimed . . . "Thanks again for your promptness. A long-wished-for-trip is now possible."

"I felt that I had a winner," wrote Robert Dallons, Aurora, Colo. He's a contestant who was awarded a $2,500.00 cash prize for his skill in our Puzzle Lovers Club competitions.

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WIN EXTRA CASH IN YOUR OWN HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

THIS COUPON FOR A FRIEND

Edna B. Dupler, Millersport, Ohio, walked away with $500.00 in Puzzle Lovers Club contest cash. "My friends said I was wasting my time," wrote Mrs. Dupler. "I gave them a surprise when I showed them that check."

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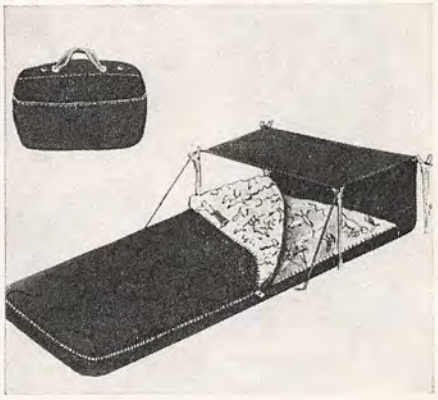

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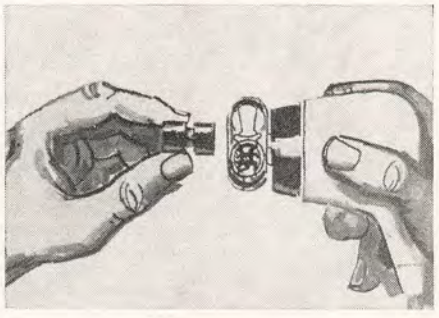

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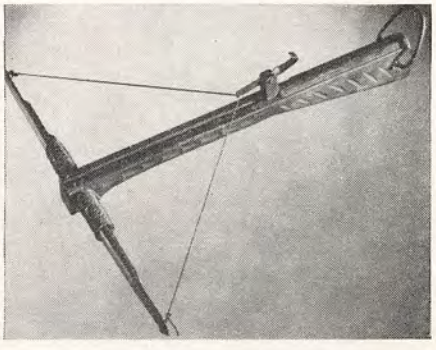

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How can he afford to make this guarantee? By making sure he won't have to live up to it too often. Before he gives a car the 100% guarantee, he gives it a careful 16-point check and fixes what needs fixing. Which should give you a nice, secure feeling.

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THE BOBBY WITHIN

There are many Bobby Kennedys, and there is enough good in the worst of them and enough bad in the best of them to make him the most loved and most hated politician in America

"As our population increases, as the problems of our society become more complex and as the cost of political campaigns continues to mount—it becomes more and more clear that the package is often more important than the product, that the perceived image of a candidate is often more important than what he says."—Robert F. Kennedy, February 22, 1967

■ Robert F. Kennedy comes in a handsome package. Youthful, vigorous, good-looking, elegantly wrapped in pertinent statistics and proper causes, brightly decorated by experience in almost every phase of governmental activity, Bobby Kennedy looks like the perfect present for the country that has everything. The difficulties begin when one opens the package.

Inside the outer box, there is another box, and inside that, another, and another, like an unending practical joke, until, finally, one reaches the core, the product. There is a core, a basic Bobby Kennedy who believes in good and evil, who loves and hates, who is capable of the extreme emotions, the genuine emotions. Immediately this puts Bobby Kennedy ahead of so many politicians who are only boxes inside boxes—fewer and far less fascinating boxes than Bobby Kennedy's—with nothing at the core.

Yet the boxes that surround Kennedy are more than decoration. Each reflects a facet of his personality, a facet of his past, and each has a bearing on all he says and does. To twist the message of Marshall McLuhan, the product is the package.

The variation among the boxes around Kennedy is great, in appeal, in sturdiness, in intensity. And there is variation within each box. Each may have its own dominant characteristic, but each is flawed, the attractive boxes scarred, the unattractive graced.

The analogy grows complicated, which is only fitting, because Robert F. Kennedy is a complicated man. It is almost impossible to generalize about Bobby Kennedy and, at the same time, it is almost impossible to feel neutral about him. He inspires only the most forceful reactions. His friends, in their analyses, elevate him to the brink of sainthood; his enemies, in turn, condemn him to the inner circles of hell. Even the people who feel ambivalently about him express their ambivalence in the strongest possible terms, offering him, simultaneously, the ultimate in acceptance and the ultimate in rejection. "I'd sleep with him," says one woman reporter who has observed him often, "but I wouldn't vote for him."

Even the simplest, most elementary facts about Bobby Kennedy ignite vastly differing interpretations. Consider, for example, his eyes. He has two of them, and both are very blue and very light, and neither is exceptional. Yet, while they suggest nothing but ice to someone who has crossed him, they are beautiful beyond description to a young girl who works for him. In subjective areas, the contradictions, of course, become more pronounced. Just as his eyes can freeze or melt, he can be judged ruthless or compassionate, brash or shy, detached or involved, devious or honest, opportunist or idealist, vacuous or intelligent. Bobby Kennedy is a festival of antonyms.

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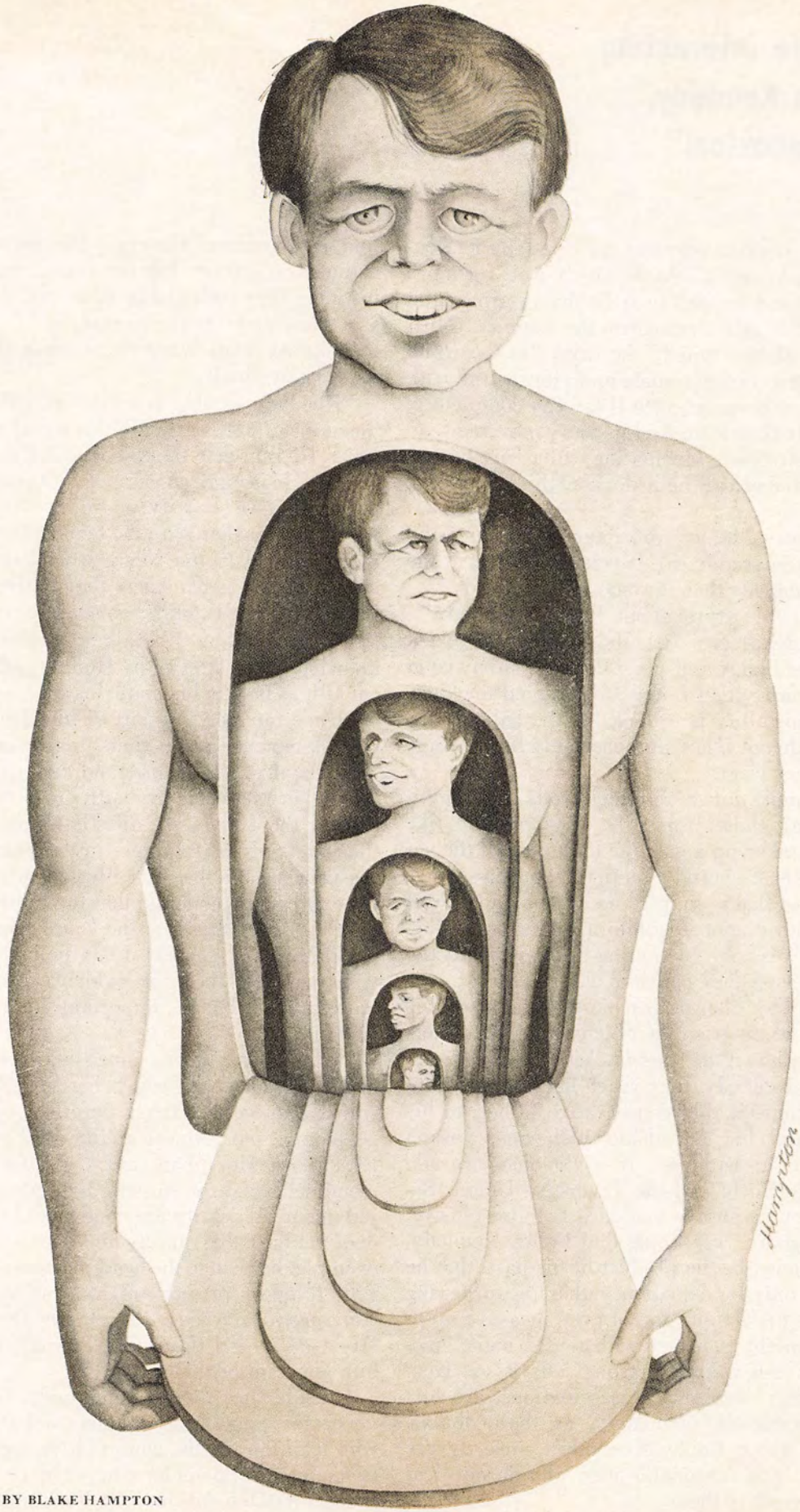

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

"He is more interesting than John Kennedy, more paradoxical"

One newspaperman who was close to John F. Kennedy, who has known Bobby Kennedy well for more than a decade and has felt both Bobby's warmth and Bobby's heat, neatly verbalizes the conflict. "Just when you get Bobby typed," he says, "as the white hope, bright and compassionate and vibrant and with it, he'll do something so bad it'll jar you completely, destroy your faith in him. And just as you're ready to accept the excessive condemnations, to accept him as ruthless and diabolical, he'll do something so classy it stuns you.

"In many ways, he is more interesting than John Kennedy, more paradoxical. It is harder to get at the true Robert Kennedy than the true John Kennedy."

The inescapable truth about Robert Kennedy is that the paradoxes are real, the conflicts do exist. There is a good Bobby and a bad Bobby, a fairly good Bobby and a fairly bad Bobby, all tangled together, and the responsibility is to look for the balance. So many people do not. They purchase only the package of Kennedy they want.

The most impassioned and vociferous of the anti-Bobby voices are those, ironically, of people who, like himself, have taken up a position to the left of the national consensus. Essentially their antagonism springs from an instinct that is simple and understandable, if debatable: They do not trust him. Lacking trust, they doubt his motives, and, by finding him opportunistic, devious, insincere, they call him a false liberal.

The anti-Bobby liberals lift most of their specific criticisms out of his past, then blend them with their own suspicions about the present. Asked to present an indictment of Kennedy, they reach back to the influence of his unmistakably conservative father, to his service for and his friendship with Sen. Joseph McCarthy, to his ruthless, if righteous, crusade against Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters Union. Because solid contemporary evidence is more elusive, they turn subjective, reasoning that Bobby Kennedy, like all men, must be the product of his past, that he leans left now only for expediency, that his words ring hollowly, that his actions do not even measure up to his words. Sometimes, armed with evidence and emotion, they unleash vicious personal attacks on Kennedy, but their character assassinations are not nearly so significant, ultimately, as their doubts. Their doubts about Bobby Kennedy's sincerity are often genuine, and reasonable men who do not deal in vituperation share them.

But there is an army at work seeking to dispel the doubts, people who welcome Kennedy to their position left of center, who enjoy his company. And their enthusiasm springs, like the antagonism, from a basic instinct: They trust Bobby Kennedy. They accept him as a true convert to their cause, and they judge him to be, like so many converts, a more fervent believer than the originals.

"Kennedy is the first liberal politician," wrote journalist Jack Newfield, a voice of the young New Left, "to transcend the cold war and the clichés of the 1950's. He is more concerned with peace treaties than with collective security; more involved with the nonworking poor than with the labor union bureaucracy; more attuned to the Negro's need for participation and pride in his blackness than to the old slogans of integration. He is totally contemporary."

The pro-Bobby liberals recognize his past, acknowledge the McCarthy-Hoffa syndrome, but discount it as part of his maturing process. They cull the evidence for their support of him from his more recent statements and actions, his resistance to an air strike against Cuba, his stand against the conduct of the war in Viet Nam, his battles to enroll James Meredith at the University of Mississippi and to enroll thousands of Negro voters in the South, his expanding concern for the civil liberties of the individual, his expressed conviction that the radicals of the right pose a greater threat to the United States today than the radicals of the left. Like their anti-Bobby counterparts, they, too, mix evidence and emotion to a boiling point, but the important thing is that they accept him.

Beyond acceptance, some liberals see Bobby Kennedy as a man who can bring liberalism a winning spirit, a success it never before possessed. "If you get to know most American liberals," sociologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan said, "you find there's a tremendous streak of softness that likes to lose. Their judgments of reality are confirmed by loss. Kennedy does not have this quality and does not admire it. For example, he went to the headquarters of loser William Fitts Ryan on primary night [during the 1965 New York mayoral race], saw happy throngs and said, 'My God, you'd think they'd won.' That seemed to him aberrant behavior."

Outside the liberal community, Bobby Kennedy generates equal heat, but less debate. Most people who lean toward the conservative are united against him, and they do not have to persuade each other. The senator's statements on Viet Nam and Red China and nuclear proliferation give body to predictable conservative cries of "soft [*Continued on page* 20]

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[*Continued from page* 16]
on communism" and "appeaser." Kennedy does have some supporters, on the right, conservatives who share the anti-Bobby liberals' belief that Bobby Kennedy is basically conservative, but they are a distinct minority.

Within the Washington Establishment, considerable anti-Bobby sentiment flourishes, fed not by any ideology, but by a resentment of anyone who flagrantly violates the rules of the game. Kennedy is a member of the Democratic Party who flouts the Democratic leadership. He is a junior senator who refuses to behave like a junior senator. He is obviously impatient, obviously eager to rock the political boat, and to men who have built careers upon tact and discretion, he appears rash and impolite.

Of course, pro-Bobby people exist within the Establishment, Kennedyites in Johnsonian clothing, even some who look kindly upon both the President and the senator, who can sympathize with each one's problems and ambitions. One's view of Kennedy depends so much upon one's angle of vision—accidental or deliberate. The Kennedy watcher is partly like a spectator at a boxing match who, depending on where he sits, may miss seeing one fighter throw a low punch or the other land a clean blow; and he is partly like a man lost in love, who chooses to see only the beauty, not the blemishes, or a man lost in hate, who chooses to see only the reverse.

It seems incredible that one man could inspire such opposite assessments, but examine the levels of Bobby Kennedy, the boxes that surround him, and the conflicts become understandable. Start with a level immediately evident. Start with his charisma. No one who has ever traveled with him can doubt his appeal. People want to see him, touch him, smile at him, shake his hand, even rumple his hair. His supporters say he is a symbol of the dynamic new politics, and his detractors say he is trading on the reputation of his dead brother.

Certainly the legacy-legend of JFK lends itself to Bobby Kennedy's charisma. And, certainly, he encourages the connection inescapably, with his looks and voice and gestures, and pointedly, with his repeated allusions to the martyred President. Critics suspect a ploy; friends consider the references a logical obsession. The first few times one hears Bobby Kennedy speak in public, and catches the insistent references to "President Kennedy," the suspicions seem reasonable. The references are often not essential; they are sometimes irrelevent. But then, in private conversations, the same theme keeps coming through, the same quiet allusions, and then obviously it is not a ploy, and the best explanation seems to be that Bobby Kennedy quotes his brother the way a good preacher quotes the Bible. It is his favorite, most dependable text.

Each aspect of Bobby Kennedy's personality allows a variety of interpretations. He is, for instance, a notably disconcerting conversationalist; in the art of small talk, he is, at best, a few steps in front of Harpo Marx. "When you're with Bob," says William vanden Heuvel, a former Justice Department lawyer who serves as one of Kennedy's ties to New York politics, "the burden of conversation is always on you." The first temptation is to brand him distant or rude; the eventual realization that he is, actually, shy comes as a shock. No one should have his power and prestige, and still be shy. But Bobby Kennedy is. Additionally, suggests Peter Edelman, his legislative aide, "The senator uses a shorthand in conversation. He doesn't waste words. It can be frustrating; you have to catch on fast."

To anyone who knows him less than intimately, Bobby Kennedy is not one of the warm people. He is not the sort of person who immediately puts others at ease and encourages closeness. Yet he shows flashes of compassion that many of the warmest people cannot match.

Once, in a Kansas City suburb only a few months after his brother's assassination, he dedicated a home for the aged, and Ben Bradlee, an objective Kennedy watcher who is now the managing editor of *The Washington Post*, accompanied him. "The old and the crippled were all lined up downstairs," Bradlee recalls, "and after he spoke with them, he went upstairs where the dying were. There was this woman rattling. It was the death rattle. I had never heard it before. Bob stood for 20 minutes holding her hand and whispering to her. She had no idea who he was. Bob was absolutely lost in this. No phoniness. No one around. No photographers. It brought tears to my eyes."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

If his displays of warmth seem spontaneous, his displays of arrogance seem similarly natural. His arrogance is not vicious, not premeditated; it is the milder arrogance of wealth and position, and it reveals itself in small ways. Some of it is amusing—his habit of roaming without money, borrowing subway fare and church donations from reporters and aides—but some of it is not. Generally he does not open doors; others open doors for him. He does not carry his own attaché case; someone plucks it from his hand and carries it for him. He does not wait for people; passengers aboard his family's private plane are told that the aircraft takes off when he boards, and if anyone else is tardy, it is too bad. Anyone less accustomed to being waited upon—and many equally accustomed—would either feel embarrassed by the excessive attention or would have to demand it. Kennedy is not embarrassed, which would be winsome, and he is not demanding, which would be repellent; he is accepting, which is merely irritating.

His puritanical strain, bordering on the self-righteous, can be irritating, too. Someone once called him the only living Catholic Calvinist. He gives the impression that he firmly believes in good and evil, in saints and sinners, which would be fine if he would only allow for a touch of evil, a touch of the sinner, in himself. But he seems to have utter faith in himself, complete trust in his own morality. Yet he has the saving ability to kid his own puritanism. "It isn't that I'm a saint," he told one reporter. "It's just that I've never found it necessary to be a sinner."

His sense of humor saves him often. It is a dry and pointed sense of humor, and usually, even while it is pointed at himself, it serves, deliberately, to blunt the critics' charges against him.

One morning, before leaving his home for his office, he carried *The New York Times* upstairs to his wife, then hurried downstairs, turned to a friend and said, "That's my good deed for the day. Now I can go back to being ruthless."

When a biographer of John Kennedy wrote that Bobby was anti-Semitic, Ed Guthman, the Attorney General's press secretary, who is Jewish, brought the book to his boss and pointed out the indictment. Kennedy stared hard at Guthman. "I always knew," he said, deadpan, "there was something about you I hated."

In 1967, at a dinner of the Americans for Democratic Action in Philadelphia, he spotted Congressman William Green, whose father had been a political boss in the tradition the ADA was born to battle. "Billy," said Kennedy from the speaker's rostrum, "how would your father feel if he knew you were here?" Pause. "Come to think of it, how would *my* father feel if he knew *I* was here?"

"The cost of campaigning has become so high," he told a college audience in 1967, "that to make a candidate and his views well known in a state like California or New York is impossible without either a well-known personality or enormous sums of money." Pause. "As an unknown virtually without funds, I was, of course, an exception."

And, during a question-and-answer period following the same speech, when a student pressed him about his days with McCarthy, his notes slipped off the rostrum and, as he bent down, he said, "I'm not disappearing. I'm just picking up my notes." The ensuing laughter almost drowned out his evasive answer: "Well, I found it very interesting."

Kennedy uses humor to cover his lapses as well as his past. Once, when he was Attorney General, he gave a welcoming speech at a concert that was sponsored by the Foreign Student Service Council. "You people," said Kennedy, "are exemplifying what my brother meant when he said in his inaugural address, 'Ask what you can do for . . . uh . . . do not ask what you can do . . . uh . . . ask not what you can do for your country but . . .' Well, anyhow, you remember his words." The audience began to laugh, and Kennedy, reddening, shrugged. "That's why my brother is President," he said.

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Critics charge, with varying degrees of intensity, that if John F. Kennedy brought intelligence to the Presidency, Robert F. Kennedy would not. Certainly as a student he never threatened to join Phi Beta Kappa, and as a young man his thirst for knowledge seemed quenched much more easily by facts than by comprehension. Even as his thirst grew, Bobby Kennedy suffered in comparison with his brother.

"Bobby's considerably more primitive toward ideas, people and institutions than his brother," said an official serving the Kennedy Administration. "He doesn't have the literary background or interests the President does." But the official saw hope. "Bobby has a limited, but growing acquaintance with intellectualism," he said. "The more he is exposed, the more he is impressed."

The most acceptable theory about Kennedy's intelligence is that he is learning, out of necessity and out of desire. "At some point," wrote Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., "Robert Kennedy grew aware of the world of mind and sensibility in which his brother had been so long at ease; and he determined to explore this world for himself."

His friends repeatedly claim that Kennedy is an avid reader, that he reads for broad knowledge, not just for essential facts, and, when he is traveling, he often sticks a book under his arm. The book, however, is seldom opened, at least not in the presence of reporters.

The less charitable anti-Bobby voices weight their case against his intelligence with one curious bit of ammunition. Someone once revealed that Kennedy listens to recordings of Shakespeare in the shower; the critics argue that this demonstrates, beyond contradiction, his intellectual shortcomings. The argument is not persuasive; Shakespeare, in the shower or the Old Vic, has never hurt anyone's capacity to think. It is surely more stimulating than listening to the hiss of the shower nozzle, or even to country music.

And, apparently, Kennedy listens in the shower. He once spent an evening in Rome with the Richard Burtons, and when the Welsh actor recited the St. Crispin's Day speech from *Henry V*, Kennedy caught him in a slight misquotation. Burton insisted he was right; Kennedy insisted he was right; the actor lost the case.

From a limited inventory of Bobby Kennedy's characteristics, a picture emerges of an interesting man, even an impressive man, but not an extraordinary man. He is at least reasonably intelligent; he has a quick sense of humor, a firm sense of morality, a frustrating mixture of arrogance and compassion. These are private traits, and in most men, they would have an impact only on a small sphere. But Bobby Kennedy is not a private man. He is a public man. What sets him apart, what makes him extraordinary, is his dedication to, or obsession with, the twin fields of politics and power. They cannot be separated; almost by definition, a politician is a man in search of power, and how he acquires that power, how he uses it and how he reacts to it determines the sort of politician he is.

Kennedy, of course, seeks the ultimate power of the Presidency. Totally apart from the value of his ideas, apart from the depth of his belief in them, Kennedy wants to win. His fierce competitiveness, instilled at home, conditioned in sports and polished in politics, is so obvious it is accepted even by his enemies; "Bobby Kennedy has a tremendous will to win," Richard Nixon once said, not without admiration. Once Kennedy wanted to win primarily for the sake of winning; that spirit persists, but merged with it now, to an extent that defies precise measurement, is a conviction that his victory is important beyond himself. Others, prejudiced by their closeness to him, share this conviction. "The kind of guy you want for President," says Joseph Dolan, Kennedy's administrative assistant, "is the guy you shake in the middle of the night, when the radar blips are going wild and the transatlantic cables are cut, and the guy acts better, tougher than ever. John F. Kennedy was that guy. So is Robert Kennedy."

Bobby Kennedy's approach to power appears to have shifted with his motivation. He used to be incredibly blunt. "Bobby is more direct than Jack," their father, Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., once said. "Jack has always been one to persuade people to do things. Bobby tends to tell people what to do."

Now he seems to have softened. "He was a pusher, a shover," says a Boston newspaperman who has known Bobby Kennedy for 15 years. "He isn't any more."

Friends attribute the softening to maturity, which is only one explanation. A second is that Bobby Kennedy, consciously or unconsciously, as he looks upon himself increasingly as the heir to his brother's ideas, tries to act more like his brother. And a third explanation is that he does not use power so rawly these days simply because he lacks the raw power he once had. When his brother was President, Bobby Kennedy was the second most powerful man in the government. Now he is only a senator, one often at odds with the Administration, and his power is barely a shadow of what it was.

When Kennedy had power, he did not waste it. He refused to tolerate laziness or ineptitude; he destroyed egos and bruised people's lives, but he drove himself hard, and he managed his jobs well. He was, on balance, an excellent campaign manager for his brother and an excellent Attorney General.

His reaction to power was not, despite his harshest critics, particularly unpleasant. He never seemed overly impressed with his own importance. Perhaps more disturbing than anything else was his self-righteousness about power. "We hire people for their ability, not their race," Kennedy once insisted to a group of civil-rights pickets at the Justice Department. He stocked his voice with holiness, and, at the same time, he and his brother occasionally stocked the Administration, in judges and even in Cabinet members, with expediency.

It is difficult to gauge exactly how the Bobby Kennedy of today would employ and react to great power. He has been away from it since the assassination. Certainly he drives his own staff sternly, but the staff seems to relish it. Certainly his reaction to the loss of power is a discernible longing for it. But Bobby Kennedy can best be judged today only by his search for power, his techniques for acquiring power.

The emphasis is on the package, the proper combination of stance and substance. He is a thoroughly modern politician, and he knows, perhaps better than any other politician, how to use the modern system of mass communications to project himself most favorably upon the public. Even as he criticizes the system, he employs it to its fullest. "I think a person must be out of his mind if he thinks he can manage news," Bobby Kennedy once told *U.S. News & World Report*. By his own definition, Bobby Kennedy is crazy like a fox; he not only thinks he can manage news, he does.

Bobby Kennedy is out to seduce the press. As seducers go, his intentions are honorable, and Andrew Glass of *The Washington Post* points out that "Kennedy is as wooed as he is wooing." He is a potential President, and reporters, just like legislators, lobbyists and social climbers, want to be close to a potential President. A majority of the press, even men whose jobs depend on a reasonable relationship with Lyndon Johnson, want to be loved, or at least courted, by Kennedy. The feeling is requited.

Kennedy studies the press and reacts to it. He is not a bleeder; he does not brood about criticism in print. More often, he dismisses attacks with humor ("I'm not *that* bad") or with contempt (of one critic, he says, "He's a woman"). But, just as he and his staff maneuver to get favorable stories published, they apply pressure to stifle unfavorable stories. During a California trip in 1966, he heard that a reporter was preparing a less than flattering story and promptly, in front of perhaps 20 other newspapermen, he accused the reporter of "sensationalism." For emphasis, he had an aide telephone the reporter's editor and complain.

The press, despite its natural and practical affinity for Kennedy, resents his manipulations, resents being conned. One reporter, friendly to Kennedy, was incensed by an article appearing in a monthly magazine, bylined by Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., analyzing "my father, the senator." "He demands family pri-

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vacy," the reporter snapped, "but he thinks nothing of prostituting his own son. He wants everything both ways."

Kennedy's most unnerving, possibly disastrous, brush with managing the news grew out of William Manchester's book *The Death of a President*. The Kennedy family, principally Bobby and his brother's widow, in effect commissioned Manchester to write the story of the assassination. They sat for his interviews, withheld their cooperation from anyone else and insisted he submit his manuscript for their review.

Everything turned into a nightmare. The Kennedys erred in demanding the right to review a writer's work; if they trusted him enough to choose him, they should have trusted his intelligence and art. Manchester erred in agreeing to the review; he should have fought for his autonomy. The situation degenerated into bitterness, involving book publishers, magazine publishers and lawyers.

Perhaps Kennedy never wanted to get involved with the book. Perhaps Jacqueline Kennedy prodded him into carrying the fight against publication of parts of the manuscript. Perhaps he honestly believed that Manchester had violated his trust, that the feelings of the President's widow had to be protected. Whatever his motivations, Kennedy, personally and through his representatives, antagonized the publishers, alienated Manchester and emerged, fairly or unfairly, the prime villain, looking at best like a man suppressing history, at worst like a man distorting history, trying to use the book as a weapon in his feud with Lyndon Johnson. Bobby Kennedy found himself hopelessly trapped among contradictions that tasted like lies.

Kennedy himself is not a liar—"much less than most politicians," suggests a Washington reporter—but, unfortunately, he is often surrounded by lies. Associates lie for him—about little things. For instance, when Kennedy is flying first class, an aide, fearful that Kennedy might look like a rich man, tells a reporter the senator is flying tourist. When the reporter sees Kennedy in first class, he looks worse than rich. Or an aide, after working all night on a task for Kennedy, claims to have had several hours of sleep, fearful that Kennedy might look like a martinet. When Kennedy himself mentions that the aide was up all night, the whole operation becomes suspect.

The little lies, so stupid and unnecessary, are most harmful because they encourage the possibility of a big lie, a lie about the depth and integrity of Kennedy's political philosophy. His posture is generally, if not predictably, liberal. Once, at an ADA banquet, he attributed his liberalism simply to debates with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.: "He won and I am here."

If Kennedy's concern with liberal causes is now beyond dispute, his sincerity is still debated. Even ignoring the past—when he jumped from one side of the wiretapping controversy to the other, when he leaped from unawareness of civil rights to total commitment—he is still suspect. One of his Senatorial staffers once researched existing housing legislation and learned that New York City could get $8,000,000 from the federal government to improve housing. The city was not getting the money, and the staff member urged Kennedy to request it. "Why should I help Lindsay?" he responded. His instinct, in that case, was not to help New York Mayor John Lindsay, a political rival. "When he talks about helping poor people," says a former Kennedy aide, "you wonder if he means it."

Yet most of the indications are that he does mean it, that he does want to eliminate poverty, that he does seek peace, that he is concerned with human dignity. The possibility remains that he turned to liberalism as an expedient and genuinely liked what he found. "What encourages me most about Bobby," says Joseph Rauh, one of the major voices of liberalism, "is that he should think liberalism is the wave of the future."

One indication of Kennedy's sincerity is that he takes stands he could avoid, stands, like his Viet Nam speech, that could hurt more than help him. "Kennedy is opting more and more for the high-risk, high-gain issue," wrote Andrew Kopkind in *The New Republic*. "Nothing in the book of common political practice demands that he approve of blood donations for the Viet Cong, that he champion the grape strikers' cause, that he criticize the Justice Department's refusal to allow burial of a communist in Arlington cemetery. . . . Yet he has done all those things."

Kopkind theorized persuasively that Kennedy is not directing his appeal at any standard large group of voters, that he is not seeking to capture any identifiable bloc, that he is, if anything, only loosely shaping the outlines of an organization that could be called a "Kennedy Party."

The Kennedy Party does exist. It is a group of men and ideas united by resistance to the direction of the Johnson Administration. The party is vague, but its core is specific: Kennedy, his staff and his brain trust, men inherited from his brother and men gathered in his own career who contribute to his thinking.

Kennedy's staff is not quite like any other senator's, probably because Kennedy is not quite like any other senator. Unlike any other member of the body, including former governors, he considers the Senate a demotion. He uses the Senate as a sounding board and a staging area, a convenient arena for the testing of ideas, the making of speeches and the accumulation of support. But he has no plans to devote his life to making the laws of the land; he knows this, his fellow senators know it and his staff knows it.

Perhaps the scope of Kennedy's ambition makes it easier for his staff to accept the working conditions. He drives them furiously ("You learn to swing with it or you leave," says one staffer), and 10-hour days and weekend assignments are standard. Sometimes he loses his temper and explodes at a member of the staff ("When you do something wrong, he lets you know"). Every level of the senator's staff operates under pressure. Yet almost everyone seems to thrive under it; the surface reactions are enjoyment and loyalty. Just as in practically every phase of his personality, Kennedy, in his dealings with his staff, has at least two sides. He shows his appreciation for their efforts. He arranges for his staff to escape from duty to attend his major speeches. He gives monthly beer-and-Coke parties in his office and invites the entire staff. For Christmas, 1966, he presented each female employee with a gold loyalty pill, engraved "RFK" on one side and "Loyal" on the other.

Kennedy's Washington staff, incidentally, takes an almost cruel pleasure in minimizing the abilities of the senator's younger brother. They openly poke fun at Teddy Kennedy's intelligence; Teddy's staff, in turn, points out that Bobby has difficulty finding the Senate Chamber.

The two brothers kid each other, too, but their kidding seems more good-

"What do you mean 'indecent exposure'? She's the first decent one we've seen all day!"

natured than their subordinates'. The ties of family remain strong among the Kennedys, and Bobby obviously turns to Teddy for company and friendship, if not advice. Among the family, Bobby depends heavily upon Stephen Smith, his brother-in-law, who manages the Kennedy enterprises and managed both brothers' senatorial campaigns. Bobby Kennedy is not so close to another brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, who runs Lyndon Johnson's poverty program. Kennedy and Shriver do not openly feud, but they needle each other, and some of the needles draw blood.

Kennedy's relationship with his immediate family, like the rest of his life, is open to varying interpretations. Relaxing at Hickory Hill, he can be the ideal father, romping on the lawn with any of the 10 children, encouraging them in school and in hobbies, drawing them into the frequent touch football games. Kennedy at his family best is Kennedy watching the Super Bowl on television in his den, wrestling on the floor with one of his daughters, dropping an ice cube, for a joke, down her back. He is utterly devoted to his wife Ethel, a remarkably unaffected woman, as friendly and cheerful as she is athletic. When Kennedy toured Europe in January, 1967, he sent his wife a telegram every day, always the same fond message, always in the language of the country he was visiting. Fortunately for Ethel Kennedy, the first message came from London.

Yet often Kennedy is away from his family and often he seems completely unaware of what is happening with them. His wife shields him from knowledge of both the children's illnesses and her own. Once, the day after Ethel Kennedy postponed an interview with a reporter because she was sick, Bobby Kennedy approached the reporter and asked, "Did you see Ethel yesterday?" Apparently no one had told him that his wife was ill.

"I'm wondering how often you make your wife cry," a female journalist said to him one day, and the comment puzzled him. "I'd die if I made a girl cry," he said. "I don't think I've ever made my wife cry." He believed it. Bobby Kennedy, quite likely, often believes what he wants to believe.

This is a complex man, full of strengths and weaknesses, full of virtues and faults —which puts him among the majority. Yet his flaws are human, if annoying, and they seem more than matched by his energy, his awareness, his understanding. He has already lived a vigorously full life, through a competitive childhood, through an apprenticeship as an investigator, through an education in political campaigns, through enlightenment as Attorney General. Now he is a senator, and he wants to rise higher. The ultimate question is one of trust. If Bobby Kennedy is, as he says, honestly dedicated to public service, if he is a man changed by experience and not by expediency, his warmest admirers are justified. But if he is all package and no product, if he is insincere, then he is the perpetrator of a terrible crime, his severest critics are justified. The balance leans perceptibly, but not completely, toward trust.

—Dick Schaap

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

PANTSWEARERS

Dr. Carl A. Whitaker, a University of Wisconsin psychiatrist, has come up with a disturbing theory that each partner in a marriage has one leg in the family pants. This could undermine the whole basis of happy marriage, which is that there must be a firm masculine hand at the controls. Whitaker concedes that one partner may appear to dominate the other, but thinks it deceptive: one partner may be openly aggressive and the other more quiet and sneaky. Be that as it may, the doctrine of 50-50 decisions in marriage is obviously untenable. On any matter involving difference of opinion, two halves of an opinion can't add up to one. Somebody has to yield. Husbands generally do so in trifling matters, and take pleasure in letting the little woman savor the sweet taste of victory, but in any decision of consequence a responsible man holds his own and is better loved and respected for it after the sparks have fallen.

SAFETY LAST

California legislators did a double take the other day when a bunch of Hell's Angels—surly, black jacketed, swastika dangling, shaggy haired, hell-for-leather motorcyclists—invaded the state capital. The wild ones, who like to ride their cycles barefoot and helmetless, screamed against a proposed motorcycle safety bill that would require riders to wear shoes and helmets. They snarled that this would take all the fun out of motorcycling and that they had a right to splash their heads on asphalt if they wanted to. We think they have a point. The Hell's Angels mob should be exempted from motorcycle safety regulations. The less protective gear they wear the better.

EXPENSIVE BEDS

A day in a hospital costs $55. In three years it will cost $70. Last year hospital fees jumped 18 percent. And nothing can be done about it. Says who? Says hospitals and doctors and people in the health trades who tell us complacently that skyrocketing charges are inevitable.

We doubt it. We doubt it because ordinary standards of efficiency and reduction of waste are hardly ever applied to hospital and medical care. Hospitals are sicklied o'er with a pale cast of awe that inhibits outsiders from investigating efficiency or the lack thereof. Doctors are even cozier. The American Medical Association in convention narrowly voted down a resolution demanding that Blue Cross and the American Hospital Association mind their own damn business "and permit no further statements to be made regarding the practice of medicine." Not only are doctors and hospitals poorly equipped to police costs, but there's no incentive to do so as long as they can fold their hands and say sorry, that's the way it is, buster.

What might an outside efficiency expert discover? Well, there are now 13 health workers for every physician. By 1970 it will be 17 to one. Two-thirds of spiraling hospital costs are accounted for by payrolls. Twenty years ago there were 1½ hospital employes per patient. New there are nearly three. Is this necessary, or just another example of Parkinson's law that work or the semblance thereof always inflates to match the numbers of workers available to do it?

How many hospital beds are occupied unnecessarily by well-recovered patients who prolong their stays, or could walk in and have a doctor apply a bandage and walk home again? How many beds vacant because of poor planning are carried in overhead? How many patients enter a hospital needlessly because they can't tap Blue Cross or other benefits unless they do? Should these requirements be changed to permit reimbursement of outpatients and discourage overuse of hospitals? Is it in the public interest to permit private insurance which, in addition to other benefits, allows some patients to make a profit on a hospital stay? Should several hospitals in a community be allowed to duplicate expensive equipment such as cobalt bombs?

We don't know. But we'll bet a New York lottery ticket that the answers will have to come from hardheaded outsiders who won't be struck dumb if somebody waves a hospital flag.

PLAY PAY

Labor unions have as many rocks in the head as management. Some of them, anyway. The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks hopes to get time-and-a-half pay for members on vacation. Is man at play worth more than a working man? The best that can be said for this scheme is that, by logical extension, it could solve the unemployment problem: double pay for never returning from a vacation.

PICK THE CHAMP

The moribund heavyweight championship business is getting a shot in the arm. Legendary champs of yesteryear are making a comeback. Sixteen of them, including some who are dead and also including Cassius Clay-Muhammed Ali, will be belting each other with punch cards on a series of radio programs this fall. By vote of experts, the 16 greatest heavyweights of all time are Jack Dempsey, John L. Sullivan, Joe Louis, Bob Fitzsimmons, Max Baer, Rocky Marciano, Jim Jeffries, Cassius Clay, Jim Corbett, James Braddock, Jess Willard, Jack Sharkey, Jack Johnson, Gene Tunney,

(Continued on page 28)

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 26)

Joe Walcott and Max Schmeling. Could Corbett have kayoed Tunney, could Sullivan have knocked out Dempsey? Ere long we'll know, thanks to electronic magic. The idea is to feed 129 "variables" about a prizefighter—his speed, ability to deliver various punches and to withstand same, agility, killer instinct and much more—into computers' memories. Computers loaded with about 1,500 facts per round for a pair of fighters come out swinging and may the best tape win. There will be 14 elimination bouts and a final one in which the two survivors slug it out for the all-time championship of the world. Each fight will have a blow-by-blow description and excitement will run rampant. The whole concept of computerized tournaments is the brainchild of Murray Woroner of Miami, who is surely destined to scale even greater heights of mythological combat. Long-dead heroes can be pitted against modern practitioners of many art forms. Was Jim Thorpe a better man than Paul Hornung? Could Ronald Reagan have taken Franklin D. Roosevelt? Could LBJ have licked Abraham Lincoln? The time may come when politicians, instead of orating at testimonial dinners for campaigning senators, will spend their time feeding their variables into a computer and putting their best tape forward.

SAFETY LAST

Raspberries to the Federal Communications Commission which wants broadcasters who carry cigaret advertising to give time to people who maintain that cigarets will kill you. This puts the camel's nose in the tent. There will be no tent left if anything that is hazardous to health—bathtubs, skis, ladders, cars, mules, football, boats, food, you name it—has to have the fact that you could break your neck or drown or bust a gusset pointed out to a public that bureaucrats seem to regard as mentally retarded. Public service announcements, generally thought to be in the public interest, will disappear. Stock sellers can demand time to counteract U.S. Savings Bonds announcements. Draftcard burners can argue against Army recruiting ads. Blood collection appeals can be opposed by religious objectors. The so-called "fairness" doctrine of equal comment becomes ridiculous if all sorts of sensible and crackpot "'Tis so" and "Taint't so" promoters are given free rein to air their views. And what does the FCC aim to do about the greatest health risk of all—living?

POOR FISHING

Things are getting rougher for 19- and 20-year-old girls and in a fatherly way we feel kind of sorry for them. Their normal business career of persuading some man to marry and take care of them is at risk of being thwarted. According to the Population Reference Bureau, there are 3,600,000 girls of that age but only 2,800,000 21- and 22-year-old men, their choice targets. There are 800,000 more fisherwomen than fish in the pond, a competitive situation that may well lead to new boldness in attack and tempting improvements in bait that young men should be wary of. A self-confident man will not take advantage of his scarcity value but will rely, as always, on personal charm.

DOWN WITH GAMES

Please, all you oil companies, cut out the "game" nonsense: **PLAY THIS, PLAY THAT, WIN $10,000!** Cripes, it's getting so that a man can't get in and out of a filling station without having the attendant hand him a piece of litter, a slip of paper theoretically worth a fortune if you can match it with the other half held, unbeknownst to you, by a retired miner in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. This promotional infection, like trading stamps, enriches the customer not, doesn't even enrich the oil companies or station proprietors, but keeps a golden stream flowing to manufacturers of the gimmicks. The rare guy who wins $5, or even 10 times that, is supported by millions of losers who, if the infection bites them, have little mouse nests of paper fragments all over the house. Money plowed into expensive game schemes could better go into improving products and services or even to cut a tenth of a cent from the price of gas. The worst insult is that the games seem to prove there's a sucker born every minute.

CLIPPER CURE

Down Mexico way they've come up with a cure for juvenile gangsters: shave their heads. Some 25,000 young mobsters roam the streets of Mexico City. Lately they've stopped fighting among themselves and taken to attacking citizens. Most of them have Beatle-style haircuts. What could be more humiliating than shaving their heads? The treatment, says Police Chief Melchor Cardenas, seems to work. A shaved head hurts them more than a year in prison—gives the laugh to their reputations as tough guys. Could be that it's more reformative to clip a delinquent's head with clippers than with a nightstick. Interestingly, shaggy-haired hipsters inducted into the U.S. Army generally turn out to be pretty good Joes when given one of three styles of Army haircuts—all short. **—THE EDITORS**

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TRUE
OCTOBER

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

Why South Viet Nam's Army Won't Fight

The maddening question gnaws at America's conscience. Our South Vietnamese allies outnumber the enemy. They are better trained and equipped, yet they have collapsed before the Viet Cong and are mistrusted by our GI's. The result, like it or not, is that this is now America's war to win or lose

■ After spending billions of dollars and more than a decade to create South Viet Nam's army, Uncle Sam now finds himself stuck with a military white elephant that's practically worthless.

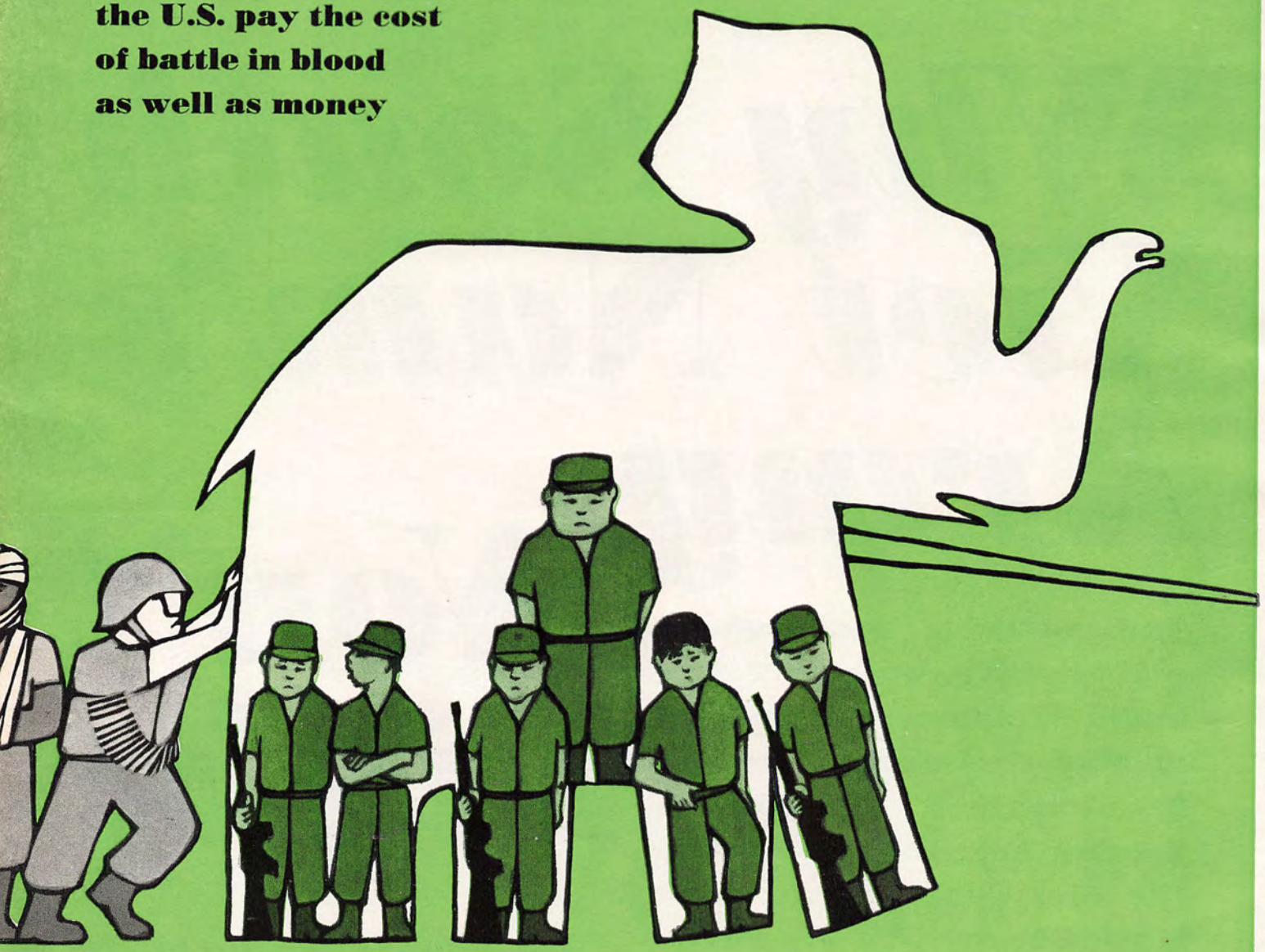
The United States is picking up virtually the whole check in South Viet Nam, and it runs to about three-quarters of a million dollars *an hour*, plus several hundred American lives each week. American casualty figures are now generally running ahead of South Vietnamese casualties.

Incredibly, South Viet Nam's armed forces—all trained, paid, equipped and advised by the United States—outnumber communist enemy forces in South Viet Nam by at least five to one. Despite this, Vietnamese and American leaders agree that friendly South Vietnamese forces would collapse in a matter of hours if left to fight the war on their own.

At this writing, the Pentagon estimates active enemy strength in South Viet Nam to be 113,000 fighting men. This includes 50,000 North Vietnamese troops and 63,000 Viet Cong. It does not include 170,000 reservists who could be called into the battle at any time. Against this force, the Saigon government has marshalled roughly 610,000 South Vietnamese fighting men, including 350,000 in the regular army, navy,

ARVN, which outnumbers U.S. and VC forces combined, has become a military white elephant, increasingly content to let the U.S. pay the cost of battle in blood as well as money

ILLUSTRATED BY E. RASKIN



marines and air force; about 50,000 police (many of whom are in full-time combat against the Viet Cong); some 4,000 seamen aboard armed coastal junk patrol vessels, and 200,000 regional militiamen.

Yet by early 1965, South Viet Nam's numerically superior forces lay shattered in defeat. The attrition of heavy casualties had taken a toll, but this was not the main problem. The main trouble with the country was that the Viet Cong had taken over most of its territory and people.

Scarcely a road was not controlled by the Viet Cong. Most hamlets everywhere were controlled by the enemy, either openly or through the Viet Cong's secret political apparatus. South Vietnamese army units venturing into enemy territory were regularly hit by massive ambushes and cut to pieces. Powerful Viet Cong outfits were raiding provisional capital cities at will, and had begun to wipe out American installations. Viet Cong morale was soaring, and the Saigon government's forces had degenerated into an undisciplined rabble.

On February 7, 1965, President Johnson decided that American fighting men would have to start taking over the war. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor, Gen. William C. Westmoreland (commander of U. S. forces in Viet Nam) and the South Vietnamese high command realized that the Viet Cong was on the verge of victory. In another few months, without massive American intervention, the whole thing probably would have been over with the Viet Cong flag flying over the Presidential Palace in Saigon.

The threat was forestalled by shoring up South Viet Nam's sagging military structure with close to half a million U. S. troops—not counting U. S. Air Force men in Thailand and Seventh Fleet sailors involved in Vietnamese operations. (In addition, South Korea has some 45,000 troops including a crack 15,000-man division in South Viet Nam, and Australia has about 6,000 of its best guerrilla fighters, soldiers and pilots in the allied ranks.)

Now, more than two years later, U. S. generals and South Viet Nam's leaders have asked for even more American troops.

Why is it that the need for outside military might is so great? Saigon's forces, as well as the enemy's, are made up of Vietnamese soldiers from North, Central and South Viet Nam. They speak the same language, eat the same food and very often even come from the same families. How is it, then, that a small, enemy Vietnamese force consistently crushes larger Vietnamese forces?

High-ranking U. S. officials take pains to avoid clear-cut answers. Publicly, the official American explanation is that unless you outnumber an enemy guerrilla army by better than 10 to one, it has the edge on you. Even when Saigon troops are at their worst, the Pentagon generally finds something nice to say about them.

On January 2, 1963, Saigon's forces fought their first really large-scale engagement with the Viet Cong at the hamlet of Ap Bac in the Mekong River Delta, 40 miles south of Saigon. For the first time in the war, the communists chose to stand and fight a major government unit rather than disperse into the countryside.

On the government side were several thousand troops, more than a dozen helicopters and a dozen or so amphibious armored personnel carriers. On the enemy side were only a few hundred guerrillas, no air power and no artillery, except for some mortars and recoilless rifles.

Although guerrillas were involved, this was no guerrilla action. It was a conventional clash between a charging attack force and an entrenched defending force, and it proved a [Continued on page 74]

BY AL STUMP
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN REGAN

"Give us another shot and we'd beat them"

Hank Stram, supercoach of the Superchiefs, says losing last year's Super Bowl game to Green Bay didn't prove anything. Could be. He's got the biggest, toughest team around...he may be the game's most inventive coach...and his players are hungry for Super Revenge

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

■ Supercoach comes onstage like Phil Silvers in a crap game. He comes on at a sawed-off five-feet-8½ inches, tough, shrewd and truculent. Baby, does he know (a) where he's going and (b) how he'll get there and (c) what amount of muscle the opposition will need to stop him? Yes! His answer to (c) is: the biggest, beefiest pro teams don't have enough.

Supercoach comes on in a crimson vest under a smart sport coat with an expression on his round, pugnacious face which says to his enemies: "You think *you're* good? Try *me*." He awakens each morning in a luxurious Kansas City ranch house with the feeling that he and his ball club can slay anyone in the world and, while doing a fast 50 bedside push-ups, he mentally repeats what his father told him 20-odd years ago: "Plan your work and work your plan—always in complete confidence that you will succeed."

At 43 and not giving a damn that his hair is falling out, Hank Stram hasn't a doubt that his well-cudgeled brain can concoct plots that persons named Vince Lombardi, Joe Collier, Weeb Ewbank, Sid Gillman and Papa Bear George Halas cannot successfully counter. Last season Stram—a cigar smoker—got up to the $1.50 variety. His Kansas City Chiefs won 16 and tied one of 20 games, took the American Football League championship and gained more rushing yards (2,274) and scored more points (448) than any team anywhere in the pro game. Many experts called them one of the strongest squads of modern times.

However, there exists a weighty piece of evidence which says that little Stram and the Chiefs aren't that marvelous. Stram flicks ashes on this so-called proof and looks bored. He regards it merely as a *lack* of evidence, that:

On last January 15 in the Los Angeles Coliseum, in the long and breathlessly-awaited "showdown" play-off in the Super Bowl between the champions of the National and American pigskin leagues, the Green Bay Packers hung what some called an easy 35-10 defeat on the Chiefs.

Stram must be a supercoach, at least in confidence and resilience. In Los Angeles he breezed through a post-Super Bowl grilling by the press with poise and nonchalance, which (considering the lopsided score) one writer called "incredible" and another termed "cocky." Stram hasn't felt crushed for one day since January 15. The Super Bowl dismayed him not at all. In fact, in a recent, explicit interview, he disagreed with everyone who holds up the contest as a conclusive measuring stick.

"The Super Bowl is evidence?" said Stram, [*Continued on page* 90]

ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

Sheriff Big Track Bascomb possessed horsepower, firepower, candlepower and sirenpower.

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

Out of today's headlines comes a daring documentary novel that reveals a new and unexpected truth about the Ku Klux Klan

THE KLANSMAN

■ Sometimes Big Track Bascomb felt good. He felt like he was bettering himself, getting somewhere and having something. Other times he felt scared. He just didn't know and wasn't sure. Only three people knew he ever felt scared: his wife Maybelle, his son Allen, and Breck Stancill. Nobody else would believe that Big Track could feel scared. He looked too strong.

At 8:30 p.m. on Sunday, April 11, 1965, Big Track felt good. He liked the car in which he was riding. It was a special-built Buick Wildcat sedan, saddle brown with tan leather upholstery. On the side of each front door was a foot-high gold star and the lettering:

SHERIFF
ATOKA COUNTY
ALABAMA

Built into the car was a "police pack" which ratioed its gears to where it could hit one-twenty from a standing start in 10 seconds. On top was a red light which could burn steadily or flash continuously, and on the left side was a white searchlight. Under the hood was a siren which, once turned on, screamed until turned off. Inside the car was firepower: a derringer in Big Track's pocket; an Army .45 automatic on the front seat; a shotgun in a rack above the windshield; a carbine under the front seat; and, in the trunk, a submachine gun, a tear-gas gun, grenades, nightsticks, a blackjack, and extra handcuffs and leg irons.

Whenever the car stood at its reserved parking place on the courthouse square in Ellenton, folks examined it and exclaimed over it like tourists aboard the battleship *Alabama* in Mobile Bay:

"I feel sorry for any pore s'nuvabitch that gets chased by Big Track in this booger."

"Big Track takes off like a astronaut at Cape Kennedy."

"With this searchlight Big Track can read your tag number at midnight from a mile away."

"Other night I was home, in my own bed, tending to my woman when I heard this si*REEN* open up. It sounded 'way off, clean across the Big Hollow. But it scared me so I couldn't finish my homework."

"When Big Track takes off in this thing he thinks he's back in Korea in a tank piling up dead gooks all around him."

"If Old Long Ears [President Johnson] really wants to kill them gooks in Viet Nam, he ought to send Big Track and this Wildcat."

Big Track Bascomb possessed horsepower, candlepower, firepower and sirenpower. Moreover he looked like power. Thirty-six years old, he weighed 245 and stood six-four in his bare, size-14 feet which had given him his name. His mother named him Buford but kids named him Big Track, so now the Buford was forgotten and even on ballots it was Big Track Bascomb with no quotation marks.

Some folks in Ellenton said he looked like Marshal Dillon on *Gunsmoke*. They said that when Big Track, khaki-clad, in his calf-length boots, walked

Loretta saw Charles Peck and Josh Franklin in front of the shack. She was almost hostile.

Condensed from the book *The Klansman*, copyright © 1967 by William Bradford Huie. Published by Delacorte Press.

When an ugly situation explodes into raw, uncontrolled violence, who's to blame?

Lightning Rod went into his crouch. Kneeling in the cell, Loretta prepared to resist.

around the courthouse square, or across to Cora's Cafe, or to Flack's Barbershop, or to the jail, speaking and waving to everybody, joshing, inquiring about crops and miseries, they said it was just like Marshal Dillon in Dodge, visiting the Longbranch or Delmonico's, and jawing with Festus, Doc or Mis' Kitty.

But there were differences between Big Track and Marshal Dillon. The marshal wears the high-crowned, 10-gallon, western hat. Big Track wore the southern cattleman's hat, which is also turned up on both sides but which has a low crown. Since Big Track was meatier than Marshal Dillon, in thighs, chest, forearms and jaws, the low-crowned hat made him appear stocky. His thick, sandy hair was close-cropped; and his skin was a shade redder than most men's. He usually looked serious but he could smile. He could whoop and holler when the Ellenton High School Blue Devils made a touchdown; he could holler louder, even throw his hat in the air, if his son made the touchdown. In his fantasies he pictured himself as General Patton, or as a fullback for the Baltimore Colts, his favorite TV team. And, unique among all the marshals, sheriffs and troopers, real or TV, Big Track, when he walked, carried in his gun belt, not a revolver but the old Army Colt .45 automatic with which he could behead a lizard at 40 feet.

General Patton, too, favored the old automatic.

Another difference between Big Track and Marshal Dillon was money. The marshal is paid $30 a month. Big Track was paid fees, like a doctor or lawyer. He owned his own cars; he hired and paid his own deputy, his own clerk, and his own jailer; and he operated the county's jail at his personal profit or loss. His income was neither guaranteed nor limited. By law he was "High Sheriff of Atoka County, Alabama, the highest official of the county." His sworn duty was "to make each citizen of this county secure in his person and possessions." His income "in the American way" depended on his "diligence, vigilance, and devotion to duty."

"And don't ever forget the biggest difference between me and Marshal Dillon," Big Track often said. "He don't have to get reelected. I do."

A second reason why Big Track felt good was that his son, Allen, was with him. Allen was 17, lithe, six feet tall, 180 pounds, the high-school touchdown-maker. Inevitably he was called Little Track. He looked like Big Track, but he had some of his mother in him so he was finer-textured and not so big footed. He moved faster. He was driving and Big Track sat beside him, chewing his cigar, enjoying watching the boy enjoy pushing the Wildcat at a steady 80 along the white concrete strip through the pine forest.

"I'm glad we come on this trip together, Al," Big Track said. "We've had a good time. I could'a sent Butt Cut after this punk. But I wanted you and me to have a trip together."

"Sure, Dad," Allen said. "We've had a good time. Best time we've had since we went to the Orange Bowl and saw Alabama and Texas."

The punk was in the back seat. He was a Male Caucasian, 19, who had murdered an old man during a filling-station holdup at a rural crossroads in Atoka County. He had been arrested in Mobile, 277 miles south of Ellenton, and held for Sheriff Bascomb. The punk was secure because the Wildcat had been built to transport offenders as well as overtake them. Shatterproof glass, reinforced with steel mesh, divided the car at the back of the front seat. The back doors could be locked and unlocked only from the outside. The shatterproof windows could be rolled down only with a key. In addition the punk was in handcuffs, with the cuffs chained to a steel bar in the middle of the back seat. The punk could not overhear normal conversation in the front seat.

Big Track switched on the overhead light in the back seat and glanced at the punk. Then, satisfied, he switched off the light.

"This punk thinks I hate him," he said. "He'd like to cut my throat with a dull knife. But I don't hate a punk; I just don't know what else to do with him but cage him. Before a wild kid turns into a punk, when he's stealing hubcaps, or tires, or even a car, I keep trying to help him. Just as [*Continued on page* 109]

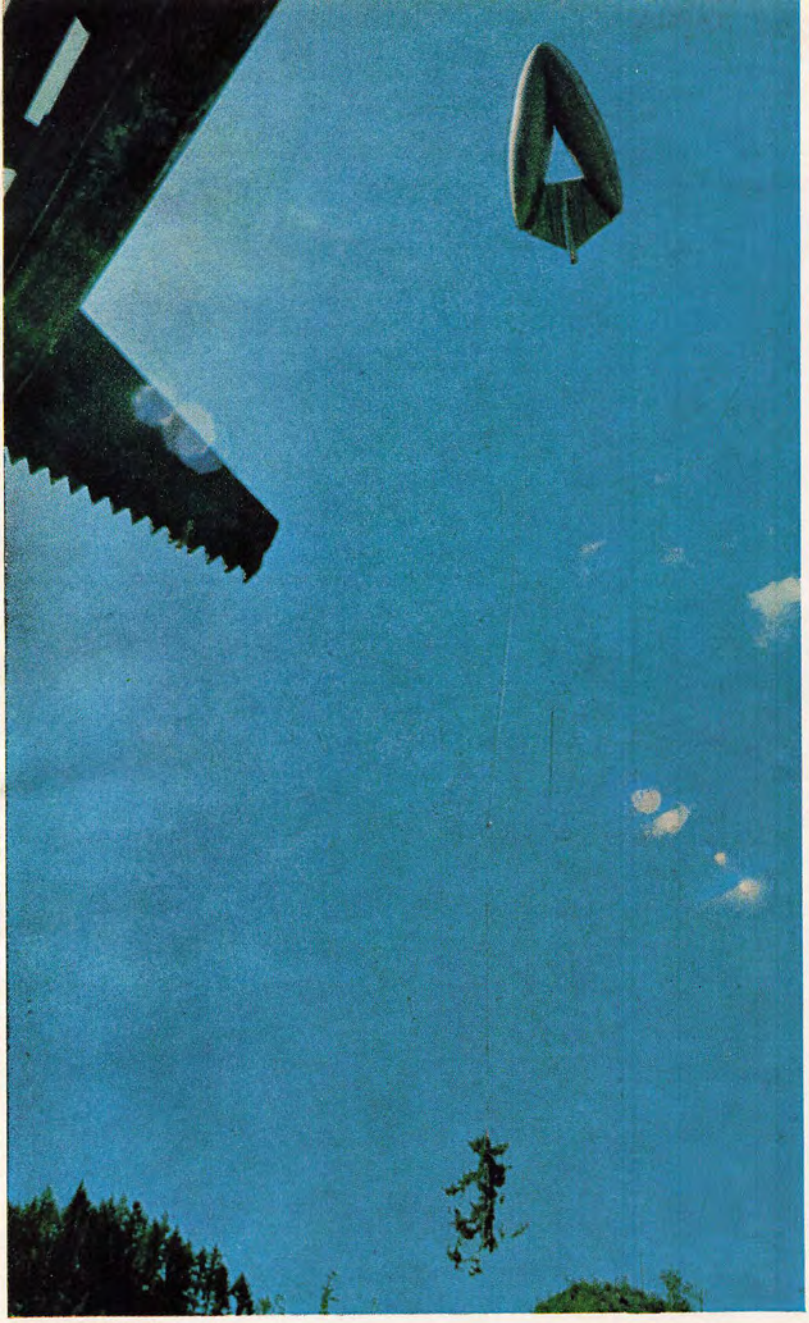
As the men in the barbershop watched, Breck Stancill tore the clipping off the bulletin board.

Paul Bunyan never would have believed it . . .

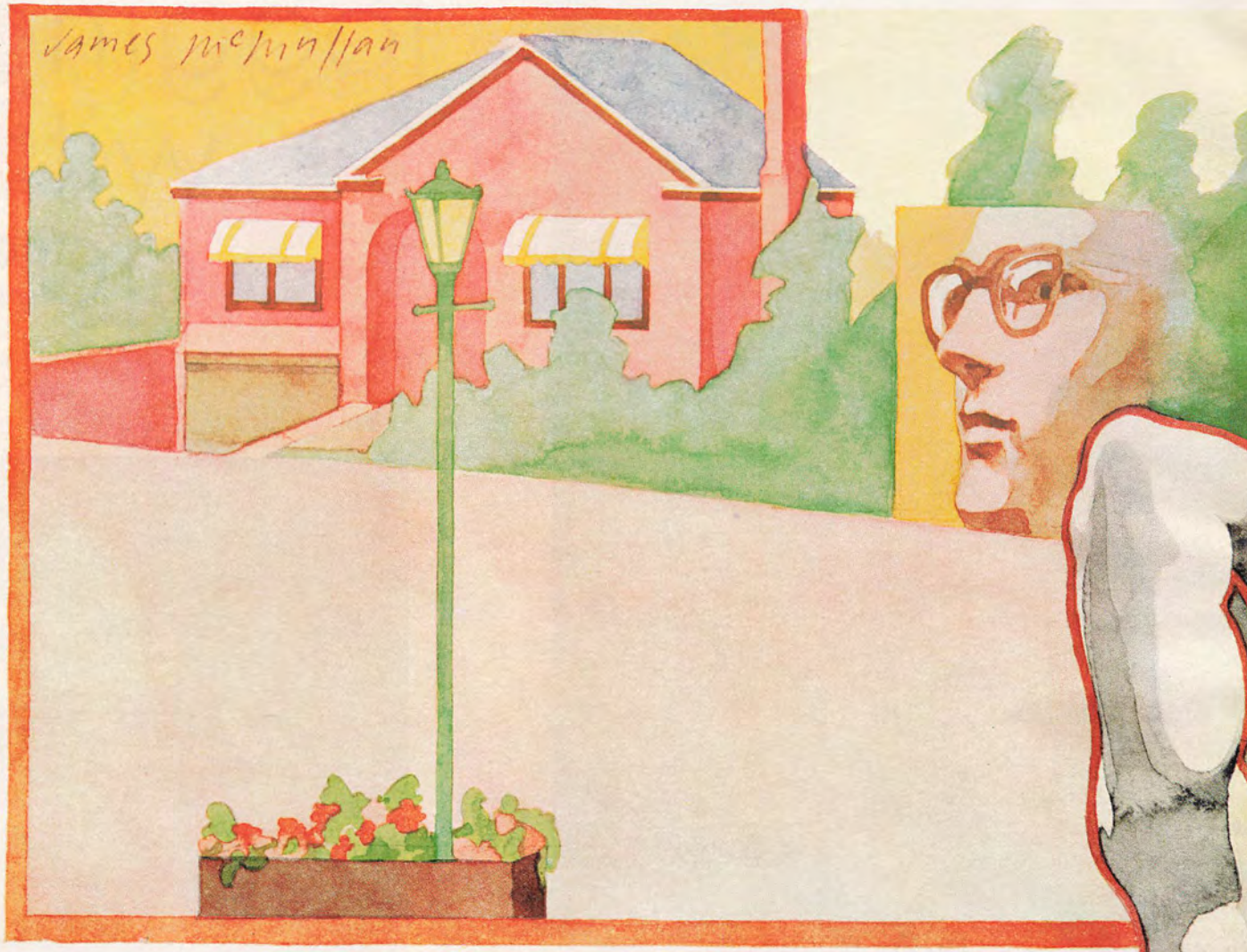
■ In deep, narrow canyons along the wooded Oregon coast, a twin-hulled blimp is fetching and carrying for lumberjacks. Cutting timber was never a problem but getting logs down the steep slopes and off to the sawmill was a real job. Then an enterprising executive of the Bohemia Lumber Company heard about using a barrage balloon to carry logs. He tried it, too, but his balloon could lift only light loads. So he moved into the big time with a V-type balloon that was originally developed to fly instrument packets into high altitudes for space exploration. His airborne log lifter picks up as much as 7,500 pounds of logs and zooms them down the mountainside to a loading area on the canyon floor at speeds as fast as 40 mph. The 110-foot-long blimp is operated on a system of cables: a "choker" holds the load and a "tether" stretches between the blimp and a high-speed winch down in the canyon. The winch operator lets the tethered blimp out three or four thousand feet and then pulls it in at a fast clip after loggers on the hillside have fastened on a load. The faster the blimp is towed in, the bigger its lifting capacity. While the blimp cost about $100,000 and a full charge of 75,000 cubic feet of helium costs around $6,000, this is still a whole lot cheaper than having to build logging roads in Oregon. The lumber company likes its aerial logger so much it is adding another, even bigger, one to the fleet.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN E. BOYKIN

logging with gas



Bulbous nose of logging blimp rests on narrow floor of Oregon canyon (opposite) while skin is repaired. Numerous small lines around its surface (below) lead to main tethering cable and absorb shock of rapidly lifted heavy load (above). Woodsman with traditional double-bitted ax (right) waits for unconventional blimp floating overhead to carry freshly cut logs off steep mountainside.



murder within the law

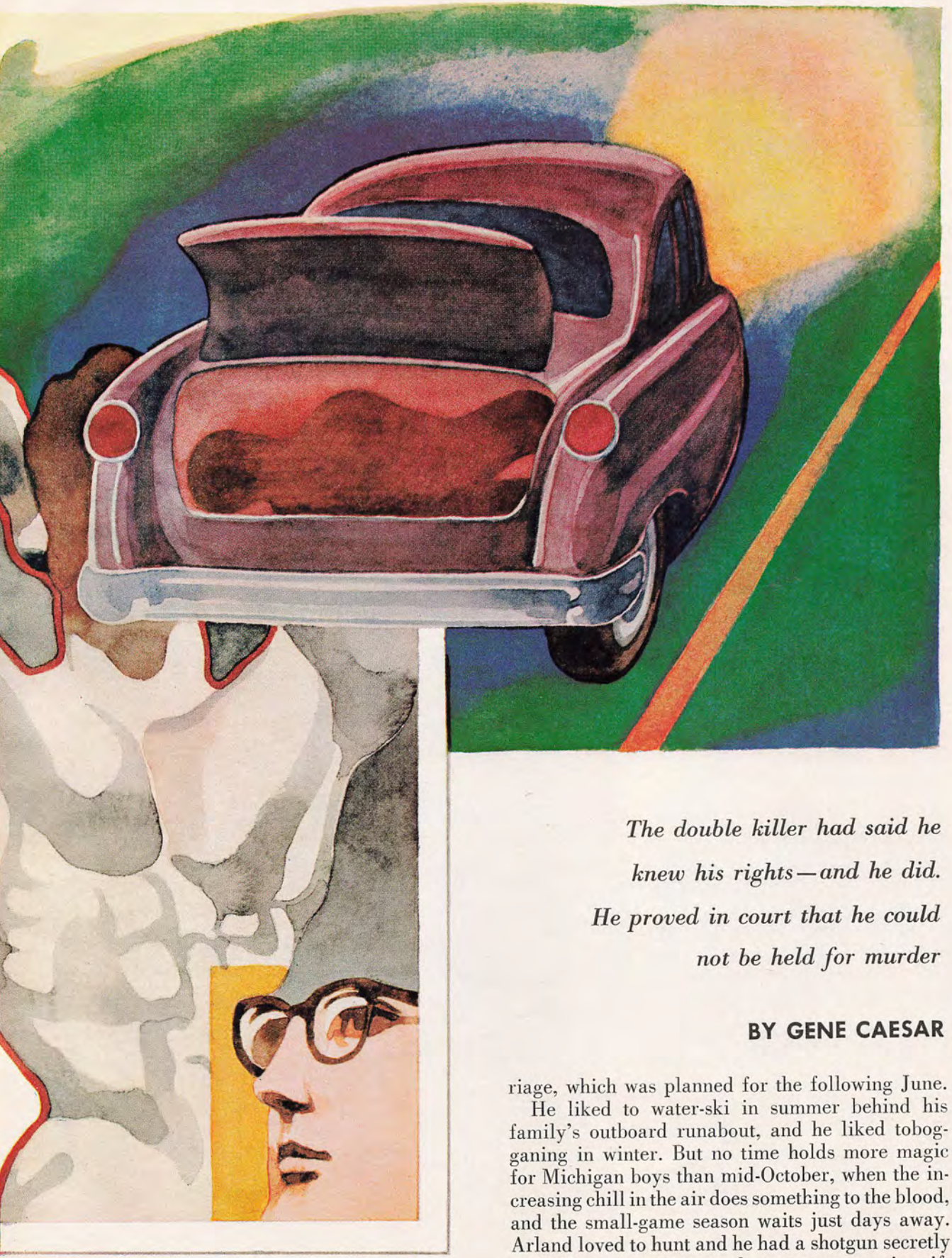
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

■ Shortly after 11 p.m. on October 16, 1966, 17-year-old Arland Withrow said good-night to his girl friend after a movie date and drove home. He lived with his parents in the Ypsilanti Township area of southeastern Michigan. They were already in bed when he arrived, but his mother sleepily called out and reminded him not to leave the driveway blocked.

"Sure," he answered apologetically. "I'll move the car right now."

Arland was a good-looking, likeable youngster with impressive arms and shoulders built up through a hobby of weight lifting. Like most young men, he enjoyed life, and he wanted to live a lot of it in a hurry. In just six weeks on the assembly line at the nearby Ford Rawsonville plant, he'd saved up enough to make the down payment on one of the plant's sportiest products, a high-powered hardtop. At $3 an hour, with steady overtime, he was building up a bank account as well, part of it to go for a color TV set as a Christmas present to his folks, the rest toward his own mar-

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM McMULLAN



The double killer had said he knew his rights—and he did. He proved in court that he could not be held for murder

BY GENE CAESAR

riage, which was planned for the following June.

He liked to water-ski in summer behind his family's outboard runabout, and he liked tobogganing in winter. But no time holds more magic for Michigan boys than mid-October, when the increasing chill in the air does something to the blood, and the small-game season waits just days away. Arland loved to hunt and he had a shotgun secretly set aside at a sporting-goods store as a surprise gift for his Dad. Since they both worked night shifts, he was looking forward [*Continued on page* 86]

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HAROLD KRIEGER

PAPER DUDS TO TEAR AROUND IN

When pop artist James Rosenquist had a suit entirely tailored of husky, brown wrapping paper and wore it to some of New York's poshest watering-holes, it was called an artistic happening. He was rebelling against something or other. That was two years ago. His message, though [*Cont. on page* 106]

EVERYTHING'S PAPER EXCEPT THE PEOPLE

From left: Evening gown, $9.50; black turtleneck, short-sleeve sweater, $6; white Mexican peasant pants, $6, all by Elisa Daggs. Blue coveralls by James Sterling Paper Fashions, $5. Dunmar towel wrap and matching scuffs, $2. "Gray flannel" suit with matching vest by James Sterling, $12; man's shirt by Electra, $1.50, and tie by Mars Manufacturing, 50¢. Dunmar robe, $2.75. White paper suit, custom-made with brass buttons and paper lining, by Horst, $150; ascot by Paper-Fakers, 50¢. Sport shirt by Puritan Sportswear, $3; man's white slacks by James Sterling, $4. Bikini by James Sterling, $5, worn with papier-mâché necklace designed by Honoree Valintcouit for Studio V2, $10. Walking shorts by Puritan Sportswear, $2.

THE BIRD FROM CALIFORNIA

Some hunters find valley quail so fast and tricky that in pure desperation they shoot them on the ground

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

■ October mellows the country I love. The blazing heat of August is gone. The fierce winds of January are still two months away. The calm air, loaded with more haze than at any other season, turns the gray sage blue in the distance. Along a meandering stream, dry now save for rare spots, the willows and cottonwoods stretch a weaving band of brilliant gold.

In the moist earth near one of the wet places a thicket of wild roses is paint dabbed with bright, red-orange hips. A covey of California valley quail is approaching. There is one pool of water in the stream bed near the roses. It is midmorning and the quail have not drunk since this time the day before. Alternately they flow over the ground in a blue-gray blanket, like an army of running bugs, then pause to fan out, darting quickly in all directions to gather seeds from the ripe grass among the scattered greasewood bushes. And each time after feeding briefly they regroup and flow ahead again, plumed heads stiffly erect, little feet flying almost too fast for the eye to follow.

The valley quail has been called the greatest game bird in America. A covey scattered in good cover will stick so tight that you almost have to pry them loose; in the open they run so fast that some hunters feel justified in shooting them on the ground. They are clever and alert and they fly like bumblebees—through tall cover if it is available or dodging close to the ground where it is not. They are hardy, adaptable, and so prolific that they will never be shot out in all those areas of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah and Nevada that they call home.

Willard Cravens and I had left home at 8 o'clock that morning. We had driven 30 miles on a paved road, away from the thickly settled valley with its towns and noise and smoke and people. We had turned off the oil onto a graded and graveled road and after 10 miles on it we had turned off again to follow a pair of wheel tracks across the desert.

Finally crossing a divide, we had coasted down a long, gentle slope to the dry stream bed. Here we stopped. We were half a mile from the seep where the quail were coming to water. We got out and opened the door for the anxious dogs. It was good to stretch after the last bumpy miles and to breathe great lungs full of the clean, sage-scented air.

We debated whether to hunt upstream or down. It was a toss-up, really. In [*Continued on page* 70]

Valley quail weigh only three to the pound but their reputation is mighty in the West.

The getaway speed of the bird is formidable. Here Peter Barrett starts to swing on a quail flaring swiftly to the left.

OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS "S" COUPE

DODGE CHARGER

More of everything is the theme of the new cars— longer, lower, wider, sportier, safer, quicker and costlier. Here's how they shape up

DETROIT: 1968

MERCURY MONTEGO

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

■ In the cockeyed world of guerrilla wars, small-town summit meetings, hallucinating drugs, long-hot-summers, credibility gaps, topless cellists, hippie protests and cancer's seven early warning signs, there is a certain reassurance, if not nostalgia, in the fact that at least one "cherished American institution" is

carrying on outwardly unshaken by events. Once again, autumn is turning the trees to gold —and Detroit is rolling out its new model cars (the threat of a strike notwithstanding).

Baseball may be in trouble, Hollywood may be dying and beer and bread and tobacco may grow more bland every year, but as one auto executive puts it, "Damned if new cars don't still smell like new cars always did: exciting."

It's a circus smell—redolent with promise of new acts, bigger elephants, leggier girls, brighter spangles and the ever-expanding spiel of the ringmaster. Sure, they had that same balancing act last year, but so what? This year there's an all-new tiger and a more powerful strong man—and, regrettably perhaps, there's a new safety net under high-wire performers.

It wasn't easy for Detroit to put this 1968 show together. In fact, because the dark shadow of government regulation has fallen over the auto industry, there has never been such an anxious scramble to design and engineer cars which would be, of all things, *legal* for sale. Legal? That means 16 safety belts per sedan this year. It means "cleaner" exhaust gasses—not just in California, but everywhere. It means new side-mounted running lights, fore (amber) and aft (red). It means more padding, stronger seats, better glass, wider windshield wiping. It probably means safer cars.

But all this hasn't kept Detroit from also

PONTIAC GTO

PONTIAC GRAND PRIX

OLDSMOBILE TORONADO

OLDSMOBILE 4-4-2

DETROIT: 1968

For Detroit's stylists, happiness is a safer car that is also handsome

CORVETTE

doing what it knows best: building cars that will appeal to an ever widening spectrum of public tastes—and sell.

It has been at least five years since the majordomos of the U.S. auto industry have looked to a new model year with such hope and anticipation as they do this fall. And with good reason because the sales appeal of the 1968 cars now spilling into dealers' showrooms will provide the answer to a large question that is of interest not only to Detroit, but to the whole U.S. economy: will the auto industry bounce back from a disappointing 1967 (sales dropped about 10 percent last year) and resume the onward march of the early sixties?

Ideally, perhaps, this would have been the year for the stylists to flash an all-new collection of irresistible cars. Unfortunately automobile companies, like the planets in their orbits, move according to an immutable law: 1968 cars were conceived in 1965, designed in 1966 and "baked in" in 1967. So Detroit must play the hand it dealt itself almost three years ago. If this sounds like an alibi for '68, shed no tears. Detroit always has some aces and this year they look like this:

SPORTY CARS (which accounted for almost a million sales last year) will continue to grow in variety and numbers. Mustang, Camaro, Cougar, Barracuda and Firebird (all of which will be substantially unchanged for '68) will be joined by the new Javelin from American Motors. Later in the year, AM will announce another new sports car, the AMX. And before snow flies, Lincoln will introduce a new luxury-sports car, the Continental Mark III.

INTERMEDIATES (which will remain about two feet shorter than full-size cars and two feet longer than compacts) will be the newest of the new cars. General Motors, Ford and Chrys-

CADILLAC

BUICK WILDCAT

RIVIERA

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVY II NOVA

CHEVELLE MALIBU

For the consumer, happiness is a bewildering choice of cars to go in debt for

FORD XL FASTBACK

THUNDERBIRD 4-DOOR LANDAU

MERCURY PARK LANE

FORD TORINO GT

ler will all make their biggest styling moves in this size/price category. Mercury's Comet, for example, has been replaced by a new series, the Montego (see color photo). Ford's Fairlane, also all-new for '68, will feature a sporty subspecies named Torino. Oldsmobile's intermediate-size Cutlass series will offer a new two-door "S" coupe (color photo). The Chevy II is also 100 percent new with curved glass throughout and more sweeping, less boxy lines. The Dodge Charger (color photo) has been restyled from a full fastback to a semifastback. Plymouth will make a special appeal to young, performance-minded buyers with a "go, stop and handling" package named Road Runner (for the Warner Brothers cartoon bird). Based on the low-cost, intermediate size Belvedere coupe, this powerhouse will have heavy-duty everything and an interior decor which is a civilized version of a NASCAR stocker.

HORSEPOWER, which averaged 269 for all models of American cars in 1967, will again go up on average. Several new engines will offer power increases up to 10 percent as a result of increased cubic-inch displacements. Engine names like Marauder and TNT are still being used to suggest unspeakable power. Nobody talks about top speed in Detroit, but it should be clear that some of these powerplants will have racing fans talking about new top speeds at Daytona before 1968 is very old.

ACCESSORIES AND GADGETS will capture some new buyers. All General Motors cars will have a warning-alarm, antitheft buzzer which will sound off if the driver starts to leave the automobile with the key still in the ignition. Chrysler will offer an optional rear-window washer/wiper for station wagons. Pontiac will fit an energy-absorbing front bumper on some models (but not as a safety device). Cruise-

CHRYSLER CORPORATION **DETROIT: 1968**

IMPERIAL

PLYMOUTH FURY III

CHRYSLER NEW YORKER

DODGE DART GT

control devices (which control a car's speed automatically for turnpike driving) are moving from the instrument panel to the steering column for greater convenience. Vent windows will disappear from more of the sports-styled models. Racing stripes will appear in new and unexpected places. Smog controls will be standard on all cars; some will be of the air-pump variety originally introduced for use in California, but the majority of cars will stay within the new federal limit (275 parts per million of hydrocarbons and 1.5 percent carbon monoxide in exhaust gasses) by engine modifications which Chrysler pioneered under the name of Clean Air Package.

All of which adds up to the "business as usual" aspects of the new model season: the glitter, the go and the gadgetry.

But in the area of safety, nobody in Detroit is entirely happy about the new government requirements. It's not that the industry is—as Ralph Nader, author of *Unsafe At Any Speed*, charged—callously indifferent to safety, but rather that most auto men feel 1) insufficient time has been [*Continued on page* 82]

AMERICAN MOTORS **DETROIT: 1968**

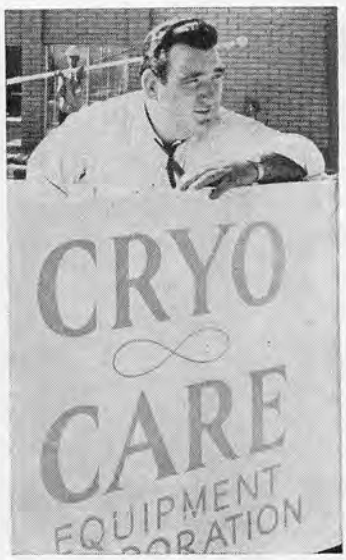
JAVELIN

REBEL SST

THE DEEP FREEZE SCHEME FOR IMMORTALITY

If the disciples of this bizarre cult are right, death need not be a finality, but merely an inconvenience— a frozen interlude for the body— until tomorrow's medicine finds cures for today's killer diseases

Ettinger's freeze plan begins with this Iron Heart machine.



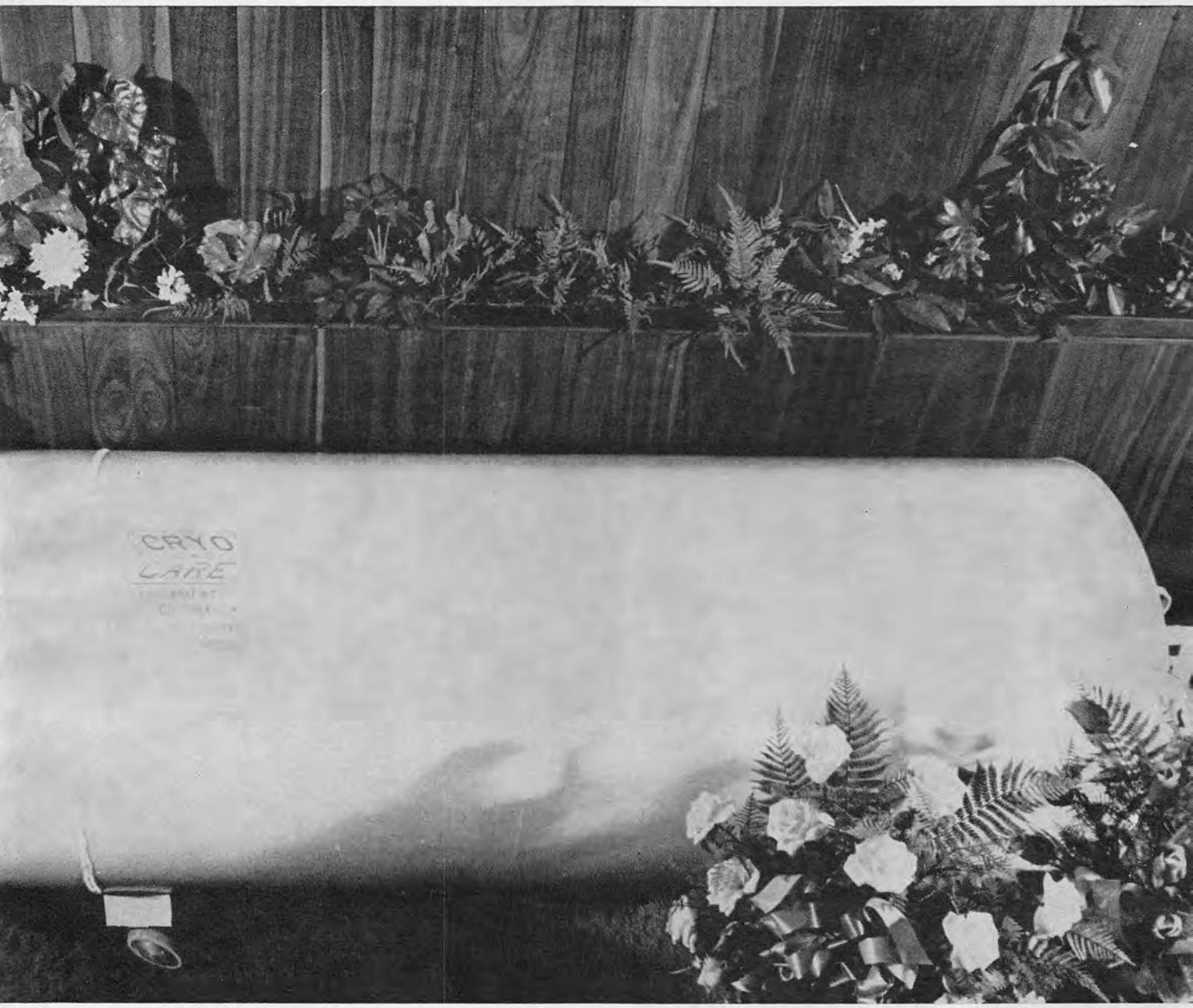
Edward Hope makes capsules which store the frozen bodies.

Hope and model show how body will be wrapped in aluminum foil before being placed in capsule.

BY J. F. WILKINSON

■ Robert C. W. Ettinger is a man who likes to take visitors to his suburban Detroit home down to the basement rumpus room. There, in the corner opposite the bar, stands a Westinghouse Iron Heart. This machine, Mr. Ettinger explains, is powered by compressed air and is designed to revive persons suffering from heart attack, electrocution or drowning. An arm terminating in a padded hammer gives external heart massage and oxygen is forced into the lungs through a face mask.

Back past a white piano, off to the left, is Mr. Ettinger's supply of dry ice. He keeps 200 pounds of dry ice on hand at all times. It is stored in a heavily insu-



Cryo-Capsule is a double-walled cylinder, outer shell made of high-strength, A-7 steel, inner container made of aluminum.

lated bin which Mr. Ettinger built himself. The dry ice boils away at the rate of 100 pounds a week. It costs about $300 a year to maintain the supply.

Now, the point of all this is that if a member of Mr. Ettinger's family should die at home, Ettinger will, without hesitation, apply the Iron Heart to the body. While the Iron Heart forces the body's heart to circulate oxygenated blood, he will take the dry ice, place it with alcohol in unsealed plastic bags and pack the bags around the body.

When Ettinger has the body properly cooled, he will replace its blood with a solution of DMSO (dimethyl sulfoxide). Screwed into the ceiling of Ettinger's rumpus room is a clothesline hook. He'll hang the bottles of DMSO solution from this hook, attach a long plastic lance-tipped hose and pierce a vein in one of the body's arms to inject the solution. The flow of the DMSO solution through the body, aided by the action of the Iron Heart, will force the blood out through a hole made in a vein in the other arm.

In Ettinger's carport stands an item that looks like an unpainted metal shower stall. Actually, it is a well insulated, coffinlike container. Mr. Ettinger built this too. He will place the body of his loved one in this [*Continued on page* 79]

The squabbling is over netted salmon like this 16-pounder a Yakima tribesman holds. Among the Red Men, governor burning (in effigy) is popular—that's Dan Evans of Washington going up in flames. Some Indians have taken to guarding their operations, like Willie Tillequots on bluff of Columbia near Cooks, Washington.

BY JEAN MUIR

FRANK'S LANDING, WASHINGTON

■ The West had not seen anything like it for over 100 years. One of the palefaces had landed in the drink, his face covered with blood from a scalp wound. Another, caught by a flying tackle, hit the ground with two broken ribs.

It was a cloudy day in October, 1965, and palefaces and redskins were fighting it out on the banks of the Nisqually River. The palefaces were Washington State fish and game protectors and the redskins were Indians of the Puget Sound area. The fight was over efforts of the state to cut down Indian fishing on ancestral fishing grounds and a wild, fist-swinging, club-wielding free-for-all it turned out to be, too—Indians hurling rocks at game wardens and clobbering them over the heads with oars and paddles. Game wardens grappling with Indians and hauling them off to cars with the kind of come-along hold used to quell big-city riots.

IN WASHINGTON STATE

IT'S INDIANS VS. PALEFACES AGAIN...

... and fists, rocks and dead fish are flying over the ancestral salmon rights of local redskins. It's all the result of one of those pesky Indian treaties that the Great White Father has so much trouble keeping

But Frank's Landing, where the rumble went on, is a narrow spit of land. As more state men came charging into the melee, the battleground grew so crowded that no one could stoop over to pick up a rock. There was just one struggling, milling mob of fighters and over it all the most infernal uproar; everybody seemed to be yelling, dogs barking.

For the past three years, more action has been going on in the Northwest than you will find on *Gunsmoke*, Indians taking potshots at wardens from the bushes. Wardens ramming dugout canoes with powerboats and spilling Indians into the streams. As one man complained: "You can't buy a scalping knife anywhere west of Pendleton, Oregon."

The whole miserable, bitter mess has grown out of treaties handed the Indians by Isaac Stevens, first governor of Washington Territory. One of these, the Medicine Creek treaty, was made with Indians of lower Puget Sound in December, 1854. Another was made a few months later with Indians of the Columbia, including the big Yakima Nation of Washington, whose members also fish the Oregon side of the river. All the treaties had fishing clauses which differed very slightly in wording. The Medicine Creek treaty reads: "The right of taking fish, at all usual and accustomed grounds, is further secured to said Indians in common with all citizens of the Territory. . . ."

That was all. Nothing to specify numbers of fish, time of year, method or end use. The Indians believe the treaties give them the right to fish (either commercially or for their own use) in any river fished by their ancestors and to do it without interference from the states. The states make no effort to regulate Indian fishing on the reservations (although they do not like it much). But they hold that off-reservation Indians are subject to the same conservation laws as anyone else. And right there the lines are drawn.

On one side of the fence are men of the Department of Game and Department of Fisheries, convinced that unless Indian fishing is soon regulated there will be no salmon left for anyone.

On the other side are the Indians, a small (18,000) and bitterly poor minority. The average income of Washington Indians is $1,600 a year. They are convinced that the white man is using the

Celebrities sided with Indians, Melvin Belli, well-known lawyer (above) accepts smoked salmon, will represent redskins in clash with Washington state. Actor Marlon Brando fished and got arrested. Comedian Dick Gregory participated too.

conservation issue as an excuse to get them off the rivers entirely.

"The Indians catch a very small percentage of the fish and yet we are being represented as the bad guys," Robert Jim of the Yakima tribal council says. "My people can't turn to a new type of life. They can't leave the country and go back where they came from. This is our country. These are our fish. We will continue to fish as has been our custom since time began."

Of the five species of Pacific salmon, two are the particular fish-of-contention. One of these is the chinook, the biggest of which averages around 20 or 30 pounds. The second is the silver or coho, a smaller fish but sportier than other salmon. It fights on the surface, averages about eight pounds and rarely reaches more than 20.

Pacific salmon make only one trip back from the sea to their spawning grounds. All of them hatch in freshwater streams and then find their way to the ocean where they range from mid-California to the Aleutian Islands until at last they seem to sense their own rivers calling and start the long journey back to the streams of their birth. Once they have spawned, they die.

Anything which concerns these fish is of passionate interest to three classes of people: commercial fishermen, sport fishermen and Indians.

Indians have fished the Columbia for 3,000 years, but only now are they being blamed for killing off the salmon

Take commercial fishing. Washington fishermen alone take around $10 million annually, principally by offshore trolling during six months of the year. No commercial fishing is allowed in rivers and streams except for an operation carried on by purse seiners and floating gill-netters in the lower 140 miles of the Columbia, restricted to about 90 days of the year.

As for the Indians, archaeologists can prove they were fishing the Columbia as far back as 1000 B.C. Long before white men arrived they were carrying on a commercial fishery, pounding dried fish into powder, stowing it into woven sacks lined with fish skins and swapping it with inland tribes.

Even their ceremonial life was tied up with salmon. There were purification rites before fishing, strong taboos and ritual dances for each species of fish. In the old days, long before the construction of dams on the Columbia, Indians called a truce on intertribal warfare during the big salmon runs and packed in from miles around for fishing, trading and potlatches at Celilo Falls. They would do their fishing with drag seines, weirs, floating traps, dip nets, spears and sometimes even with bows and arrows.

It has been a long time since anyone has seen an Indian standing on a rock, spearing a salmon. Modern Indians use nylon cord or monofilament nets, ranging anywhere from 30 to 400 feet in length, their lead lines resting on the bottom with the cork line floating on the surface. Occasionally they still bring out the old family dugout canoe, 23-foot jobs manned by one or two men. More often they tend nets in boats with outboard motors.

Finally there are the sport fishermen, over 500,000 strong in Oregon and Washington and a peculiarly dedicated lot. Some cast from jetties, some fish the ocean from charter boats and some in private boats head for the rivers and streams. In the early evening, the lights from small boats in Puget Sound look like a floating city offshore.

As Paul Nicholson, wildlife authority for the Salem, Oregon, *Capital Journal*, puts it: "People tend to commit suicide when they're after salmon. We call it Salmon Madness. They take right off across the choppy Columbia River bar into the open ocean in 14-foot outboards where they are tossed around all day, throwing up and risking their lives. The Coast Guard makes over 3,000 trips a year to aid sport fishermen out in the ocean."

The annual catch divides 80 percent to commercial fishermen, 15 percent to sport fishermen and five percent to the Indians. But men of the Department of Fisheries say these figures are misleading. To them, not the percentage but the *how* and the *where* of the catch are the vital points. Indians, they explain, fish the mouths of streams where fish funnel in on their way to spawn and they fish with set gill nets, an extremely effective method of operation.

"Unregulated netting operations, when fully operative, can take at least 98 percent and in some cases 100 percent of all salmon moving through the river to the spawning grounds." That is the finding of Richard Van Cleve, dean of the University of Washington College of Fisheries.

The Indians' answer is: "When a white man catches a fish it's a salmon. When an Indian catches a fish it's a spawner." Indians, they point out, have never been despoilers of nature. "Who destroyed the California grizzly, the herds of plains buffalo or the passenger pigeon? It wasn't the Indian." If the states would stop interfering, they insist, the tribes could regulate themselves to preserve salmon runs.

"That's a good idea but it just doesn't work," according to Walter Neubrech, head of the enforcement division of the Washington Department of Game. For one thing, he explains, Indians have neither police staff nor law courts to enforce self-imposed regulations and he cites a case in point. In 1963 the catch from the Puyallup River was 13,461 silver salmon. Only 114 escaped to spawn.

The conflict had been simmering along for years. The lid blew off at the end of 1963. That was when the Washington State [*Continued on page* 106]

...IF NUCLEAR WAR EVER DOES COME...THIS MAP WILL LIGHT UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE...IT'S NORTH AMERICA'S DEFENSE NERVE CENTER...AND IT IS HIDDEN DEEP WITHIN A SECRET MOUNTAIN IN COLORADO...TURN THE PAGE AND COME INSIDE

At the cave's command post, the five-man crew keeps a quiet watch for World War III; all of America's defense and radar data

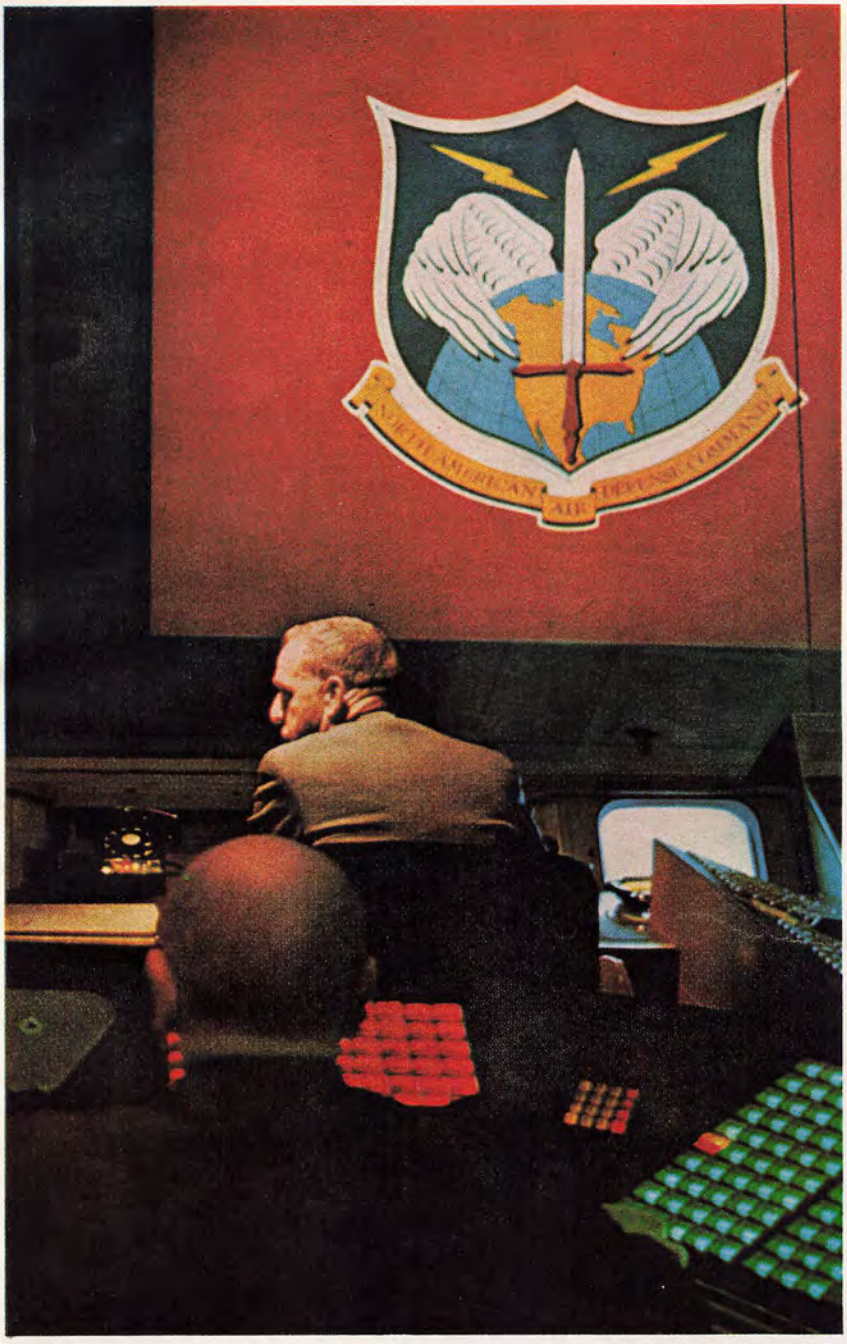
BY ROY BONGARTZ

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HANS KNOPF

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

■ It was a clear winter dusk when I had my first look at Cheyenne Mountain. Outside my window in the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, the mountain stretched like a giant dragon in its blackish-green coat of pine. As the lights of the city below began to wink on, I tried to picture what lay in store for me when I went inside that mountain in the morning. I was to be admitted to the *sanctum sanctorum*, the war rooms that control the North American continent's nuclear defense forces.

From within a five-acre cave hollowed out of this hundred-million-year-old mountain the defense of North America is directed by the Combat Operations Center of NORAD—the North American Air Defense Command. Nine hundred people, working in shifts under the 9,500-foot peak, keep radar watches on the skies. On their viewing screens they can see trackings, sent instantaneously from hundreds of radar stations around the world, of objects no larger than a tabletop moving 2,000 miles above the earth. Giant cameras along the defense warning network could photograph a basketball 25,000 miles up. Inside the mountain, the men and their computers are safe from nuclear attack—even from a direct hit. Elsewhere, in some



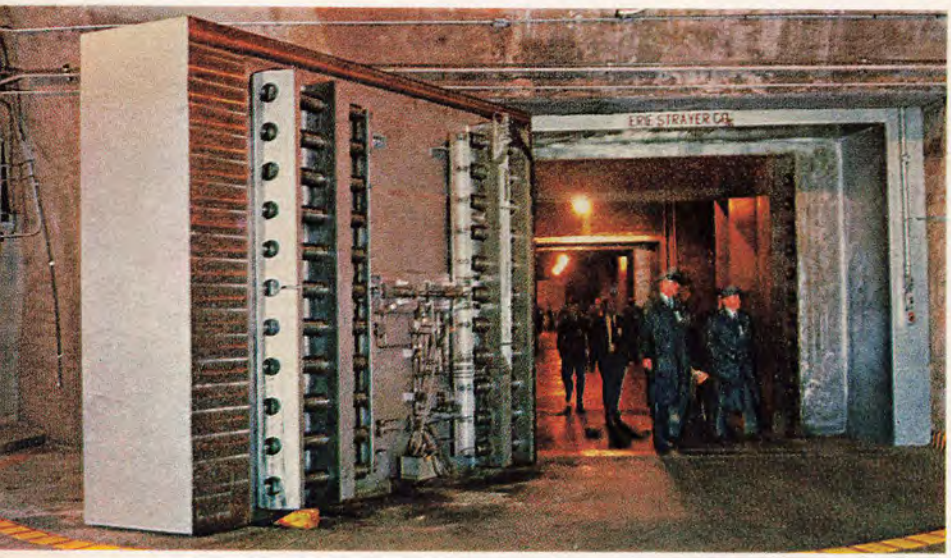
are at their fingertips via computerized maps and charts.

Sergeants Bundy, Dorst and King tell defense units they're under attack, in a test of reaction time.

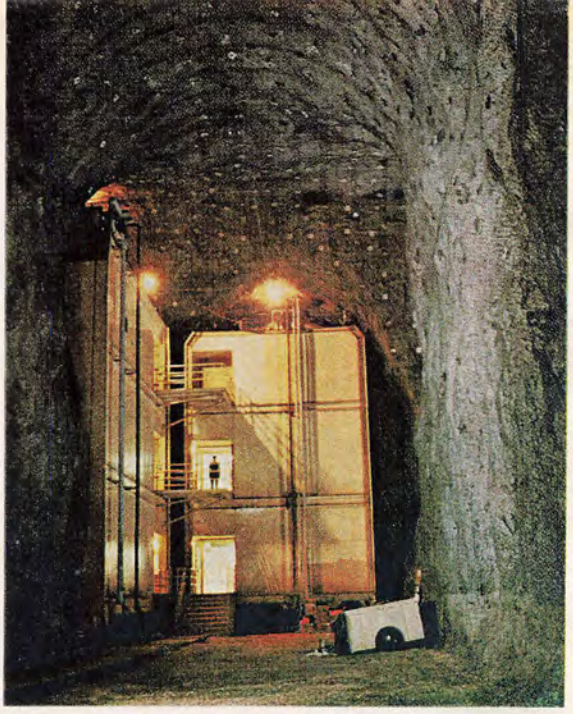
The command center scans radar information from around the world for warnings of an enemy attack

400 military installations in many parts of the world, there are 170,000 men either maintaining the outer perimeter of the complex radar system or standing ready to defend North America with manned interceptors and ground-to-air missiles. If word of an approaching enemy attack should come from the cave, it would cause steps for launching a retaliatory strike to be initiated.

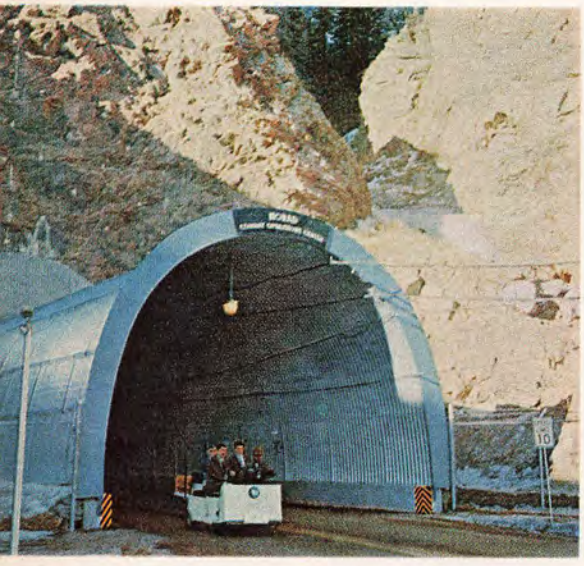
In the Arctic are two radar defenses: the Distant Early Warning (DEW) line stretching from the Aleutians to Greenland which would track manned bombers, and the newer Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) units in Alaska, Greenland and England which would give the crew in the mountain about 15 minutes warning of an intercontinental ballistic missile attack. Fateful streaks of light representing the invading missiles, whether launched from enemy ground, planes, submarines or satellites, would appear on viewing screens in the mountain, and, simultaneously, on other screens in Washington and Ottawa. The U.S. President and Canadian Prime Minister would be immediately notified by staffs always on duty in the two capital cities. Cheyenne Mountain would take full charge of the defensive



Thirty-ton doors between tunnel and cave would be shut during an attack.

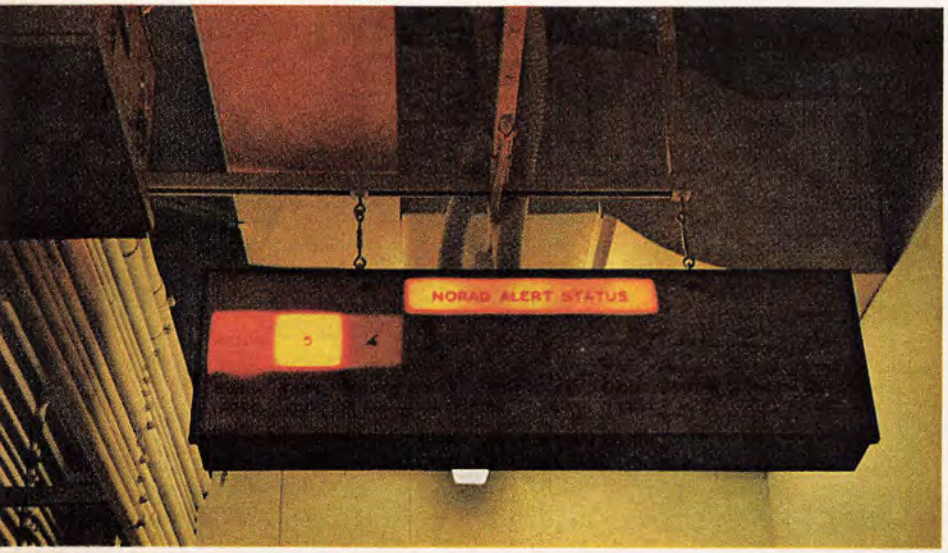


Cave contains 11 three-story office buildings.



Electric wagons supply tunnel transportation.

Sergeant inspects 4-million gallon underground reservoir that cools power plant.



Electric signs in all corridors keep staff posted on the defense situation.

Buildings rest on shock-absorbing springs.

war, sending up Bomarc, Nike Hercules and Hawk missiles against the invaders. Meanwhile, on Presidential order, bombers of the Strategic Air Command would take off to carry nuclear warheads against the enemy homelands.

After enemy missiles struck, the Cheyenne Mountain computers would show exactly how much damage had been done to key centers of population and military installations, and at the same time point out areas still habitable.

As I sat gazing out my hotel window, the mountain looked innocent enough. Just eight miles from Pike's Peak, which towers behind it, the mountain has a ski slope, a television transmitter, a zoo and a Will Rogers shrine on it, and no hint of what it hides underneath. I spent most of that night dreaming of planes and missiles and a hand in a black leather glove that pounded down upon a glowing red button. But when I awoke in the morning, the day was sunny and clear, and my appetite for the sights ahead of me was sharp indeed.

Earlier I had received the "go-ahead" from Washington for this visit. Now, my entrance into the mountain was deceptively casual (though I was never once let out of the sight of an official escort during the days I inspected the complex). A soft-spoken, knowledgeable civilian Air Force employee named Del Kindschi drove me out to the mountain entrance in his station wagon. A sign on the main highway directs drivers to an exit ramp leading to the Combat Operations Command. From the wide plateau below Cheyenne Mountain, the road slopes upward to the entrance to the cave at 7,000 feet altitude.

Kindschi parked his car in a lot near the entrance. An Air Police guard gave him an employee's visiting tag with a green "V" on it. I got one with a yellow "V." An officer in a glassed-in office identified by a sign as that of the "Sabotage Alert Team" assured us that nobody gets into the mountain without an invitation. "Except," he amended, "some deer, once in a while, and some bats."

Now that I had gained admission to this $142,000,000 cavern I felt a surge of anticipation. Kindschi and I boarded an electric wagon, and a sergeant drove us along a two-lane roadway into a tunnel much like the ones on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. The tunnel is 22½ feet high and 29 feet wide. Its walls and the inner cave's walls are studded with some 90,000 rock bolts—steel rods that go in anywhere from six to 30 feet deep and keep the place from caving in. Wire netting over the granite surface keeps small stones from dropping on people's heads. The sergeant told us that for military personnel, the tunnel is considered indoors as far as hats are concerned—you don't have to wear one. But otherwise it's considered outdoors—you do have to salute.

After we'd hummed slowly along for a quarter-mile, we came to a turn-around used by the diesel-powered bus that makes four trips in and out [*Continued on page* 64]

The 11-building subterranean city was constructed to survive even a direct atomic hit

Colonel Harriger's work is "hours of boredom—and moments of terror."

Warrant Officer Armstrong has taught many mountain crews how to read the computer displays.

RCAF Wing Commander Webster shares with Harriger code needed to send orders to air units.

IF NUCLEAR WAR EVER COMES . . .
[*Continued from page 63*]

every hour. Nearby was parked a Volkswagen belonging to a Canadian air commodore; because of the dangers of exhaust fumes, only a few gasoline-powered vehicles are allowed in the mountain. At this point we made a right turn; the main tunnel continues on another half-mile to an exit on the south face, and this section is normally used as a duct, bringing in 210,000 cubic feet of air per minute. We passed through two three-foot-thick, 30-ton, 11-by-13-foot steel doors. Fifty feet apart, the doors can be electrically interlocked so that one is always closed, in order to protect the inner mountain from nuclear blast. After a few more yards, we got out of the wagon and confronted the blank, yellow façade of a three-story building sitting, in a 60-foot-high cave, upon rows of one-ton, three-foot-high springs. The 11 buildings in here, all made of steel, sit on a total of 937 of these springs, which could absorb a shock of twice their normal load, in case of blast waves somehow traveling through the curved tunnels and past the doors.

We climbed six steps to a loading platform, left behind the chilly, echoing tunnels, and entered bright, familiar workrooms and offices, like those of any modern business. There was no claustrophobia, no sense of the mountain on top of us. But there *were* these electric signs suspended from the ceiling in each corridor. On the signs were two rows of code words that represent various stages of alert, from normal to nuclear attack. One row shows the actual situation while the other is used in tests only. I watched the sign with misgivings. Wherever we went in the mountain, I never stopped watching those signs.

Kindschi took me through a barbershop, a gym, a Laundromat, a base exchange, a snack bar, a medical clinic with operating room. We saw rooms with bunks enough for all 900 people who work here—in three shifts. We saw a four-million-gallon reservoir, used for cooling a power plant that could serve a city of 35,000; a rowboat, used for inspections, was floating in it. An officer who likes to go rowing is known as "the commodore of the world's only underground yacht club." Also stored are 1,300,000 gallons of drinking water and half a million gallons of diesel fuel. We admired a machine that chews up bales of discarded papers and spews them into the sewage system.

Kindschi told me that many governmental agencies, such as the National Archives, wanted to move into the mountain with the defense command once they saw how "hard" (military for "well-protected") it was. In fact, a number of outfits did get in: these are a space defense center, a weather service, a communications agency, a security service, an intelligence system, a civil defense center (connected to 12,000 warning points in the United States) and a Federal Aviation Administration post, along with its Canadian counterpart, the Department of Transport. Also having centers within the mountain are Western Union, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. (The two telephone companies collect an $82,000,000 yearly phone bill. For such a customer as Cheyenne Mountain, they have set up a device that "automatically recognizes priority calls.") Despite all these roomers, the defense command has managed to keep 51,000 square feet of empty tunnel for future expansion.

There is also a support squadron that keeps the place swept out, and runs a pleasant cafeteria, with artificial flowers on the tables and paintings, loaned by a local art group, on the walls. As Kindschi took me along to lunch, I heard, echoing faintly down the hallways, words that jolted me to a stiff stop: "This is the President of the United States. I have the duty to inform you that our country has been the object of a dastardly nuclear attack. . . ." One of the code words on those alert signs lighted up. Kindschi waved me along; that was all just part of a test.

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "Then who's making the speech?" That was just one of the sergeants. I resolved to meet that sergeant. But now I tried to show some enthusiasm for the liver that was being served in the cafeteria. Somehow my throat seemed contracted. Kindschi assured me that the signs had never shown an actual state of alert since they went into operation in April, 1966.

After lunch we went up to the command post. Like some fantastic television control room, it has a bank of consoles below a 50-foot-wide window that looks out at two movie screens suspended in darkness. One pictured, in bright outlines, a map of North America; the other showed lists of cryptic abbreviations and numerals. On a side wall was a familiar alert sign, and another one, entitled "confidence level." This sign had on it the words "no," "medium," and "high." Its function, I discovered later, is to report the computers' estimation of their own reliability. On the opposite wall was a bomb-alarm map of the United States with 99 red lights on it, none of them lighted.

Five men, all in shirt-sleeves, were in the room, and their occasional remarks seemed subdued within the sound-absorbing walls, ceiling and carpeted floor. It was like a small theater before the show starts. One of them now snapped up a telephone—had he seen something threatening? But he spoke quietly, only for a moment, and hung up. His expression remained businesslike. I managed to relax a bit. Kindschi introduced me to him—Col. Robert L. Harriger, the command director, in charge of the five-man crew at this moment responsible for sounding an alarm in case of an attack. I also met the others: Wing Commander Thomas Webster, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, the assistant command director; Chief Warrant Officer Richard D. Armstrong, assistant for displays; M. Sgt. Numan L. Osborne, assistant for communications; and S. Sgt. Richard G. Moore, control technician. They work from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. for two days, then from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. on the following two days, then from 1 a.m. to 8:30 a.m. for two more days, and then take three days off. Five such crews work in the mountain, each with one American and one Canadian officer.

Harriger, an affable, moustached man, told me, "I never quite get used to these hours, but some efficiency expert figured out that it's the best way to run the shifts." I asked if he was really the "man

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"He's attending progressive obedience school."

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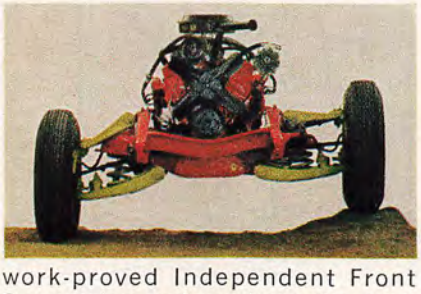

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on the button," and he had seen enough World War III movies to know what I meant. But there's no actual "panic" or "Nuclear War" button, since any threat becomes instantly visible on a number of screens in various parts of the country and would thus in effect sound its own alarm. In essence, the mountain serves as a nerve center. Harriger did show me a telephone device built into a metal grille. This is a direct line to the President and the Canadian Prime Minister, and was the nearest thing to the "hot" telephone I'd imagined. Somehow I'd pictured it as being bright red.

An outline of the North American continent is drawn in fine lines of light on monitor screens and also, enlarged and in color, on a movie screen. On the screen, green dots represent friendly aircraft, orange dots unknown ones and red dots hostile ones. (Crews are carefully examined for color blindness.) Monitor screens can show every kind of military information that could possibly be needed in a pinch. Twenty different channels can be tuned in on the screens (including the three Colorado Springs-area TV channels, for baseball games on slow days). These computer-fed channels give many kinds of intelligence reports and inventory statistics, as well as continually changing weather reports at every defense command military base in the world. The computers can hold 200,000,000 "bits" of information, all on call within seconds.

The 13 computers in the mountain automatically receive radar information on selections of the 200,000 air flights made over North America every day. If a flight matches a flight plan (which must be filed with the Federal Aviation Administration or with the Canadian Department of Transport), the computers do not take special note of the plane. But if a flight does not match any filed plan, the plane appears on the screens here as an "unknown." This happens about 10 times a day. Each time, the commander of whichever one of six continental regions the unknown plane appears in has just two minutes to identify the plane before he has to "scramble" interceptor planes to go up after the suspect. These interceptors, armed with Genie or Falcon missiles with nuclear warheads, would destroy invading planes while they were still far away from population centers, and in the process, any enemy nuclear weapons aboard would be "cooked." So far all such "unknown" planes have been successfully identified as "friendly" before any shots were fired. They show up as "unknown" when they come in off-schedule or off-course, or when a flight plan was not filed.

I sat down with Harriger to look more closely at the map on the small screen. The colonel pointed out some "specials" —known planes that nevertheless appear on the screen because the crew wants to keep an eye on them. We watched two dots near Havana. They had short northward-pointing lines, called "tracks," going out of them to show their directions. The dots represented a commercial Cuban airlines flight bound for Scandinavia and a Russian flight bound for Moscow, both traveling along the Atlantic coast on the polar route. The dots do not actually move, but every five minutes they automatically blink out and reappear as later radar information updates the planes' positions. This waiting interval can be reduced to 13 seconds when necessary. Since international air agreements require flight plans to be filed by all planes going through the outer radar defenses over the Atlantic, there was no mystery about these two planes. But the crew likes to keep tabs on what flies in and out of Cuba. If one of those planes veered off toward the American continent, those interceptors would be off to meet it within five minutes. "Special" flights like this have an "S" marked by their dots on the map. Certain important planes have "S" numbers all to themselves and are always watched whenever in flight over North America. These planes include the President's plane, S1; the Canadian Prime Minister's plane, S2; the Vice-President's, S3, and other S numbers for various heads of foreign states. Another "special" is also always on view: the airborne command post of the Strategic Air Command forever circling over the Great Plains.

It is of course assumed that flights originating within the United States or Canada are friendly, so that only the 800 to 1,200 flights coming in from outside the continent are of real interest to the crew.

Now we saw two new dots light up within Soviet territory north of Point Barrow, Alaska. Though these Russian planes have filed no flight plans, since they're over home ground, they are not considered "unknown," but instead carry a "P" for "pending." If one of them should turn south and head for Alaska it would instantly become an "unknown" and bring out the reception committee. We watched the Russians' dots hop along their coast until finally they disappeared off the map to the west.

Richard Armstrong, a personable technician who has taught many of the mountain crews how to read computer displays, showed me what a missile would look like coming over the North Pole toward the North American continent. He pressed some buttons to make a simulated tracking line appear, and, as its target, a small oval glowed suddenly on Chicago. From radar data, the BMEWS computers would determine where a missile would hit and at what time, and at the moment of impact, a small lighted-up mushroom would appear in that oval. (Armstrong assured me that this demonstration was showing up on just this one viewing screen, and on no others.) The computers can also determine the area from where the missile was fired.

At the moment there is no way to ward off a missile attack, except by the counterthreat of fighting back. In the 15

TRUE

"Anything happen this summer? Kids okay?"

to 20 minutes warning the radar would provide, American nuclear missiles can be fired off. It is for these priceless minutes that the United States and Canada have dug this expensive cave and put these people to work in it. The earlier threat of manned bombers still exists, but today the intercontinental missiles are considered the central danger. The whole idea is: if *you* don't start anything, *we* don't start anything. Of course fashions in enemies change, but a threat from China, for example, would come from about the same direction as one from Russia, and would be detected by the same radar system.

Armstrong moved his fingers deftly over the buttons until he had all the military bases lighted up. Then he pointed a gun at each of them in turn; the gun had an electric cord going into it, and a light shining out of its barrel. This light caused the computers to list, in letters and numbers, various inventories of planes and weapons in neat rows of numerals and abbreviated words glowing beside each base. Next, Armstrong bombed all the bases except one, firing away with his light gun and playing the push-button keyboard like a pianist. "Now, after an attack, I have to know where the planes in the air can land. I have to know which bases are still habitable. I ask the computers." He pushed more buttons, and the darkened map showed a single lonely base, Key West, the only one Armstrong hadn't wiped out. "All the others have nudets," he said. A "nudet" is a nuclear detonation. (I also learned that "submit" means submarine missile threat assessment program, "birdie" means battery integration and radar display equipment, and "evil" means elevation versus integrated log. They have thousands of these words.)

I asked Wing Commander Webster, a compact, energetic Ontarian who used to command a fighter squadron, how the Americans and Canadians get along. "Excellently," he said. "We Canadians are very grateful that the main defense force is supplied by the Americans, though we do have a proportionate share in it. As for this crew, I have never worked with a more professional bunch in my life. They exude confidence. And half the job here is having confidence in yourself." Though Harriger and Webster are the men on the spot when on duty here, the commander-in-chief of NORAD or his deputy is immediately called in on any emergency. One or the other must always be within "six rings from the center"—meaning reachable in six rings of a telephone. In spite of the strain such responsibility means, several of the general officers have held the job for two years and more at a time. At present in the top slots in Colorado Springs are Gen. Raymond J. Reeves of the U.S. Air Force, who formerly ran the Alaskan air defense region, and his deputy, Air Marshal C. R. Dunlap, formerly chief of the air staff of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The worst scare the crews ever had came just after a new missile warning system went into operation seven years ago, when the defense command was housed in a vulnerable former hospital building that the Air Force complained could have been immobilized by "one man with a well-aimed bazooka shot." A massive raid of missiles coming over the northern horizon was shown on the scopes. The highest alarm level was signaled, and the computers' confidence rating was "high." But the computers wouldn't give any of those oval impact areas, and this made the crew suspicious. And a Canadian air marshal in command recalled that Khrushchev was in New York. He did not believe the Russians would attack while their leader was on the scene. So he held off from alerting the missile and bomber people until technicians determined the time it was taking radar echoes to bounce back from whatever they were hitting. It had to be the moon. The radar, making 20 scans per second, registers every twentieth look as a new and different object; the radars thought they saw hundreds of missiles heading for the U.S. When the news of this fiasco got out, NORAD defended itself by insisting that "no alarm was felt" and that it had got "the maximum experience possible from this useful incident." Meanwhile the radars were adjusted to ignore the moon.

Webster told me that a coded key has to accompany any orders that go out to commanders of aircraft or missile units, and that this "authenticator" is under two locks; he has one key to it, and Harriger has the other. He invited me to watch this used in a surprise exercise to

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be run at a California air base at 4:06 p.m. This would test the reflexes of one of the 50 or so fighters squadrons in the defense system. At the zero second, Sergeant Moore picked up a telephone, pressed certain buttons in order to contact the base, read off letters and numbers of the "authenticator," and then said: "Format 56. Swift kick." He hung up. That was all there was to it. Webster said the airbase people would know they had 15 minutes to get as many of their planes into the air as possible. This is the "scramble," where pilots in bright orange flight suits drop their gin rummy hands and sprint out to their planes. The commander of the base knew an exercise was due sometime today, but the pilots had no warning. Later on, Webster said the test had been successful. "Exactly how many planes got away is a secret, but a lot of them made it within 13 minutes."

The electronic map can also show Russian trawlers, picked up by radar in Navy planes, as well as submarines—tracked by buoys equipped with microphones that send back sonar information, or by a mysterious "magnetic anomaly detector" that notes "changes in the earth's normal magnetic patterns," such as those a submarine would cause.

Across the hall from the command post is a space defense center, where five shifts of 16-man crews watch the parade of objects in space, and can order a Thor missile up to destroy any satellite with warlike intentions. Their work is cut out for them, because some three dozen of the current 1,179 objects up there will stay up for at least 10,000 years.

All radar data goes to Colorado over various communications links—by radio and by wire. Some 12,000 circuits are funnelled into a semicircle of receiving stations set outside the mountain as far as 50 miles away. Concrete-encased antennas and buried land lines bring it all safely inside. Any one of six separate systems can handle all the traffic if the others should fail. If anything goes wrong with the established computerized command and control system, there is a 19-base stand-in line to be used only in case the main one fails. Nuclear power runs the radar site at Sundance Air Force Station, Wyoming. It was recently refueled after running for four years on 57 pounds of uranium 235.

Kindschi now suggested we sit in on a briefing of the kind given regularly in a small theater to official visitors. The speaker was a snappy, volatile Air Force lieutenant colonel named Chester M. Dellinger, whose job it had been to figure out exactly how much space the defense units would need inside the mountain, then to move men and equipment into the buildings. "We almost came out even," he says. Before beginning his talk, Dellinger pointed out a fault in the rock face just outside the entrance of the main building; it could have caused a cave-in if it hadn't been corrected. "We drilled holes and pumped in 2,500 gallons of epoxy glue," he said. "The rock hasn't moved an inch since. But when I showed this to the Vice-President, who visited here the other day, and told him we'd glued the mountain together, he was sure I was putting him on."

The cave-in-the-mountain idea had been talked about as far back as 1954. Then in 1958 a United States-Canadian agreement set up the joint defense system for the continent, and two years later 450 acres of Cheyenne Mountain were bought to be used for this unique cave, which became operational in April, 1966.

I asked Dellinger if working inside a mountain ever depressed him. "No," he said. "I feel very secure in here." Questions about unidentified flying objects are common, he said. "Our radars pick up birds, bits of aluminum foil, even hail. So if UFO's exist, they must be made of air, because we haven't tracked any of them."

One imaginative questioner wondered whether, since people assigned to Cheyenne Mountain could become the world's only survivors, any tests for fertility were given. The answer was no, but the colonel assured us that of the 900 people who would be at work here in a "buttoned-up" emergency state, at least 40 would be women. Another visitor asked if the mountain complex could withstand a direct nuclear hit. The answer is yes, except that the exact force that could be taken safely is a secret.

This brought to mind thoughts of being buried alive, and I asked the colonel about this possibility, in the case of some incredibly strong bombardment. He thought it unlikely that both entrances should be blocked off at the same time; either tunnel can serve for passage and for air intake as well. In an attack, automatic poppet valves would shut off the air supply, and then a minute later would open again. The air would go through eight electrostatic filters to cleanse it of contamination. The air for the diesel power-plant engines would remain contaminated, as diesels do not care what they breathe.

Whatever happened, enough air would remain below ground to permit the staff not only to keep breathing, but also to dig themselves out. "We have the digging machinery down here already," said the colonel.

I asked the colonel whether computers might not get the upper hand some day, but he believes that man will stay in control. "The decisions here are always made by people," he says. What does he think of movies like *Failsafe* and *Dr. Strangelove,* in which nuclear power gets out of hand? "I thought *Failsafe* was kind of jazzy," he said. "I give those Hollywood people a pat on the back for thinking up all that wild equipment out of their heads, considering that they're not in the air-defense business."

Now Kindschi took me to meet the Russians in the blue suits, as the sergeants who run the simulation room are called. M. Sgt. John King, M. Sgt. Jim Bundy, T. Sgt. Tom Urist and T. Sgt. Don Dorst are four highly enthusiastic, quite fiendish fellows who throw themselves into their work with a vengeance. They are the men who attack North America with every missile, airplane, ship and submarine they can work into the computers. No holds are barred; any horrendous situation they can dream up is let loose on the hapless crew in the command post, or upon generals commanding supporting units all over the country, just to see what they will do and how fast they do it.

I asked which one had read the President's mock declaration of war. This was Sergeant Bundy, an authoritative, deep-voiced man with crew-cut blond hair. "Can you do the Texas accent to go with it?" I asked him. "Nossuh, ah cain't," he replied with a straight face. (Later he admitted he comes from Alabama.) Sergeant King, a lanky young man with a spare, animated face and blazing brown

TRUE

"I still think it would make one hell of a book if we could persuade him to write his memoirs!"

eyes, said, "We can 'build'—that is, create in simulation—an attack just in the mountain here, or we can test the whole air defense system. We can set off the bomb alarms or the missile warnings. We decide whom we're going to get, and then we go after him."

The sergeants make up an elaborate minute-by-minute script of the war they are about to start, and Sergeant Dorst puts it into computer language in which it is then stored on magnetic tape. The same war can be used at least five times—once for each crew in the command post. Sergeant King says, "We use current events to make an attack logical, according to what is really happening in the world. We have to update our programs every time the world changes.

"When we start a war, we are the only ones who know what is going to happen," he added. In the middle of one attack from Russia, the President dies and the second-in-command takes over. In another exercise, just as the continent is attacked, an earthquake hits California (meaning that all planes must fly out of there if they can) and before anybody can turn around, a tidal wave sweeps over Key West. "We complicate things, make everything much more difficult than it ever would be in real war. One exercise I like is a single crazy submarine commander who has fired a missile at North America. He's a nut. His country isn't starting any war. So what do you do if you're a general? We just watch and see."

Some exercises, as Sergeant Bundy puts it, involve "the whole ball of wax." In these, the sergeants imitate, in telephone calls to various commanders, the defense secretary, the chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, and anyone else down the line they want to use in their script. "At first, we were scared to death, talking to real generals like that," says Bundy. But the sergeants were told that in a real emergency nobody would mince words, and to go ahead and shout. So they have very successfully overcome that early stage fright.

Sergeant King sometimes travels to various air bases to sit beside a general and time him with a stopwatch when one of these tests gets underway. "Then after some of these exercises, we have to go up to the command post to talk over what happened, and there'll be a Milky Way of generals' stars all around us, but we have to speak right out what we think of their performance, and say, maybe, 'Well, you really loused it up, sir.' But of course the only way we're able to compete with the generals is in having prior knowledge of what is about to happen. I would never be disrespectful to an officer, except in this kind of duty. When we chew them out, there can be some hurt feelings. But then they finally realize we're all working together to improve our defenses."

Tests last from half an hour, within the mountain, to days, when the worldwide systems are involved. One or another exercise goes on almost daily. In some of them, real planes, called "fakers," try to make mock attacks on certain bases and to throw off pursuit by jamming the radars with aluminum-foil chaff and electronic equipment on board.

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There was one question that bothered me, so before leaving, I asked, "Have you guys ever *won* the war?" Bundy and King exchanged a glance with some self-doubting pride visible in it. "I can't tell you," said Bundy. "I'm afraid you'd print it."

It was clear enough that the sergeants love their work, but I wondered how Gen. Raymond Reeves, the top man in Colorado Springs, felt about his job. "As they say today, 'it's something else' to contemplate, controlling the operations of some 170,000 people," the general remarked. "When I sat down for the first time at the 'console' of the command center I had the same reaction attributed to a famous pianist who sat down for the first time at the console of the world's largest pipe organ. He said, 'Here I was, a professional musician . . . yet, at the organ console I saw a totally new and expanded outlook, not only as to what I could now produce with this new instrument, but, more frightening, what others would *expect me to produce* from this massive and ingenious system of buttons, levers, lights, pedals and keys. . . .'"

Before leaving the mountain, I asked Colonel Harriger how his job strikes him; after all, he's the man who, minute-by-minute, is responsible for the continent when his shift is working.

"It's a lot like flying," he says. "Hours and hours of endless boredom—interrupted by brief moments of stark terror."

—Roy Bongartz

THE BIRD FROM CALIFORNIA

[*Continued from page* 46]

both directions there were occasional seeps to which quail came to water and birds were as likely to visit one as another. But being free to make the choice was good. We were on public land and we could walk all day in any direction without being confronted by a cultivated field or a house or a fence or a "no trespassing" sign. We finally decided to hunt upstream.

Most of the quail by now had finished drinking. A few still squatted primly around the foot-wide pool. The others were scattered along the bank nearby. Some were dusting. A few were preening their feathers. Several were slipping back and forth among the roses, their sharp, black eyes quick to spot the scattered seeds. And three or four were simply loafing, sitting quietly like little chickens along the crest of the low bank.

Willard and I were still a block away when the quail heard us coming. We weren't talking; the human voice frightens all kinds of game. They heard our footsteps and began to mill nervously. Some darted into the nearby sagebrush and returned. Then the entire covey scooted under a vine-covered willow. Not one bird remained in sight.

About the time the quail heard us, the gentle breeze carried their rich scent to the eager dogs. They had been swinging back and forth through the sage and greasewood. Now, heads high, feet scarcely touching the ground, they zeroed in on the tight-laced vines.

When we arrived, Willard's little Brittany, Queenie, was about half pointing, her ears cocked and her head tipped quizzically to one side. My pointer, Rip, was dancing back and forth along the far side, looking for an opening big enough to force his way in. The reason was obvious. Even Willard and I could hear the quail rustling about nervously in their safe retreat. And both dogs had hunted birds that run—chukars and western quail—a great deal. They had learned that there is only one way to handle them: set them if they'll set and make them fly if they won't. Now the quail were scuttling around beneath the vine, but the dogs couldn't do a thing about it.

Willard and I separated to stand one on each side of the tangle. He tossed a rock. I found myself clutching my gun as though somebody were trying to take it away from me. I was too tense. I made a conscious effort to relax. The rock caught somewhere in the top of the matted vine. I tossed one. It, too, failed to reach the ground. Not a quail came out. The dogs were jumping from one spot to another, whining softly in frustration.

Willard gathered up a handful of pebbles and threw them. We could hear them filter down. We could hear the quail. None came out. Queenie lunged at the tangle and forced herself halfway in. The hole was too small. She backed out. Willard rattled the vine with a couple of hearty kicks. Not one bird flew.

I had an idea. I said to Willard, "Get ready," laid my gun down, and crawled up on top of the densely matted vine. I jumped up and down on it. The whole mass shook and creaked. This was too much. The quail buzzed out. And every single one of them left from the side opposite Willard! He didn't get a shot.

Logically the birds should have flown either upstream or down; the cover was better along the creek. Willard anticipated this and stood where he could have fired in either of these directions. Instead the quail flew out into the desert across the greasewood flat. They flew low and fast, like a tight formation of little dark-blue pursuit planes, curving down into the brush a block away.

We put the dogs at heel and hurried after them, walking as fast as we could go because we knew what the quail would do. They'd run! They had lit running and they were running now. They would continue running until they either left us far behind or came to better cover. We saw them soon, flowing swiftly up a little rise. We hadn't gained an inch. We began to run. When we topped this rise we saw them going up the next. They were, if anything, a little farther away than when we saw them first.

Willard came to a panting halt. "The hell with it!" he said. "They'll never stop. The brush is too open. The little bastards!"

But he was chuckling as he said it. I like to hunt with a man who doesn't kill his quail in self-defense. I laughed outright. That covey had certainly shown us! First, in good cover, they had stuck tighter than ticks; then, in the open, they had run off and left us.

Valley quail are birds of infinite variety. They know all the tricks, and use them. They're fast—I think our fastest upland bird—and they are clever. I've been so frustrated hunting them that I felt like weeping, but I've also enjoyed the fastest, most ideal shooting of my life. Willard and I were about to find some of that kind of shooting now.

We started angling back toward the creek, planning to hit it a couple of hundred yards beyond the spring. The dogs were still at heel and we were walking through a dip where the brush was somewhat thicker when Rip ran ahead a few yards, then pointed. Willard, 100 feet away, turned toward me. Queenie started making game. Then, instantaneously, like a blast of dynamite hurling up debris, the air was full of quail. Willard had walked right into a big covey! They flew toward the creek, passing ahead of me.

My gun came up. I picked a bird and swung with it. Faster, faster, I remember trying to swing faster. I shot a yard behind. I picked another, skimming low over the greasewood. This time the gun seemed to shoot itself. There was a puff of feathers. The bird disappeared in the short brush. I heard Willard shoot twice. His gun was empty. More quail were spurting out. I hit one with my third shot. Then I, too, was frantically trying to stuff shells into my empty gun, smelling the sweet smoke that curled up from the open breech, trying to remember where my birds had dropped, trying to mark down the scattered covey.

It was a big one. It seemed as though the quail would never finish pouring out. But, of course, they did, and quickly, too. Neither of us managed to reload soon enough to shoot again.

Willard also had two birds down. It was a good start—four California valley quail on the covey rise is about as good as you can hope to do. But even better, the remaining birds had lit well spread out in

TRUE

"Think of yourself as an old landmark that needs restoration."

the heavier cover along the creek. We hurried after them as soon as we had found our four.

And here is an important difference in the technique of hunting bobwhites and valley quail. After I mark down a covey of the former, I like to wait a few minutes for them to move around and give off scent. The dogs do better. If you wait for valley quail, however, they will more often than not quickly regroup and run away. So Willard and I lost no time.

Queenie was the first to point as we approached the creek, but Willard had no more than said, "Here's one!" than Rip was on game, too. He was running past a clump of rabbit brush, now yellow in its autumn bloom, when he turned sharply and froze. He was bent like a fish hook. I walked toward my dog; Willard toward his. I heard him shoot. I didn't look. My eyes were riveted on the bush in front of Rip.

I stopped six feet away and waited. The quail sat tight. I walked on in. I was close enough now to touch the rabbit brush with my gun barrel. Could Rip be wrong? Maybe a quail had paused here briefly, then run on. I kicked the bush.

"Brrrrrrrrrt!" Not one quail, but two, burst out. They were at full speed in six feet. They wasted no time climbing and barely cleared the brush, a yard apart. I raised my gun deliberately and dropped the first, then shifted quickly to the other as I reloaded. I hit it. They were almost in line.

Curious to see how far the second had flown while I pumped my gun, I stepped off the range. Quail number one had hit the ground at 21 yards; number two, at 40. I had taken my second shot as quickly as I could, but that quail still had flown 19 yards. No wonder I have yet to kill three separate valley quail in three shots on a simultaneous covey rise! Doing so would take a faster shot than I.

I had scarcely pocketed my second bird when Queenie made another point. There was a scrubby saltbush immediately in front of her, a tall bitterbrush 10 yards farther. The quail buzzed out, scarcely a yard from Queenie's nose, when Willard walked it up. It flipped around the tall bush, then flew straight away. Willard jumped to one side, but he wasn't quick enough. The bird was safe.

Was this intentional? I've often wondered. Grouse are always flying around trees, but where they live they can hardly help it. Valley quail, often with only a single tall bush nearby, pull the trick so frequently that it does seem more than luck.

The little Brittany quickly found another bird but as I started forward Rip pointed, too. Willard got his and I got mine—on the second shot.

We hunted slowly, giving the dogs time to find the scattered, tight-sticking quail. The crack of guns, the sweet-smelling powder smoke mingling with the aroma of the sage, the mellow October sun, the freedom of the wide desert all around us, the good companionship, the perfect dog work, all of these things made time slip by as though we were in a dream. It seemed but minutes until Willard said, "I'd better count up."

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We spread our quail out on the dusty ground and counted them. Nine apiece; one to go. Rip soon pointed and we both walked in and a pair of quail got out. One flew Willard's way and one flew mine and we killed them both. We were through. I glanced at my watch; it was noon. How could time have gone so quickly!

We started back down the creek toward the car and when we came to the pool of water where the first covey had drunk the thirsty dogs lapped up nearly all of it. Then they lay in the moist earth and stretched and rolled and I think they knew as well as Willard and I did that the hunt was over.

At the car we cased our empty guns and laid them away and got out the water jug and the whisky. We passed it back and forth and chased it with cold water and very shortly we were younger and even more content than we had been before. Then we took our lunches and coffee bottles and sat down on the dusty ground and stretched our legs out flat and felt the strength of the warm earth flow into them. We ate our sandwiches and divided a can of dog food between the dogs and enjoyed our coffee and a pipe.

The low October sun was in the south now, back-lighting the willows and cottonwoods along the creek and illuminating their golden leaves until they fairly glowed. The thickets of wild roses were dark red; the bitterbrush, deep green. And the gray sage beyond was a soft, dull

background for the brilliant trees. The gentlest of breezes brought us the clean, sweet, faintly pungent odor of the sage.

As we sat there, perfectly relaxed and half asleep, my eye caught a bright, black speck, strangely out of place in the white dust. I picked it up. It was an arrowhead, chipped from obsidian as most in this country are, and I had first seen only the tip that had been sticking up above the soil. It was a little over an inch long and three-quarters of an inch wide across the barbs, V-shaped and deeply fluted where it had been bound to the shaft. I showed it to Willard.

We speculated about how long it may have lain there—200 years, 2,000, who could tell? In my mind's eye I could see an Indian hunting silently along this very creek, his bow at ready, every sense alert. Then a quick shot at a rabbit or sagehen, the Red Man running in pursuit of others and the arrow lost. Or perhaps he hit an antelope and it ran off carrying the arrow and was never found. I said to Willard, "Do you suppose this point was simply dropped, or did the Indian shoot it at something?"

"Maybe he shot it at another Indian! Probably a jackrabbit, though. Whatever it was, he didn't shoot it at a valley quail!"

"That's for sure. This is a better country now than it was 200 years ago."

"It's a better country now than it was *20* years ago. Especially if you have a shotgun!"

I agreed. In the area where I feel most at home, the northern desert of southeastern Oregon and southwestern Idaho, two great additions have been made within the two past decades. They were chukars and valley quail. Both Idaho and Oregon stocked chukars. Oregon planted the quail. The first big buildup of both birds came in 1957. The hunting was fabulous. Then, with another good spring in 1958, it was even better that fall.

Since then the number of birds has fluctuated widely from year to year, depending mostly on spring weather. But even in poor years it has been better than it ever was before when we had only mountain quail along the creeks and sagehens in the desert.

There has been, however, one great difference between the ways in which the two birds adapted. Chukars found only the desert to their liking—primarily rocky, cheat-grass hillsides, not too far from water. Valley quail also prospered in the desert. But they likewise spread across the Snake River into Idaho where they made themselves at home on farms and ranches, along the brush-bordered edges of cultivated fields, in orchards and beside irrigation canals. They even wandered through the towns in their search for new territory.

One evening I had put the car in the garage and started back across the yard toward the house when I heard the unmistakable, clear *"what, what, whew"* of a valley quail. I looked up quickly. One was sitting on my television antenna. Others were perched along the ridge of the roof. There were several on my neighbor's house, and on the fence and in the tree in his back yard. I counted more than a dozen. They were on their way somewhere and had stopped here to spend the night. In the morning they were gone.

Their coming couldn't possibly have been timed better. When I was a boy we had good hunting for bobwhite quail, brought from the East many years before. They never ventured into the desert, but they did thrive on the irrigated farms. Then, during World War II, the farms became completely mechanized. The farmers tore out their old fence rows and began tilling every inch of soil from one road to the next. This was too much for bob. We do well now to find one covey where there once were 10.

The valley quail fitted into this void like sugar fits in tea. Hardier, more adaptable, more aggressive, they succeeded where bob had failed. In many places where the sweet *"bob-white"* once broke the stillness of spring evenings, we now hear only the bold *"what, what, whew"* of the valley quail.

As its name implies, the California valley quail came from California, where it is the state bird. Originally there were two subspecies. One thrived in the lush coastal country from San Francisco north into Oregon. The other preferred the arid interior valleys and foothills, but trapping and transplanting have now thoroughly mixed the two.

Mixed or not, the birds we have in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah and Nevada today are pure quality from the ends of their ridiculous little forward-tipping topknots to the soles of their feet. Somewhat smaller than bobwhites—valley quail average about six ounces—they more than make up in class what they may lack in size. Slaty blue-gray on their backs, with barred flanks and black-edged feathers on their breasts, they're as handsome as any bird could be without appearing positively indecent.

Their tendency to wander is one of the most fortunate things about valley quail. During the long dry summer and early autumn they stay fairly close to water. But when the fall rains come and turn every cow track into a drinking fountain, a covey may be found anywhere. Consequently, heavy hunting is not so disastrous to them as to bobwhites. Shoot out a covey of bobs and they are gone forever; overshoot valley quail and, if food and cover are suitable, a new covey will be there the next fall. Besides, shooting out a covey is much easier said than done.

One fall day a couple of years ago, I was visiting with a farmer friend when a big covey of valley quail came pecking and scooting and scuttling along through his barnyard. "There's your chance," he said, "why don't you shoot some?"

I didn't have Rip, but my gun was in the back of the car and, with some misgivings, I got it out and started after

TRUE

"I'm placing you all under citizen's arrest!"

them. They ran down the lane, across a close-cut alfalfa stubble, and through a harvested wheat field. Meanwhile I was right behind, alternately running until I was out of breath and then walking until I recovered it. The spectacle must have been absurd, really, and I would have quit except for the fact that beyond a second alfalfa stubble was good cover. Brush and weeds and knee-high grass grew thick here and I hoped that when the quail reached it, they would stop and I could make them fly.

At last we got there, the quail and I, in the same relative positions in which we had left the farmyard. And, believe it or not, they simply evaporated! They didn't fly, I'm sure of that, and I don't think they ran on through because there was bare ground on the far side where I could have seen them. But I tramped around for half an hour and failed to flush a single bird.

There are folks who shoot running valley quail— for that matter, all the western quail and chukars, too—on the ground. Such hunters should buy their meat because if getting it is that important, they can't afford to hunt.

Several times each fall, Willard and I visit a ranch owned by a friend of his, a place we call "quail heaven." A long, narrow strip of land, planted to alfalfa, small grain and corn, is bisected lengthwise by a brushy stream. Both sides of the quarter-mile-wide valley are rimmed by steep slopes, 100 feet high, and beyond these bluffs lies the unbroken desert. Irrigation ditches, carrying water diverted from the creek, follow the outer edges of the fields. There is abundant food on the cultivated land, perfect cover along its edges and down the stream through the center, and water at all seasons.

On a sunny November day last year, a day cool enough to wear our jackets when we left the car, but warm enough to shed them in 20 minutes, we visited it with TRUE's Peter Barrett. Pete and I had been hunting quail and chukars for a week, but I had held this place in reserve because I felt sure it would provide the nicest day of all. It didn't let me down.

I decided to carry only my camera. I wanted pictures of valley quail hunting and my willpower was at high tide, so I left my gun in the car. With Pete and Willard in the lead and the happy dogs dancing in eagerness, we walked downstream along the creek for a quarter mile, cut across the end of a cornfield to the foot of the bluff, and turned back in the other direction along the irrigation ditch.

Between the corn and the ditch, native bunch grass was waist high. Above the ditch, greasewood, saltbush, rabbit brush and sage grew rank in the moist earth. We followed the edges, Pete on one side of the cover, Willard on the other and the dogs plunging back and forth through it. I brought up the rear with my camera. We came to a corner where a wide, gently sloping wash came down through the bluff. Suddenly the air was simply *full* of quail. Whether the dogs blundered or the birds flushed wild, they were everywhere. Pete was shooting. Willard was shooting. More and more quail kept rising. I was snapping pictures in all directions. The dogs were out of their minds. Soon the war cry of the white man, "Here Rip! Here Queenie! Here Rip! Here Queenie!" echoed across the flat.

When the dust settled and the dogs found the last bird, Willard and Pete had five between them. And singles were scattered in both directions along the ditch, as well as up the wash. There must have been 100 birds properly spread out in ideal cover! It was enough to make me drool. What an idiot to have brought only a camera! But since that was all I had, it was a marvelous situation for pictures, too.

We went immediately about the business at hand. And I'll tell you something: valley quail are easy to hit. I could see that at once. The dogs simply went from one point to another. Either Pete or Willard would flush the bird. Then one would shoot, depending on which way it flew, and if a pair or triple got out they would sometimes both shoot. Standing back with my camera, I could see that there was worlds of time, that most quail flew in the open, and that there was little or no excuse for missing them.

But my companions did miss—not often, they really shot quite well—but they seemed so bungling. They strained. They were tense. They hurried. They swore. I had never realized before how truly easy quail shooting could be until I stood back with nothing more lethal than a camera and watched my inept friends struggling with their shotguns.

And it took a hell of a while! It seemed as though hours had passed and we had walked 20 miles before Willard said, "I think I'm through. We'd better check."

They counted up. Willard was right; he had 10. Pete had nine.

Willard said, "Here, take my gun."

I grabbed it like a pike seizing a duckling. "Gimme some shells!"

It happened that the next quail flew for Pete. Then he was all done and every bird would be mine. But I was perfectly relaxed: I knew all about quail shooting. The dogs pointed a double. I dropped them both. Then a single bounced out ahead of Rip and cut around toward the rear in a tight circle, but I nailed it. Then another double, and I killed them clean.

I turned and said to Willard, "My, I don't see how anybody could miss with such a nice gun!"

But, unfortunately, as I said it another thought entered my mind. "Here I am," I thought, "with half my limit and I haven't missed a shot."

That was a mistake! That old devil tension reared its ugly head. I missed five in a row. With each fruitless shot I tried a little harder and the harder I tried the more helpless I became. I was twice as helpless as either Pete or Willard had been a few minutes before.

I shot all of Willard's shells. Finally I had to walk back to the car and get my gun and my shells to kill my tenth and final bird. I was back to normal. Valley quail are *not* easy to hit!

—Ted Trueblood

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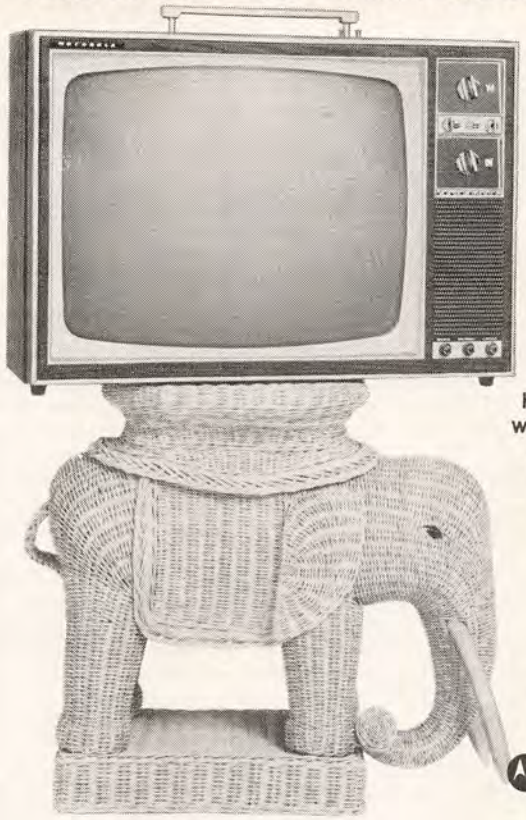

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WHY SOUTH VIET NAM'S ARMY WON'T FIGHT

[*Continued from page 33*]

calamity. The Viet Cong stopped the armored attack cold, destroying several personnel carriers and killing 68 men, including three American advisor-soldiers. They also downed three helicopters. On top of it all, the enemy slipped unscathed out of his emplacements during the night and faded away. Newsmen found only four or five Viet Cong bodies in the area the next day.

The senior American military advisor to the Vietnamese forces at Ap Bac was Lt. Col. John Paul Vann, a tough career officer who persisted in seeking unorthodox methods in an unorthodox war. After Ap Bac an American officer was reported missing, and Vann, exasperated by the Vietnamese forces he was advising, rounded up every U.S. serviceman he could find in the area—cooks, mail clerks, advisors and medics. They came as they were, many in T-shirts and shorts. Vann armed them and set out with his 60-man American irregular task force.

By the end of the day, Vann's small, motley crew had captured 32 Viet Cong prisoners—a much better record than 2,000 Vietnamese government troops had made in the battle itself.

At the time of Ap Bac, Gen. Paul D. Harkins commanded U.S. forces in Viet Nam. It was his diplomatic job to soothe Vietnamese feelings ruffled by the harsh words being muttered about Saigon's troops. Calling Ap Bac a victory, he said:

"I believe that anyone who criticizes the fighting qualities of the armed forces of the Republic of [South] Viet Nam is doing a disservice to the thousands of gallant and courageous men who are fighting in the defense of their country."

Recently, General Westmoreland, Harkins' successor in Viet Nam, has been saying much the same thing. He has put out the word that he wants Americans to "accentuate the positive" about Saigon's forces.

But things like Ap Bac keep happening, despite the positive thinking.

In my five years as a war correspondent in Viet Nam, I got to know thousands of officers and men in South Viet Nam's armed forces. I gradually learned what makes this big army almost worthless. There are five basic reasons:

OF ALL THE THINGS wrong with the Vietnamese forces, corruption in its various forms is the most serious.

RUNNING A CLOSE SECOND, mutual distrust and even hostility between most American soldiers and most Vietnamese soldiers has undermined government fighting morale. Calling a spade a spade, Saigon's army is an anti-American army, even though we're all supposedly fighting on the same side.

THIRD, AND PERHAPS MOST SHOCKING, the Viet Cong has infiltrated the Vietnamese forces like termites in a rotten log. Some American intelligence men estimate that as many as 30 percent of Saigon's officers and men actually are sympathizers or agents of the Viet Cong.

FOURTH, THE OFFICER CORPS is lacking in almost all the qualities needed to build an effective army.

FINALLY, AMERICA IN MANY ways has trained and equipped the Vietnamese forces to fight the wrong war. The native guerrilla qualities of the Vietnamese fighting man have been trained out by American reliance on mechanized warfare and air power. More than once I've heard ranking American officers joke that the Viet Cong owes much of its strength to the fact that it's never been cursed with American advisors.

To understand what has gone wrong—and especially the corruption which abounds—a look at the South Vietnamese military structure is in order.

Superficially, Saigon's Army of the Republic of Viet Nam (ARVN) is organized like the American army into corps, divisions, regiments, battalions and special brigades. Some of its officers are graduates of the Dalat Military Academy—Viet Nam's West Point—and are career soldiers by choice. Most of the army, however, including the majority of its officers, are draftees. Virtually all male college graduates are assigned automatically to the Thu Duc officers candidate school from which they graduate as 3rd lieutenants. The conscription term is a minimum of three years, but officers and senior noncommissioned officers must remain in the service indefinitely. This leaves only draftee privates and Pfc.'s with a chance to be mustered out after three years of duty—and even they often are required to put in many years of additional service. Since draft dodging is rampant in the country, there is understandable bitterness among many of those called on to serve with no end in sight.

At the top of this military structure are Viet Nam's generals who hold positions for which there are no counterparts in the American army.

A Vietnamese corps commander is in charge not only of the troops in his command but of the territory they occupy. Typically a corps commander spends a lot of his time mending political fences with local civilian politicians.

He also has a big say in what goes on in the central government. As a general, he holds a seat on the ruling military junta in Saigon. If he thinks he has enough strength, he can and sometimes does stage a coup or rebellion against the central Saigon government.

In other words, the Vietnamese senior officer is more than just a military commander. He is a warlord in the ancient, feudal tradition. If he's a good administrator and a fair and just ruler, the people in his territory are well off. But if he chooses to fatten his pockets he can do that, too, even getting help from the Viet Cong.

All too often, senior Vietnamese officers have succumbed to the temptation to become wealthy. Not long ago, Gen. Nguyen Huu Co was fired as Gen. Nguyen Cao Ky's deputy premier. There was a polite, diplomatic official explanation. But the real reason for his dismissal was pressure from the American Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington who felt that Co's relatives were using his position to grab off too many juicy military contracts, real-estate deals and U.S. aid gravy.

Such ousters, however, are rare. Similar serious charges have been lodged against numerous other generals, and all too seldom has the central government—even with nudges from Washington—had the power to slap the warlords down. With graft practiced with immunity at the highest level, corruption naturally extends like leprosy throughout the armed forces, and at no level is there sufficient discipline to halt it.

Very few Vietnamese soldiers are in a position to capitalize on the big deals.

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BY RON SMITH

THE BIG HOUSE'S BIGGEST PROBLEM

No prisoner is supposed to get such preferential treatment as extra food, custom-tailored clothes and two cells to himself. But Cherry Hill Fats is three times the size of any other convict

■ Cherry Hill Fats is in the big house now. But even the big house isn't big enough.

Not that Fats is going anyplace. He is serving a five-year sentence at the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, for pulling a $623,000 bankruptcy swindle.

Fats weighs 647 pounds. He wears a size 24 shirt. His beltline is 100 inches. Altogether he looks like a haystack with clothes.

Lewisburg prison went out of its way to make room for Fats. Lewisburg had to. Fats wouldn't fit into a standard cell. Workmen ripped down a wall between two cells and created a two-cell suite where Fats will live until sometime in 1971.

Fats is 36-year-old Sylvan Scolnick, of Cherry Hill, New Jersey. Scolnick began causing problems for Philadelphia in October, 1965, when he was brought to trial on a bankruptcy fraud charge. For one thing, nobody was certain how they were going to get Scolnick in and out of the court house.

Scolnick had arrived there driving his own automobile—a late-model Chevrolet with the front seat removed and a huge, custom-made seat built in to accommodate his awesome behind. The automobile has steel reinforcements welded under the floor to support Scolnick's weight.

Once at the court house, Fats somehow had to be freighted into the courtroom, since he cannot walk more than two steps at a time without pausing to gasp for air and rest his throbbing heart. An enterprising detective had an idea. He ordered a mail gondola. A park bench was placed on the gondola. Scolnick stepped up, sat down, and was towed about the corridors of the court house like a huge sack of letters.

After his conviction, Scolnick was loaded into his car and taken to the Detention Center, where a convict is kept until room is found in a federal prison. Fats' first day at the center was a thing to remember. Center officials were afraid if they put Fats in a cell they would never get him out again. So he was taken to the sick bay. Since he wouldn't fit on one of the 30-inch bunks, four mattresses were spread out on the floor for him to sleep on.

That evening, Fats was given his first meal. He got a tray of food just like the rest of the prisoners in sick bay. Fats ate everything on the tray. It was only a warm-up.

"I'm still hungry," he told a guard. "Maybe if I had some hamburgers."

"How many?" said the guard.

"A couple of dozen," said Fats.

The guard just looked at Fats. Then he looked at Fats' waistline, decided Fats wasn't kidding and brought him the burgers.

After that, the center established some ground rules for Fats. He was to eat with the other prisoners in sick bay and was to eat what they ate. But to tide him over to the next meal, Fats also was to get 18 hamburgers. This was all right with Fats. "I like hamburgers," he said.

Hamburgers are what Fats got. He got them after breakfast, lunch and dinner. Each time he got 18 of them, or 54 hamburgers for the day.

While Fats was enjoying his meals, which city officials figured were costing $34 a day, another problem arose. Nobody knew how to get Scolnick from the center to the Lewisburg prison—a distance of 80 miles—without using Scolnick's own car. Federal regulations say a prisoner must be transported only in a government vehicle.

A U.S. marshal finally solved the problem. He borrowed a U.S. Post Office truck. A park bench was put in the back of the truck, and Fats was sent to Lewisburg special delivery.

At Lewisburg, Fats wears a prison suit custom-made for him by three prison tailors. He sleeps on two prison bunks strapped together. Lewisburg doesn't feed him a special hamburger diet. He eats just what the other prisoners eat. Only he eats nine times a day.

—Ron Smith

The average foot soldier has no influence, only a rifle and a couple of grenades. He must get his loot, for instance, by walking into a store in Saigon or some other town, pulling the safety pin from his grenade, and telling the proprietor to hand over his valuables or get blown up.

Police rarely dare to interfere with such things too harshly. If they do, police stations are raided by soldiers and smashed up, almost always with several policemen killed. When soldiers are busy robbing stores or blowing up police stations they are not fighting the Viet Cong.

It isn't always a question of malicious crime. To support a family in South Viet Nam these days a man in uniform is almost forced to become a criminal in small ways or large. Inflation in South Viet Nam is skyrocketing, but an army captain only draws about $50 a month—and a private averages about $20. To support a family in Saigon takes at least $300 a month, and by American standards even that means living at a poverty level. As a consequence, the chance to pick up extra dollars often comes before duty.

Going AWOL or even deserting from the Vietnamese armed forces is not too serious. I have known many ARVN soldiers and junior officers who have done it scores of times. Vietnamese units frequently go into combat with only half their official strength. The other half are AWOL, sometimes for a few days, sometimes permanently. The reason, in most cases, is not political. As often as not, the troops (and officers) are busy moonlighting, and just aren't available for their military duties.

If being AWOL is common, the actual desertion rate is staggering. According to U.S. military statistics, 18,150 men desert the Vietnamese government forces during the first three months of 1967. This is an annual desertion rate of 12 percent. U.S. officials are pleased the figure is this low. During the same three-month period in 1966, 36,637 deserted—an annual rate of 24 percent.

In the army itself, money talks. Five-hundred dollars or so is the going price for a transfer from, say, the ARVN 5th Division in dangerous D Zone to a safe, comfortable office in Saigon. It isn't surprising, then, that a large proportion of the Vietnamese armed forces winds up in the capital or other cities, remote from the sound of gunfire.

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Americans in and out of uniform have contributed to this atmosphere of corruption. Sizable black markets exist in U.S. currency and PX goods, and graft has been uncovered in U.S. armed forces contracts in South Viet Nam. As a consequence, several high-ranking American officials have been charged with illegal profiteering—and every Vietnamese knows of some GI's engaged in black-market activities. In Vietnamese eyes, these examples of American wrongdoing provide another excuse for the Vietnamese themselves to try to make a fast buck at the expense of the war.

That the fast buck often is made in collusion with the Viet Cong is the worst aspect of the moral decay which besets the Vietnamese war effort.

In November, 1964, the Viet Cong decided to tap arterial Route 1—Viet Nam's only north-south road—for profit. They picked a spot 56 miles east of Saigon for their operation, knowing that the local military commander there was always interested in making a little cash.

The area is heavily forested, and the people make a living cutting down trees and converting the wood into charcoal—the universal cooking fuel of Viet Nam. Viet Cong organizers let it be known that the inhabitants would be permitted to go on cutting wood only on condition that local military operations against the VC ended. This, the commissars blandly pointed out, could be accomplished by paying a suitable fee to the local government commander.

The deal was made. For two months, the Viet Cong left the peasants alone, the peasants paid their graft to the local government man, and the local government man kept his troops busy whitewashing rocks. With no government soldiers to worry about, the Viet Cong set up four checkpoints within a three-and-one-half-mile stretch of road. Armed VC manned the checkpoints daily, seizing some vehicles and cargoes, but mostly collecting tolls from the heavy traffic that wanted to go by. The tolls alone during that two-month period amounted to more than $40,000.

Despite hundreds of complaints to the high command in Saigon about those Viet Cong checkpoints, nothing was done to remove them. It turned out that the graft-taking local commander had a relative at the very highest level of government.

What happened to the income from the toll stations?

The Viet Cong used it to buy black-market military equipment, medical supplies, food and other essentials in Saigon. The loot was enough to outfit two full-strength Viet Cong regiments which, during New Year's week, 1965, struck hard at the hamlet of Binh Gia—near where the checkpoints had been. Vietnamese forces suffered more than 500 casualties in that battle, and there were more than 20 dead and wounded Americans. The bodies of friendly troops were

piled in stacks and taken away on ox carts. The Viet Cong also captured huge quantities of weapons. The local government commander had his money, and the VC had their victory.

This kind of story has a way of getting around in the Vietnamese army, leaving otherwise loyal soldiers bitterly disgusted at the consequences of corruption and convinced that because of it the war already has been lost. So more American troops are needed. And the very presence of great numbers of U.S. troops has further lowered the effectiveness of the Saigon forces and soured their fighting potential.

For one thing, Americans (and the Australians and Koreans) are much better paid than the Vietnamese troops. For another, Vietnamese soldiers cannot patronize that source of so much of the gravy—the American PX. It seems to many Vietnamese soldiers that they are second-class citizens in their own country. The feeling is reinforced every time they find a GI with a girl that the Vietnamese cannot afford, or see a taxi ignore a Vietnamese to pick up a GI who can pay more.

The Viet Nam war began as a struggle against the Viet Cong by anticommunist Vietnamese forces assisted by Americans. The whole face of the war has changed in the past few years. Most Vietnamese I know, in or out of uniform, now consider it an American war against the Viet Cong—a war that America will have to win or lose on its own. A Vietnamese major working at general staff headquarters summed up the prevailing attitude when he told me: "The Americans can pay more and buy more and do more. I guess we Vietnamese are going to let them fight more, too."

At the heart of the problem is the resentment that commonly springs up in any country deluged with foreign servicemen—a resentment magnified in this case by the traditional distrust most Vietnamese have of outsiders.

The difficulty is compounded on the military level because Vietnamese have different customs from Americans, different ways of saying things and different ways of being polite. What may seem to the American advisor to be a polite suggestion, may seem to a Vietnamese like a harsh order that could come only from a colonialist. The result is tension.

Sometimes the atmosphere is so taut that a Vietnamese commander spends most of his waking hours trying to undermine and get rid of his American advisor. If this means deliberately sabotaging the war effort, so be it. Strained relations of this kind have been common in the Vietnamese 5th, 7th, 9th and 21st Divisions. There are many U.S. servicemen who owe their lives to the timely and courageous help they got on the battlefield from Vietnamese troops. But there are other Americans who might be alive today if their supposed Vietnamese allies had not abandoned them in time of need.

The hostility sometimes erupts into fire fights between individual American soldiers and ARVN's. It even happens that entire units start shooting at each other. In the spring of 1966, during the political upheavals in Central Viet Nam, one South Vietnamese army unit gleefully shelled a U.S. installation at Da Nang. The shelling stopped when U.S. fighter-bombers threatened to wipe out the government unit.

I have been in American jeeps stoned by Vietnamese soldiers while passing government facilities. I have seen U.S. servicemen forced to train pistols at Vietnamese officers to force them out of U.S. helicopters. And I have heard private remarks from Vietnamese officers and soldiers of all ranks—including generals—that make Hanoi propaganda sound almost pro-American by comparison.

It adds up to an impression that many Vietnamese servicemen regard the main enemy as America and the Viet Cong as only a secondary enemy. And when the chips are down, perhaps fighting on the side of the Viet Cong against the Americans seems preferable.

All this has made the Vietnamese armed forces easy prey to Viet Cong infiltration and influence.

American prisoners of the Viet Cong who have been released tell of seeing many ARVN troops and government officials at Viet Cong base camps. One fairly high-ranking government official would work at his Saigon ministry all week, and then spend weekends with the Viet Cong in D Zone. One Viet Cong actually went to Command and Staff School in the United States.

This means that there are many Saigon commanders who deliberately ruin operations because they themselves are Viet Cong agents. In late 1964, two members of Gen. Nguyen Khanh's ruling junta actually turned out to be Viet Cong and were arrested.

Serving on every level in the South Vietnamese armed forces, Viet Cong intelligence men often have no trouble finding out about American plans. For this reason, U.S. field commanders have largely stopped reading in their Vietnamese officer counterparts before major operations. The danger has become too great that advance word will reach the Viet Cong before the operation can get rolling.

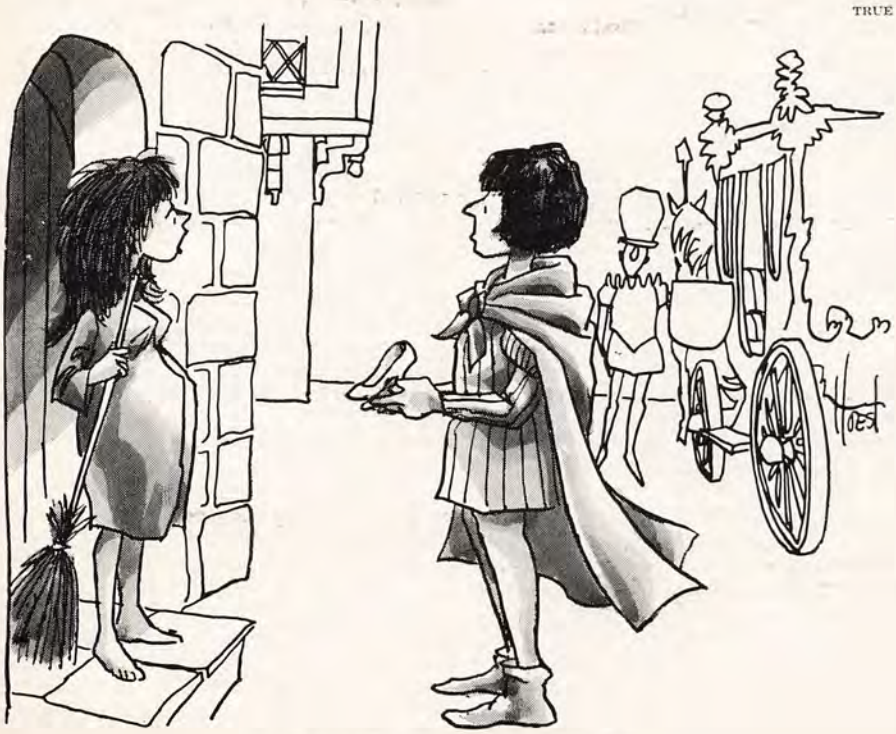
The secrecy policy often results in confusion, and makes relations between Vietnamese and Americans even worse. Psychologically, loyal Vietnamese troops have resented this open expression of distrust by the powerful Americans. On a practical level, battles have erupted between American and Vietnamese government units, which didn't realize the other was operating in the area.

The Viet Cong has a program called "Binh Van," which means trying to get Saigon servicemen to work for them. Does it succeed? Douglas Pike, one of the leading U.S. official experts on the Viet Cong describes Binh Van as "the most deadly weapon in the Viet Cong arsenal." Few military men would disagree.

The Viet Cong propaganda campaign in Saigon's armed forces is based mainly on two simple themes: The soldier is poor and is forced to work for rich and corrupt officers; and, the soldier is forced to fight the war for a foreign (American) invader who intends to profit by subjecting the homeland.

Obviously, this propaganda is succeeding. It is one of the reasons that almost a third of the government forces are thought to be VC sympathizers.

Even if the ranks were filled with dedicated, anticommunist fighting men, the



"I thought you'd never get here!"

Saigon forces still would be pitifully lacking in officers worthy of the name.

Huynh Tan Phat, Secretary-General of the National Liberation Front (Viet Cong) talked about Vietnamese officers with a Japanese correspondent. He said: "The Saigon army has purged itself of its best men. The ones who are left, such as Ky, are all third-raters."

Phat naturally overstated the situation. Unfortunately, though, not by much.

There are courageous and skillful generals on the Saigon high command like its chief of staff, Gen. Cao Van Vien. Vien was shot through the shoulder three years ago while personally leading a charge into a Viet Cong stronghold. American officers regard Vien as a tough and intelligent leader, despite a tendency toward anti-American sentiment.

More typical of the Vietnamese commanders is Gen. Huynh Van Cao, who has consistently managed to stay neutral during all the coups of the past five years, up until the last possible moment. When it becomes obvious who has won, Cao extends his support. He has thus risen to be an important figure.

I have known Cao and his various American advisors over the years. Cao commanded the Vietnamese army corps that participated in the 1963 battle of Ap Bac mentioned earlier. Cao was not at the battle itself, and only heard about it after the shooting was over. Then he flew to the scene to pin decorations on people and to denounce his subordinates for botching the action.

When part of the Vietnamese army rebelled against Saigon in the spring of 1966, Cao was picked (very much against his will) to fly as Premier Ky's emissary to Hue, to talk to the insurgent troops. Lt. Gen. Lewis W. Walt was at the time the commander of U.S. Marine Corps forces in Viet Nam. Because of his personal friendship with some of the insurgent officers, General Walt accompanied Cao in a helicopter to Hue. The talks failed, and Cao, Walt and the others in the peacemaking party boarded the helicopter to return to Da Nang.

Just as the chopper was about to lift off, a rebel lieutenant ran up and began firing at the helicopter at close range with his .45 pistol. General Cao, in one swift motion, ducked behind General Walt, using the Marines Corps chief as a human shield. The American gunner in the helicopter chopped the rebel officer to pieces with a long machine-gun burst, and no one in the helicopter was hurt. But none of the Americans present is likely to forget Cao's reaction to hostile fire, and he has earned the bitter contempt of U.S. military men.

Very few Vietnamese officers are able to maintain adequate discipline in their ranks, by American standards. Discipline is crucial not only in the heat of combat but in the peculiar requirements of garrison duty in this war.

Vietnamese troops generally are not fed in mess halls but are given a per diem allowance of about 10 cents a day to buy food. Since their salaries are tiny, they most often keep this per diem for little luxuries or for their families, foraging for their food. Foraging in Vietnamese hamlets means petty piracy, stealing chickens and eggs, or sometimes even whole buffalos (which often have been bought in the first place with a peasant's life savings).

All this is against the rules, but the rules are enforced in a very slipshod and spasmodic way, largely because officers are doing the same thing on a bigger scale. Thus, the peasants learn to dread the coming of government troops worse than the plague. And all the American advice that's been poured in over the years aimed at winning support for Saigon's soldiers in the rural countryside has been tragically ignored.

Yet, paradoxically, a strong case can be made that another aspect of American training is one of the major reasons why the Vietnamese army is as bad as it is.

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"Everything was fine until he fell off the operating table."

American military training functions at every level, and even a Vietnamese private in some remote corner of the country has probably had at least some exposure to American advisors. Virtually all South Viet Nam's generals and many of its field grade officers have studied soldiering in the United States. The War College and Command and Staff Schools have had many Vietnamese students. Vietnamese troops wear American-style uniforms and helmets, they carry American-made weapons, and their officers read American field manuals

The whole army is based on the American model. In 1955 America's Lt. Gen Samuel B. Williams became chief military advisor in the newly independent South Viet Nam, and began rebuilding its army. The army that took shape was organized to fight a possible massive North Vietnamese invasion, of the kind that North Korea launched against South Korea in 1950.

The North Vietnamese invasion never came off. And all the huge, new, mechanized South Vietnamese divisions suddenly found themselves mired in a messy, elusive guerrilla war. By then, many critics feel, American advisors had trained some of the best qualities out of their Vietnamese counterparts. For one thing, there was a new reliance on fancy equipment rather than guts, endurance and ingenuity. For another, the enemy in those years seemed so remote, the Americans brought with them the good-natured, somewhat lazy attitudes and the kind of time-to-knock-off-for-Martinis approach associated with exotic, peaceful foreign duty.

The first Australian commander in Viet Nam, Col. Frank P. Serong, was appalled by the state of military flabbiness he found when he arrived in Viet Nam in 1962. An old guerrilla fighter, Serong terrified both Vietnamese and American soldiers by announcing that a soldier in good health ought to be able to travel 70 miles on foot in one day.

Serong told me: "In Burma once we captured a guerrilla carrying a training manual his people were using. It said that if you were outnumbered or outfought by government troops, you should try to run away, and if you could run for 20 minutes in any direction without stopping you would throw off the government.

"From that time on, I knew our people in Burma were going to have to start running longer and farther. And it paid off."

But the energy Serong brought to his mission in Viet Nam was lost like a drop in the bucket. The luxurious American military villas in Saigon continued to exist, along with the languid bridge games and highballs at the sport club. And American and Vietnamese officials passed time trading the latest gossip.

Meanwhile the Viet Cong was fighting with desperation and skill. As Americans continued to train the Saigon army in conventional military tactics, the Viet Cong and the advisors from North Viet Nam were instructing their charges in political tactics. They were emphasizing the vital need to persude or force the local population to work for them.

In the end, the United States had to build a whole system of ports throughout South Viet Nam to supply the Saigon armed forces with billions of tons of equipment from America. At the same time, according to latest U.S. military estimates, the Viet Cong requires only 12 tons a day of supplies from the outer world to keep going. The overwhelming bulk of Viet Cong supplies come from the South Vietnamese people.

Practically to a man, the Vietnamese general staff has felt for the past few years that America was going about the war in the wrong way. Most of the generals, including ex-Premier Nguyen Khanh and his successor, General Ky, feel that only by fighting communist China and going into World War III will Viet Nam be cleared up. As a minimum measure, they want a land invasion of North Viet Nam.

America so far has not been willing to take these ultimate steps. As a result, Ky and others have said, "Very well, the United States must fight its own way, but eventually you'll see we were right."

In the meantime, the Vietnamese armed forces are not wasting too much blood, sweat or tears. In fact, the Vietnamese armed forces, all 610,000 of them with their massive equipment, have been pulled out of most important combat operations and assigned to what the average American considers a secondary role —pacification.

In this role, foraging armies spend weeks and even months in communities they used to just hit in one-day operations. Without radical improvements in the discipline of the Vietnamese officers and troops, this kind of "pacification" will be a disaster for Free World efforts, many top American officials feel.

On the other hand, there's nothing much else to do with the Vietnamese forces, short of disbanding them and discharging all their men. And the danger then would be that competent Viet Cong officers would swiftly take over the defunct government units.

The Army of the Republic of Viet Nam continues to exist, but as a toothless military force kept alive as a political necessity. Tragically, it seems too late at this point in history to do much with these troops of the land we have come to help. For better or worse, we're stuck with them as they are. As our friends concede and foes insist, the outcome in Viet Nam will indeed be decided by Americans. We paid for the war in Viet Nam, and it's all ours now.

—Malcolm W. Browne

THE DEEP FREEZE SCHEME FOR IMMORTALITY

[*Continued from page* 55]

container, pack it with dry ice and ship it to Phoenix, Arizona. In Phoenix a specialist company will place the body in a large, insulated cylinder made of high-strength steel and then fill the cylinder with liquid nitrogen to keep the body at a storage temperature of –320°F.

Ettinger is quite seriously prepared to carry out this procedure on his schoolteacher wife Elaine, his 15-year-old son David, his 12-year-old daughter Sherry or his dentist brother Alan. Why? Well, actually, Mr. Ettinger says, to prepare them for life after death. And he doesn't mean the usual harp-and-white-gown life after death, but real, live, walking-around life after death.

Robert Ettinger is the leader of a movement—almost a religion—that believes man can achieve immortality. He believes science will in time conquer all diseases fatal to mankind, including aging. Persons who die now should be frozen immediately after death, says Ettinger, and stored at –320°F. When cures are found for the diseases that killed them, they will be thawed out, treated and revived.

Ettinger and his program made headlines throughout the world early this year when a group of his disciples in California froze the body of a 73-year-old man, James Bedford, and stored him away to await revival. Needless to say, Ettinger's plans have also been the target of scorn from physicians and biologists who specialize in low-temperature preservation of cells. They point out that not only is there no known instance of even the smallest mammal being frozen and revived, but that massive perfusion with DMSO would be fatal to the human organism.

If you want Ettinger's brand of immortality, you need faith and about $10,000. You've got to have faith that medical science—maybe as much as 200 or 300 years from now—will develop the know-how to thaw you out, repair the damage done by freezing and thawing, and repair the damage done by whatever disease killed you.

As for the $10,000, that's the amount Ettinger estimates it will cost for freezing and cryogenic (extremely low temperature) storage. About $8,500 would go for the cryogenic storage capsule and regular injections of liquid nitrogen into the capsule to maintain body temperature at –320°F. The remaining $1,500 would accumulate interest to finance revival and provide a grubstake for the new life.

Ettinger has a $10,000 life insurance policy earmarked to finance his own freezing, on the assumption that he'll be the first in his family to die. He also has about half that amount of insurance for the other members of his family.

True revival of the "dead" is old stuff. Victims of drowning, electric shock and heart attack who are clinically dead—heartbeat and breathing stopped—are often brought back to life by artificial respiration, cardiac massage or electrical or chemical stimulation. A person who has just died is usually only slightly dead, says Ettinger, and most of his parts are in good shape. That more of the dead are not revived is the fault of present medical knowledge, he says, a fault that will be remedied in time. That's where freezing comes in.

Once the heart stops pumping oxygenated blood, the body begins to deteriorate. If you can prevent deterioration of the body, says Ettinger, today's cadaver can be tomorrow's patient. As your refrigerator and home freezer demonstrate, the lower the temperature, the slower the rate of spoiling, or deterioration, of food. A body stored at –320°F. will keep forever, or at least a few hundred years, more than time enough, says Ettinger, for development of thawing and revival techniques.

Robert Ettinger doesn't look like the sort of a man to introduce immortality to the world. He is 48 years old, a professor of physics at Highland Park College (Michigan). He's mild-mannered, of medium height and fairly lean. He wears sober suits and horn-rimmed glasses.

Ettinger got his big idea 20 years ago. He was in an Army hospital at the time, recovering from serious wounds suffered in World War II.

"It was a 'Eureka!' kind of thing," says Ettinger. "It seemed so possible, so obvious. I wondered why someone with a better background than mine hadn't done something about it."

But, of course, no one had. Finally in 1964 Ettinger wrote a book about it. *The Prospect of Immortality*. The book produced a lot of publicity and an international society dedicated to Ettinger's freeze-wait-reanimate teachings. But to Ettinger's great frustration, it didn't get any bodies frozen.

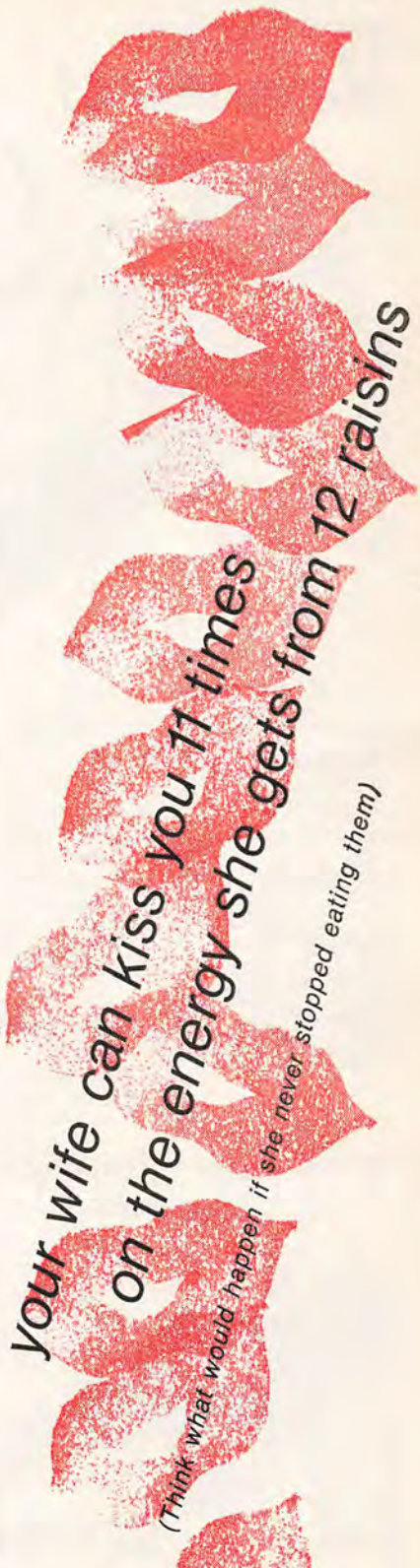
Ettinger traveled around the U.S. making speeches to any group that would listen. He appeared on countless radio and television shows. But after 19 years, he still didn't have a single supercooled corpse to his name. If you can't sell immortality, what *can* you sell? As one of his followers remarked, "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

But on January 12, this year, Robert Ettinger's labors were rewarded. The late James Bedford, a retired psychology professor, died of lung cancer in Glendale, California. His body was cooled immediately, frozen and placed in one of those steel capsules.

"The response has been most encouraging," says Ettinger of the Bedford freezing. "Quite a few persons have been in touch with me recently, terminal cases who will die fairly soon. I think there will be many more persons frozen this year.

"In fact, I expect that in the next 10 or 20 years, we'll see the development of suspended animation by freezing for persons near death. I don't expect that I will ever die a natural death except by accident. I'm sure my children won't."

Before the Bedford case, Ettinger had to endure some disappointing near misses. In May, 1965, 52-year-old Wilma Jean McLaughlin was dying of a heart disease in a Springfield, Ohio, hospital. Her husband James had heard of Ettin-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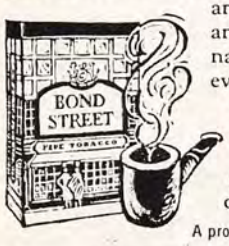

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ger's ideas and called him about freezing his wife. Ettinger and his brother, Alan, rushed to Springfield with a supply of DMSO. Although the woman's own physician refused to cooperate in the freezing, Ettinger found another doctor who would. He also lined up a mortician. The hospital administrator agreed to go along with the experiment. Mrs. McLaughlin's pastor endorsed it and her relatives reluctantly gave their okay. Ettinger had on hand a supply of liquid nitrogen and one of the few interment capsules then existing.

Unfortunately, someone leaked the story to the press and papers as far away as Australia picked it up. Springfield, a factory town of 83,000, hadn't been so aroused since the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. It all turned out to be too much for the hospital trustees. After a midnight meeting, they announced that the hospital would not cooperate. Mrs. McLaughlin's relatives seized on this development to talk her husband out of it. "She died unaware that she might have been the world's first potential immortal," says Ettinger.

"There have been several other attempts to freeze people," says Ettinger. "One was especially tragic. A well-known scientist—I'm not at liberty to identify him—died late in 1965. He had told his relatives and friends that he wanted to be frozen after death.

"He was in his early 40's and not prepared to die that early, so he made no practical arrangements to be frozen. But he had a heart attack and died. One of his friends called me about four hours after the death to ask for advice. What happened was typical. Some members of the family wanted to proceed and others didn't. The deciding factor, as it frequently is, was the reluctance of the family physician to cooperate. Physicians in most cases are ignorant of these things and they see repercussions if they get involved."

The preparation of James Bedford for immortality, however, was everything Ettinger could ask for. Handling the freezing were Dr. B. Renault Able, an Inglewood, California, general practitioner; Dr. Dante Brunol, an Italian biophysicist; Robert Prehoda and Robert Nelson, president of the Cryonics Society of California. Ettinger sent his Iron Heart machine from Detroit to California for the Bedford freezing, and he conferred with the group by telephone during much of the operation. (He had also exchanged letters with Bedford for several months before the man's death.)

Bedford was cheerful in his final waking hours, confident that he would live again some day. His wife and son, Norman, were at his side. He went into a coma about noon, January 12, and death was imminent. The doctors packed bags of ordinary ice around his body to lower its temperature.

At 1:15 p.m., Bedford's heartbeat and breathing stopped. He was clinically dead. The doctors applied the Iron Heart. Next they injected heparin, an anticoagulant, into his blood. This prevented formation of clots that might cut off the supply of blood to some vital organ.

During the cooling process, the ice supply ran low and Bedford's son was sent out for more from one of several Los Angeles plants that supply restaurants and bars. When the doctors got Bedford's body temperature down to 50°F., they replaced his blood with DMSO solution to reduce freezing damage to his body. As the DMSO solution coursed through his circulatory system and his blood drained out, they began to replace the bags of ordinary ice with bags of dry ice. The doctors did not save Bedford's blood, on the premise that the scientists who eventually revive him will give him a transfusion of a full supply of the appropriate blood type. By sundown, they had the body of James Bedford frozen at −110°F. He was hard as a stone. They packed him in dry ice in something called a Cryo Transit Container, a large wooden box insulated with foamed plastic. A few days later, an undertaker's hearse carried the box and Bedford to Phoenix, to the Cryo-Care Equipment Corporation. There the body was placed in a steel capsule and further cooled with liquid nitrogen.

Although there are other cryogenic storage centers in the formative stage, the only one operating now is the Cryo-Care Corporation. The president of Cryo-Care is Edward Francis Hope, a man broadly committed to business on earth today. Hope, 46, a former nightclub and racetrack owner, now owns a welding company, a finance company and four wig companies.

His firm produces the CC-111 Cryo-Capsule for storing frozen bodies. This is a double-walled cylinder about three feet in diameter and 10 feet long. The outer shell is made of high-strength A-7 steel. The inner container is made of aluminum, two feet in diameter and six and a half feet long. Insulating material fills the space between the two. Hope sells them for around $3,000 apiece. He also has in production a small capsule for storage of frozen children's bodies.

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ing strictly at a loss," says Hope. "I don't think I took in more than $16,000 so far. But I'm a businessman. When this thing finally catches on, I'll be made." So far, he's sold eight cryo-capsules, four of them to living persons suffering from terminal illnesses. Just as Mr. Hope wears a wig manufactured by one of his companies, so he's prepared to occupy one of his capsules. He's set up a life insurance policy to finance his own freezing and cryogenic storage.

For a successful freezing, Ettinger advises his disciples, only half humorously, to die at the right time and place—many years from now in a hospital. All his followers carry wallet cards, expressing their wish to be frozen immediately upon death and give brief how-to-do-it instructions. But card or no card, anyone hit by a truck or dying of a heart attack away from home is a cinch to end up in a municipal morgue, deteriorating beyond even Ettinger's range of optimism.

Word of Ettinger's book spread before its publication and turned up several other men who'd been thinking along similar lines. Among them was Evan Cooper, who got together with Ettinger in 1963 to form the Life Extension Society (LES), an incorporated, nonprofit organization dedicated to propagation of the freeze-wait-reanimate doctrine. Cooper, 41, has a private income and works full time at no pay as president of LES.

After Ettinger's book came out, LES grew into an international organization of men and women who plan to live forever. By late 1965, LES had 285 members and by early 1967 it had more than 700 members in 35 chapters in North America and Europe. Chapters are in all the big cities—New York, Boston, Los Angeles, Chicago, Montreal, Paris. And LES hits the small towns too—South Bend, Indiana; Spartanburg, South Carolina; Mt. Rainier, Maryland; Hull, England; Swansea, Wales; Nancy, France; Moscow, Idaho; Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania.

In mid-1965, some firebrands in the New York chapter of LES bolted the mother church, complaining that it was all talk and no action. They formed the Cryonics Society of New York, Inc. and dedicated themselves to action. A short time later, a splinter group in Los Angeles LES formed the Cryonics Society of California, Inc. (It was this group that organized the freezing of James Bedford.) Later hard-core organizations have been the Cryonics Society of Michigan, Inc., led by Ettinger, and the Cryonics Association of France. Until formation of the Michigan society, Ettinger held no office in any of the organizations formed to carry out his program. His role was, and still is, primarily that of adviser and guide.

Most of the Cryonics Society members have made legal provisions to have their bodies frozen and have earmarked either $10,000 life insurance policies or $10,000 worth of estate to finance freezing and storage. To keep out the merely curious, the Cryonics Societies charge $10 a year dues. LES charges only $2. Generally all Cryonics Society members have retained membership in LES, because of its international nature.

Members of LES and the Cryonics Societies are said to be intelligent, well-educated, prosperous and personable. Although members' ages run from the teens to the 70's, most are between 25 and 45. Quite a few, according to Ettinger, have scientific or technical backgrounds and some are physicians. With a few exceptions, they aren't very religious. Men outnumber women about three to two.

There are, Ettinger concedes, a few eccentrics. An Oklahoma couple has arranged to have their pet chihuahua frozen and stored with them. A short-lived outfit called the Abolish Death Committee threw up picket lines around Berkeley, California, funeral homes. A young Frenchman has volunteered to be frozen now, without waiting for natural death, just to get the program moving.

Among 40 persons who attended the recent fourth annual LES conference in Washington, D.C., were three physicists, three lawyers, two chemical engineers, a physical therapist, an industrial designer, a Mexican army general, an insurance salesman, a biophysicist, a few business executives and several government employees. Among the papers delivered at the conference were *Some Prospects in Biological Engineering, Further Thoughts on Scientific Reincarnation, The Importance of Making a Will for Freezing,* and *Problems of Cryogenic Storage and a Suggested Power Supply.*

Clearly, Ettinger's disciples have experienced something like a spiritual revelation. The rest of the world goes stolidly to death like cattle, but they think they have a way to beat life's ultimate rap.

Almost unanimously, the nation's cryo-biologists greet this confidence with discreetly worded Bronx cheers.

"Most scientists agree that it is possible to preserve a corpse indefinitely by cryogenic means," says Dr. Rupert Billingham, of Philadelphia's Wistar Institute of Anatomy. "But the requirements for preservation vary from tissue to tissue. The skin is easy, but the liver and kidneys are difficult. The problem lies in handling it all at once. You can't freeze a man in bits." Anyway, says Billingham, "there seems at the moment to be no alternative to death. Life is a finite thing and there is nothing we can do about it."

Dr. Arthur Rinfret, of the Linde Division of Union Carbide, speaking as a member of the Society for Cryobiology, says of the Ettinger program: "This may be regarded primarily as an expression of faith in the scientific capabilities of the future, rather than as an extension of existing research programs oriented toward his objectives. The society does not, as an organization, consider matters of faith a suitable subject for official consideration."

Finally, Robert C. W. Ettinger says: "We guarantee nothing. We make no dogmatic statements. We admit the possibility of no revival. But as of today, the freezing program is a chance, the only chance, to extend life."

—J. F. Wilkinson

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DETROIT 1968

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allowed to perfect the installation of some items (such as the six sets of seat and shoulder belts which will clutter six-passenger cars); 2) that there is not enough valid data on which to base some of the government assumptions about accidents; 3) that evidence is lacking that costly exhaust-control devices are truly necessary on a coast-to-coast basis; and 4) that doing all this on a crash program, overtime basis is going to push the price of cars up at least $100.

Another factor in increased costs: labor's "Five Dollar Day" of the Henry Ford era has very nearly become the "Five Dollar Hour."

Yet, as September and the new-model introductions approached, the U.S. auto capital regained some of its eternal (and not altogether unjustified) optimism. Outwardly, everything looked the same. The stately old elms still embraced historic Dearborn Inn, crossroads of Fordland; downtown, in the elegant rooms of the Detroit Athletic Club, auto executives still met in fraternal gatherings; out at GM's sprawling Technical Center on Twelve Mile Road, Vice-President Bill Mitchell carried on the grand tradition of a chief stylist, taking his lunch in a private dining room with a great round table that has a remote-controlled, motor-driven lazy Susan at the center. In the styling studios they were carving out clay models of 1970 cars and in engineering labs they were designing the new engines and brakes that will make them stop and go.

There was even a mellowed attitude toward the industry's old *bête noire,* Walter Reuther, and his United Auto Workers union. In the face of what were sure to be tough, eyeball-to-eyeball labor contract negotiations this summer and fall (and the very real possibility of a strike) there was a curious tendency to regard the union leader as a member of the family. "Walter, after all, isn't another Ralph Nader," says one auto man. "He's a bandit, but he understands the automobile business. He's one of us."

But somewhere beneath this deceptively calm exterior, there is also the nagging knowledge in Detroit that the days of *laissez faire* in the automobile industry are over—that the same kind of forces which legislated a health-hazard warning onto every pack of cigarets have only now begun—piecemeal, in annual stages—to legislate the design of cars. Just as in most U.S. communities building codes prevent a man from erecting any kind of house he might want, so new safety codes are asserting their effect on American automobiles. Some in Detroit find this galling, some see it as dangerous tampering with a vital organ of the U.S. economy (the industry employs, directly and indirectly, 13 million people and sells $20-billion worth of new cars a year), some say simply that Washington bureaucrats don't know anything about the auto business and, worse, refuse to learn. But irritation (if not apoplexy) aside, most auto men agree that the right to drive doesn't imply the right to drive just anything with four wheels and an engine—and never did. One division general manager philosophizes, "It's okay. We can live with it. We may even find a way to make money out of it."

Specifically, the Traffic Safety Act of 1967 requires that all new cars sold in the U.S. after January 1, 1968 have: 1) clearly labeled control switches, 2) standardized P R N D L shift sequences; 3) windshield defrosters; 4) two-speed windshield wipers capable of 90 wipes a minute; 5) brakes capable of stopping the car from 80 mph. within 342 feet; 6) heavy-duty hydraulic brake hoses; 7) non-reflecting chrome trim in the driver's view; 8) adequate, breakaway type rear-view mirrors; 9) adequate instrument panel padding; 10) impact absorbing steering post; 11) laminated windshields and windows; 12) safety door latches; 13) stronger seat anchorages; 14) lap and upper torso belts; 15) rupture-proof fuel tanks; and 16) no spinner type or wing-nut type hubcaps.

Almost all of these standards were met or made optional in the 1967 models. In 1968 they have been refined—and made mandatory.

Chrysler's safety chief, Roy Heusler, says, "Safety is growing up. It is now better integrated into the vehicle. It is harder to point to specific safety devices now."

Asked if compliance has resulted in 1968 models which are safer than the industry would have produced if it had been free of government regulation, C.R. "Cog" Briggs, safety engineering chief at Ford, says simply, "Yes. These cars are safer. We're in favor of much of what has been required. What we're not in favor of is the way it has been done."

Other auto men agree that "this is the wrong way to do the job," but privately concede that William Haddon, head of the National Traffic Safety Agency, must make a show of quick action to satisfy the mood of Congress. What Detroit does not concede, however, is that all the new government standards are correct or necessary or based on adequate data.

As Ford's Briggs puts it, speaking particularly about the problems of the "second collision" between passengers and the interior of their own car, "What's right for a 40 mph. crash may be all wrong for 20 mph. We just don't know enough even now to say, for example, that it is better for the front seat passenger *not* to impact the instrument panel. There is some evidence that if he doesn't hit something as he snaps forward, the hydraulic surge of blood and other fluids to the brain can cause severe damage."

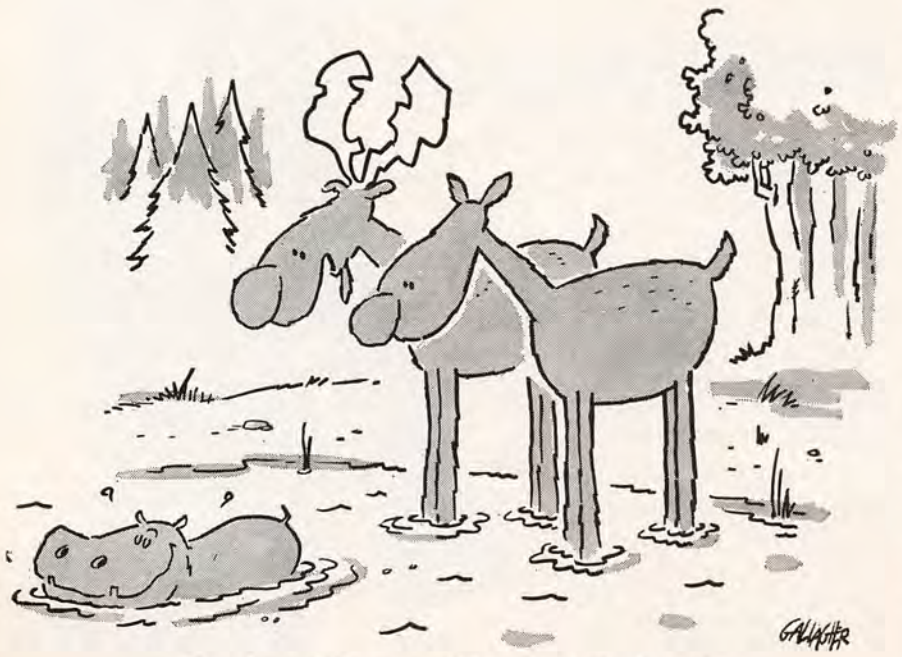
Likewise, there is no agreement in Detroit that a collapsing steering column is a panacea for chest injuries. "How much should it collapse?" asks one engineer. "Far enough for the driver to go through the windshield?"

Another steering column skeptic puts it this way: "The Nader-Haddon boys would have you believe that the driver just sits there while the column comes back at him like a Mau Mau spear. Well, that just isn't true. In many cases, the driver's body does most of the work when it flies forward and impales itself. And the more distance you give that body to accelerate, the worse it is. Some of us think the column shouldn't collapse."

One of Chrysler's engineers makes this point about the steering column: "It never actually moves backward anyway. In a crash everything is moving forward. The steering column just stops moving forward sooner than some other things."

Shoulder harnesses, which will be standard for the driver and outside-front-seat passenger this year, have also been criticized by safety engineers. One says, "They may look like a fine idea to a congressman, but he probably doesn't know that in certain types of accidents, a shoulder harness will increase the chances of neck injury many times."

These are the trade-off choices which Detroit says are the result of moving too fast, too soon. "The way it is now," says



"One day we'll have to tell him that he's adopted."

Briggs, "we're going to have to let the government decide who shall live and who shall die in an automobile accident."

In 1966, 52,500 Americans died on the highway. This year, the figure will probably be higher. There are some indications nevertheless that some types of injuries have already been reduced by design changes in last year's models—particularly knee injuries. It is still too early, however, for any statistical confirmation.

Another sore point in Detroit is the belief, widespread in some circles, that manufacturers of certain foreign cars have answers to the safety problem that American manufacturers have not been clever enough to see. Two foreign makes, one German and one English, have stressed the safety factors in their cars for some time now in advertising.

"Horsefeathers," says a technician at one of the Big Three crash testing facilities. "We put one of those Blank-Blanks through our 30 mph. barrier crash—the same test we've run hundreds of times this year. Safe car? Not for me or my family. It was so rigid up front that we recorded the highest G-forces in the history of our program on the belted dummies in the car. There was also a whole lot of wood around the instrument panel and that stuff flew around like daggers."

Another import has claimed that its engine would be deflected downward and under the car in a crash instead of being shoved rearward into the passenger space. This car has also been tested in Detroit. At 30 mph. into a barrier, its engine remained in place—as do most engines in most cars at this speed. Test engineers don't believe this car would perform any better at higher speeds. "How are you going to shove an engine that's two feet high under a car that has only six inches of ground clearance anyway?" asks a Ford technician. "Besides, a 50-mph. crash probably isn't going to be survivable for a dozen other reasons."

If 1967 has been a hard year for auto men, they know that more (spelled W O R S E in Detroit) is to come. In Washington they are already talking about such things as roll bars, astronaut-style seats, all-around bumper protection like amusement park "dodgem" cars—and perhaps even limiting automobiles' top speed capability to 80 mph.

Asked if he favors an 80 mph. limit, Cog Briggs growls, "Not in a school zone, I don't."

But if safety engineers are sorely beset, stylists have remained remarkably calm. With the single exception of the untidy appearance of all those pieces of web belt scattered around the seats of the '68 cars, stylists are satisfied that government regulations haven't tied their hands too much. Ford's cool, suave Eugene Bordinat says, for example, that the new padded panels are really a new styling opportunity—that the energy-absorbing material can be molded in ways that metal cannot be drawn, particularly to create the effect or illusion of depth. "Depth is richness in this business," says Bordinat. "It's something we've always liked to achieve."

Likewise the amber and red lights which will sparkle on the sides of the new cars. "We can make interesting, spooky things out of those lights," says Bordinat. "They can be styling pluses, regardless of whether they contribute anything to safety or not."

Wild
Lime Wood
SPARKLING FOAM AFTER SHAVE
THE WILD WOODS
New sparkling foam after shaves
Lime Wood A sharp, clear echo of tropical lime...in a timed-action after shave. Matching cologne.

In short, stylists now seem confident that a safe car can still be an exciting looking piece of merchandise. "After all," says one, "aspirin is just for headaches, but they still put it in a good looking package."

The "good looking package" in 1968 consists of nearly 400 models produced by the four major companies.

American Motors, which says it will settle for four percent of the U.S. auto market this year (it is selling about three percent in 1967) will probably make a disproportionately large noise with its new models. After years of pursuing conservative, economy-minded buyers (and seeing its market shrink), AM is now putting out some bait for a more swinging segment of the buying public. The new Javelin, a two-door, four-passenger hardtop, will be aimed straight at the heart of the expanding sporty-car market. It will be priced between Mustang's $2,461 tag and Cougar's $2,881. AM hopes for 50,000 sales in the first year. Physically, the car is six inches longer than a Mustang, but no higher. It will be powered by a standard 145-hp. Six or a variety of V8 engines up to 280 hp. Exterior door handles will be flush with the body, bucket seats will recline and there will be no vent windows.

AM's second sporty car, the AMX, will not go on sale until early next year, but the company is clearly anxious for the public to know what's coming. AMX will be a two-seater, somewhat racier in its styling than the Javelin, and aimed to compete with the only other U.S.-made two-seater, the Chevrolet Corvette. AM says the car will be priced under $3,000 (Corvettes begin at $4,353) and hopes to sell 10,000 units in '68.

Its entry into the young-in-heart market notwithstanding, AM's bread and butter cars will continue to be the solid, sensible Ambassadors, Rebels and Rambler Americans. All of these have been face-lifted for the new year, but remain mechanically similar to, and dimensionally the same as, the 1967 models.

Chrysler Corporation's share of the U.S. auto market has been growing steadily, if not spectacularly, and its styling changes for a number of years have been more evolutionary than startling. 1968 will be no exception. The big Imperials and Chryslers retain their crisp, sculptured appearance with new grilles and sheet metal changes at front and rear. The Plymouth Fury (which made sales gains in '67 while its immediate Ford and Chevrolet competitors were losing ground) is modestly restyled. Fury station wagons have been upgraded; the new Sports Suburban wagon has wood-grain exterior trim and a split-back front seat with a center armrest.

Intermediate-size Plymouths will be all-new for '68. These cars go by various names (GTX, Satellite, Belvedere and Road Runner) but all are based on a new

116-inch wheelbase chassis. The two-door sedan in this line has been replaced with a new coupe body which looks like a two-door hardtop, has frameless front door glass and swing-out rear quarter windows. In its high-performance version—i.e., stuffed with a 383-inch V8 or the formidable 426-inch Hemi—this coupe will be called the Road Runner and will undoubtedly become a favorite of the rubber-burning, blast-off set.

The compact Plymouth Valiant (108-inch wheelbase) isn't significantly changed. With its standard 115-hp. Six, it should continue to be a real miser on fuel; three bigger engines are available.

Barracuda for '68 is also face-lifted only slightly, but will now be available with a new lightweight 340-inch, 275-hp. V8, Chrysler's newest engine.

Dodge Division shares many engineering features with its Chrysler-Plymouth cousins but continues to maintain its own styling distinction and package sizes (which do not duplicate any in the C-P division.) Dodges come in three basic sizes: Polaras and Monacos on 122-inch wheelbase; Coronets and the Charger on 117-inch wheelbase and the "big compact" Dart on 111-inch wheelbase. Dodge puts a lot of emphasis on performance and the sporty look. For '68 it will talk about its three-car "scat-pack": the Dart GT Sport, the Coronet R/T, and the restyled Charger. All will feature a "bumblebee" racing/rally stripe which will wrap around the cars' rear quarters.

Monaco, with a 383-inch V8, remains the top of the Dodge line in '68; Polara will use a 318-inch V8 as standard equipment and will thus compete more directly with low-priced cars. The Dodge Coronet and Dodge Dart have been considerably restyled for the new year—and the erstwhile fastback Charger has been completely reshaped. It still remains a much bigger car than automobiles of the Mustang-type, but now has more flowing lines, featuring a turned-up "spoiler" at the rear. It wil be available with a variety of V8's, from a docile 318-inch through the 426-inch Hemi and a 440-inch Magnum.

Ford has made below-the-belt-line sheet metal changes in its five model series: Custom, Custom 500, Galaxie 500, XL and LTD. All of these cars are built on a 119-inch wheelbase. Standard power on all but the LTD is a 240-inch Six, but most buyers will continue to opt for one of the several larger engines available, from a new 302-inch V8 to the big 428-inch V8. Horizontally-arranged head lamps on the XL and LTD models will be hidden behind vacuum operated doors. Interior door handles will be of a new "squeeze-type" safely located behind enlarged armrests.

Fairlane, all new for '68, will come in four series (all on 116-inch wheelbase), topped by the new Torino GT. The rear-end styling of these cars will feature a short deck and bobbed tail reminiscent of Mustang. A four-passenger, fastback hardtop sans vent windows and with fancy trim in the Torino series will attract buyers who might like to take the Mustang Pledge but want six inches more leg room for rear-seat passengers.

Falcon is not substantially changed this year. There will be a new grille and front bumper, new instrument panel and restyled taillights. The new 302-inch V8 will be available as an option; standard power is the 170-inch Six.

Mustang sales sagged slightly in 1967, but the car still leads the sporty-car field. Interiors have been restyled, but the car will appear largely unchanged on the road.

Thunderbird will have a new grille and front bumper and ventless side windows. Inside, a new bench-type front seat and lowered drive shaft tunnel will give the car six-passenger capacity. (It has been a four-seater since 1958.) The traditional front bucket seats will continue to be available as an option.

Ford's Lincoln-Mercury Division will offer restyled full-size Mercurys this year—new hardtop rooflines, new "three dimensional" front-end treatment and a little more overall length on the same 119-inch wheelbase. In the intermediate size range, Mercury has dropped the Comet name (it carried too much economy-car connotation say company spokesmen) and has introduced an all-new line called Montego. This car (like the new Fairlane Torino series) has a unitized body built on a heavy center beam. Wheelbase is 116 inches. Exterior styling deliberately relates to the larger Mercurys.

Cougar, highly successful in its first year, will be outwardly unchanged in '68. A new "7.0 Litre GT-E" high performance model aspires to the flavor of a European road car. It will be powered by a big 427-inch V8.

The Lincoln Continental, on 126-inch wheelbase, has a new more formal roof on the two-door hardtop coupe (a four-door sedan is the only other model), and otherwise maintains conservative styling continuity. Later in the year, Lincoln will announce a new Lincoln Continental Mark III, a successor to the earlier collector's-item cars in the series. It will sell in the $8,000 range and is designed to compete with Cadillac's Eldorado.

It has often been said, and just as often denied, that top executives at General Motors grow apprehensive of government trust busters whenever the giant corporation's share of the auto market goes much over 50 percent. If that is the case, 1967 must have been a relaxing year, because the total sales of GM's five divisions slipped to about 48 percent.

Chevrolet, which suffered GM's deepest loss of sales last year, has some all-new cars and some carryovers for '68. The "big cars," Caprice, Impala, Bel Air and Biscayne, are built on the same chassis but have considerable new sheet metal styling. Windshield wipers will park concealed beneath an "upsweep" hood. Caprice will have full-door side windows (no vents) and a new flow-through ventilation system.

Chevelle is an all-new car for '68. It will feature a "short deck-long hood" look, achieved in part by adding over 6½ inches to the front overhang. ("Overhang" used to be a dirty word among styling purists, but the safety engineers are now solidly convinced that the more crunchable sheet metal there is at the front end of a car, the safer its passengers will be in front-end collisions.)

Chevy II, also all-new for '68, will be built on a one-inch longer, 111-inch wheelbase. It will have a more aerodynamic appearance than heretofore and will be available as a four-door sedan and a two-door (bucket seats optional) coupe.

Camaro and Corvair will both be practically unchanged in '68. The one is a hot competitor in the sporty-car field, the other is a victim of too much adverse publicity in Ralph Nader's book. This year, there will be no four-door Corvairs; the line is reduced to a two-door sport coupe and a two-door convertible. If the future of this car can be judged by the meager amount of emphasis Chevrolet is putting on it in preliminary news releases, then this may well be Corvair's last year.

Corvette gets a full restyling treatment in '68. Wheelbase remains at 98 inches, but the car will be 7½ inches longer overall. "Long-hood, short-deck" look is apparent here, too. Front overhang is up almost nine inches, rear overhang is one inch less. Height is reduced about two inches and the body is about an inch narrower. The total effect is a longer, lower, sleeker car for '68.

Chevy will introduce a new 307-inch basic V8 this year, replacing the 283-inch engine which was standard in several lines last year. It will have nine-to-one compression for regular fuel.

Oldsmobile's model lineup for '68 may be taken as an example of why some car buyers are confused upon entering a showroom. There are 10 types of Oldsmobiles: F-85, Cutlass, Cutlass Supreme, "4-4-2," Vista Cruiser, Delmont 88, Delta 88, Delta Custom, Ninety-Eight and Toronado. Further, these are available in 32 models in six different wheelbases: 112, 116, 119, 121, 123 and 126 inches.

The newest of these cars are the smallest—basically, the F-85 line. For '68, this line (GM's intermediate sized "A" body which is also used by Buick and Pontiac) is divided into two wheelbases, 112 inches for coupes and 116 inches for sedans and station wagons. Oldsmobile has high hopes for its Cutlass "S" Coupe, a youthfully styled, agile performer which will be available with any one of 12 engine-transmission combinations.

The bigger Oldsmobiles will have new front and rear treatment. The Vista Cruiser station wagon will be built on a longer, 121-inch wheelbase, will be roomer for passengers and/or cargo.

The front-wheel-drive Toronado, entering its third model year, has been somewhat restyled. It now has a softer, less masculine look, perhaps to make it a

COMING . . .

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THE CASE FOR THE DEFENSE

A frank, outspoken report on a problem that worries millions

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

more successful competitor with the high-styled but less expensive Riviera.

Oldsmobile has increased the size of its engines for '68. The 330-inch V8 has been upped to 350 inches and 250 hp. The 425-inch V8 is increased to 455 inches and up to 400 hp. The 250-inch Six and 400-inch V8 continue unchanged.

The unique Oldsmobile combustion control system introduced last year (a method for preheating intake air to the carburetor) has enabled Olds to eliminate some of the pollution-control equipment that some other cars will still have to use in '68.

Buick, like Oldsmobile, will have a multiplicity of models for the new year: Special, Skylark, GS 350 and 400, Sport Wagon LeSabre, Wildcat, Electra 225 and Riviera. These cars duplicate the Oldsmobile model lineup almost car for car, wheelbase for wheelbase. The intermediates are new for '68, the big cars are face-lifted, and the Riviera goes along pretty much unchanged. Buick will use the Olds-developed combustion control system and engines of comparable displacement, beginning with the same 250-inch Six and including V8's of 350 and 430 inches.

Pontiac, the third largest selling car in the U.S., was practically unscathed by the sales slump of '67. In '68 it carries on with its highly successful styling themes and with its demonstrated youth appeal.

As elsewhere in GM, the news at Pontiac centers around the intermediate automobiles. Top of this Tempest line is the hot-selling, hot-performing GTO, a favorite go-car of the young and aggressive. For '68 it will be based on the 112-inch "A"-body wheelbase with the widest track yet, 60 inches front and rear, an increase of two and one inches, respectively. The standard GTO 400-inch V8 is rated up to 360 hp. A new and unique "energy-absorbing" bumper is fitted as standard equipment on all GTO's (available as an option in other Tempest-series cars). It is made of a spongelike plastic material and painted the same color as the car—giving a "no bumper" look up front. When bumped in parking maneuvers or in low-speed traffic, the material will crush in, then resume its original shape without damage to its painted surface. If damaged by sharp punctures, it can be repaired with a kit. The bumper is not intended to provide any appreciable degree of protection against the forces of a major accident.

The Pontiac Firebird sporty car will continue virtually unchanged next year. Introduced less than a year ago, this car is just now hitting its sales stride. The big Pontiacs—i.e., Catalina and Grand Prix models on 121 and 124-inch wheelbases—are only mildly restyled for '68. The standard engine for these cars continues to be a 400-inch V8 in varying degrees of tune, from 290 to 350 hp. An optional 428-inch V8 is also available up to 390 hp. Pontiac's overhead camshaft Six, an exclusive in the American market, has been upped from 230 inches to 250 and up to 215 hp.

Cadillac, which may be the only car in the history of the business to advertise its *used* cars in the same elegant color ads with its new ones (such is the enduring appeal and resale value of the product), will make its usual evolutionary changes for '68. So discreet is the face-lift for the new year that Cadillac publicists have considered a seven-tenths inch lengthening of all models worthy of mention. There is, of course, more to it than that: a new grille, longer hood, recessed windshield wipers and detail changes all around the car. The biggest news, however, is in a new 472-inch V8—now the biggest passenger car engine in the world. It will develop a huge torque of 525 pounds feet, but horsepower is modestly rated at 375. The engine is the first in the industry to incorporate optional air-conditioning hardware as an integral part of the design.

Now, if Mr. Car Buyer can keep this bewildering array of 1968 automotive goodies straight in his mind, and if the outlook for the new year is as hopeful as some economists predict, the industry may be headed for another boom.

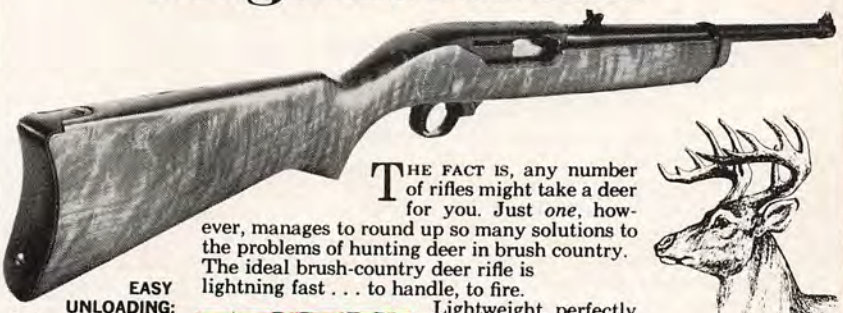
There are even signs that the Russians, who have often been critical of American automotive styling and annual model changeover, are beginning to see some light. (During his visit to the U.S. in 1959, Nikita Khrushchev grabbed the high-flying fin of a Cadillac and asked, "What in the world does this thing do?")

Word comes now from Moscow that 1968 will be a new model year in the land of the Soviets. It may not mean planned obsolescence, exactly, but apparently Russian cars are to get bigger and more powerful in the future. The Volga, a dated-looking sedan with a 106-inch wheelbase and a 97-hp. engine will be "all new" soon and will be known as the GAZ-4. The smaller Zaporozhets (80-inch wheelbase and 30-hp. engine) will be, well, perhaps face-lifted.

Keep that up, comrades, and the next thing you know, you'll have traffic jams and smog just like ours.

—Charles N. Barnard

The
RUGER® .44
Magnum Carbine



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EASY UNLOADING: Button releases cartridges from tubular magazine individually, without working through action. Four-shot magazine (plus 1 round in chamber) neatly located in forearm.

In its own class—for brush country deer.

POWER: The .44 magnum cartridge drives a 240-grain bullet through a 7-inch pine. Muzzle energy comparable to the 30-30 cartridge, but far greater stopping power. And this autoloading carbine gives you five shots, as fast as you can squeeze them off.

Write for literature on these and other Ruger® firearms.

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THREE STOCKS: Available with Standard (shown above), Sporter, or full-length International stock styles. All three handsomely shaped from genuine American walnut. Beautiful, hand-rubbed oil finishes.

COMPANION FIREARMS: (1) A companion handgun, the Ruger Super Blackhawk Revolver, firing the same .44 magnum ammunition. (2) A same-size .22 rimfire companion carbine, the Ruger 10/22. *No other high-powered sporting rifle has such compatible companions.*

STURM, RUGER & Company, Inc.
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MURDER WITHIN THE LAW

[*Continued from page* 43]

to their tramping the farm fields together every morning in search of ring-necked pheasants.

The phone suddenly rang as he was starting back to move the car. His mother heard him answer it, but she couldn't make out what he was saying. She dozed off again, then came awake abruptly to the sound of tires screeching away outside. She was puzzled; Arland's car was just two weeks out of the showroom, and he prized it too much to spin its wheels. Moving to the window, she saw the shiny blue hardtop sitting empty at the curb. Her son had evidently reparked it, then gone off with someone else. Wondering with whom, she went back to bed.

Arland had never stayed out all night before, and yet he wasn't back in the morning. His worried parents started a phone check. His girl hadn't seen him, and neither had any of his known friends. None of them had called him the night before. When he hadn't returned in time to report for his work shift, his parents were certain something was wrong. So they phoned a friend and neighbor, Detective Corp. Chester A. Wilson of the Washtenaw County Sheriff's Department.

Rugged, folksy, sparse-spoken, Wilson did his best to reassure the family, but after a short inquiry, he was also concerned. His own son had seen Arland at the movie, a drive-in, appearing perfectly normal. And the missing youth's girl friend could think of no possible reason for his disappearance.

"He wasn't in any trouble," she insisted. "He'd have told me if he was. He always told me everything."

Wilson had been in police work long enough to know that men of any age who tell their women everything are an extremely rare breed. But he didn't like the situation at all. A seemingly happy 17-year-old might have secret problems which would impel him to go off on a sudden cross-country jaunt, even forsaking a girl as pretty as Arland's cute little redhead. But no such boy would ever leave a new car behind.

At 10 a.m. on October 20, southern Michigan's vast shotgun-carrying army of small-game hunters swarmed afield. Late that afternoon, in St. Clair County, some 100 miles northeast of Ypsilanti Township, four pheasant hunters trudged down a lonely dirt road, crossed a small concrete bridge and noticed something strange in the shallows of the creek below. Climbing down the grassy bank, they found a battered nude male body bound hand and foot with plastic clothesline. A concrete block was tied to one ankle, and a heavy rope was knotted about the neck.

An autopsy revealed death was caused by strangulation, while the shape of the stiffened corpse suggested that the youth had been bent double for some time, probably in a car trunk. When Detective Chet Wilson arrived from Washtenaw County, he needed just one glance to make an identification. But he had dental X rays compared by way of a double check before telling his neighbors, the Withrows, that the body in the St. Clair County morgue was that of their son Arland.

This was the beginning of Michigan's weirdest murder case, a real-life mystery to match detective fiction and horror movies alike. From all appearances, a brutal gangster-type slaying had taken place—except that the victim just wasn't the kind of youth to be involved with hoods who could kill in this manner. Then the police were forced to consider such a bizarre possibility as an ancient feud imported from the hills of West Virginia. Yet when the puzzle pieces finally fell into place after a month-long investigation, the answer was actually more shocking than either of these notions. The legal outcome was just as shocking to the people interested, for the strange story ended not with a murder trial, but with a unique courtroom proceeding in which the roles of defense and prosecution were often reversed.

From the start of the police operation, veteran detectives were left shaking their heads. Why would anyone want to kill a boy as well-liked as Arland Withrow—a boy with a steady girl and a good-paying job, who'd never been in trouble, had no unusual behavior patterns and no known enemies?

Since Chet Wilson knew Ypsilanti Township best, he and his partner, Detective Lieut. Stan Bordine, informally headed the investigation. They were an eye-catching pair. Beside the smaller Wilson, Bordine looked unusually big and powerfully built. But neither Wilson and Bordine, nor any of the other dozen county detectives assigned to the case, turned up any real suspect or apparent motive during the first week. To be sure, there was a man against whom Arland Withrow had testified a few years earlier, in a trial which led to a jail sentence. When it was learned that the man was at large again, the lead seemed promising, and he was picked up. But he cleared himself immediately with both an alibi and a lie-detector test.

"Maybe somebody liked the kid too much," Wilson reasoned aloud to Bordine. Some determined probing along that line led to a certain married lady who'd thought Arland was a real cute kid—and whose husband had consequently made threats.

But it was quickly apparent the husband had not been further involved. The investigation spread elsewhere, digging into every corner of the dead boy's background—even into an argument over a supposedly registered dog he'd bought for which no papers were produced. There was absolutely nothing that remotely suggested a reason for murder.

"One thing is certain," a friend of the boy told Wilson. "Whoever it was—either he knew them, or they were armed. Arland could take care of himself. Why, the kind of build he had on him, a guy once offered him $25 just to pose for some pictures."

It was a vague, seemingly irrelevant piece of information, but the police had to run it out. Had such an offer really been made? Or was this just typical youthful boasting?

"No," the friend insisted. "Arland didn't do it because he didn't like the idea and he didn't need the money. But he pointed the guy out to me once—a big fellow, with sort of a bald spot. I think his name was Ken Nichols, and he was a schoolteacher who just took pictures for the hell of it."

This doubtful-sounding story led nowhere. There was no Ken Nichols teaching school anywhere nearby. There was simply no one by that name in any area directory. The "clue" was like so many leads in police work: it could neither be resolved nor ignored. For the moment it could only be set aside.

To complicate the case, the residents of Ypsilanti Township began receiving strange phone calls. About 30 people, most of them acquaintances of the dead boy and his family, lifted their receivers

TRUE

"That's the trouble with marriage; it's not broken up into half-hour episodes."

to hear whispered threats or, more often, just heavy breathing. The police were certain the calls were the work of a crank, but the effect was to start public indignation melting into public panic. With no real answers in the offing, the pressure on the police heightened.

"It's a real baffler," Washtenaw County Sheriff Douglas J. Harvey told reporters, and that was about all he could say.

A sensational unsolved murder can have political implications. If Sheriff Harvey had been up for reelection in 1966, the outcome of his campaign might well have rested on his success or failure with the Withrow case. It was natural enough for Ypsilanti Township Supervisor Roy Smith to start a reward fund for information leading to Arland's slayer, donating the initial $100 himself. But since Smith, a Republican, was seeking a seat in the Michigan State Legislature, with election day just two weeks away, Democrats privately denounced the move as a campaign gimmick. Publicly, however, Smith's contribution was immediately matched by a citadel of Democrat strength, the union local at the Rawsonville plant where Arland had worked. The reward fund soon grew to nearly $500.

A sensational unsolved murder also can have ramifications even in such an unrelated field as social work. At the nearby Milan federal penitentiary, a 30-year-old official named Ralph C. Nuss had been crusading for more than a year to win public acceptance for a "work-release" program, whereby selected convicts were allowed to take outside jobs and return to their cells at night. A man of impressive intelligence and a highly articulate speaker, Nuss had addressed countless civic groups and clubs and even union locals. "We've got to help these men adjust to society," he said. "We've got to teach them to get along with people." He had found outside jobs for fully 90 prisoners, without a single unfavorable incident. Yet all that he'd built up was now threatened by public hysteria. It didn't matter that every inmate participating in the program had been back behind bars the night the Withrow boy had vanished. Frightened people were telling each other that such things were bound to happen with convicts running around loose. Struggling to save all he'd worked for, Ralph Nuss told fellow prison officials he'd have to postpone a long-planned vacation trip.

Then the case suddenly seemed to be breaking. On October 25, another nude male corpse was found in a creek bed near Toledo, some 50 miles to the south. It had also been battered, bound hand and foot with the same type of plastic clothesline, and strangled with a cord knotted around the neck. Identification came with an FBI fingerprint check; the dead man was a 32-year-old West Virginia schoolteacher named Robert Joseph Pugh.

Before coming to Michigan eight years earlier, the Withrow family had lived at Beckley, West Virginia—just eight miles from the dead teacher's school. "This possible link is too coincidental to pass over lightly," Sheriff Harvey announced.

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"We're putting two men on this angle of the case immediately."

But the Withrows denied knowing anyone named Robert Joseph Pugh. Detectives Wilson and Bordine showed a photo of Pugh to the youth who had told them about Arland's being offered $25 to pose. Was this the supposed schoolteacher named Ken Nichols? The young man shook his head; there was utterly no resemblance.

Wilson went back to checking out more possibilities. Could Arland have met Pugh fairly recently, perhaps striking up an acquaintance upon realizing the other had come from the same section of West Virginia? Backtracking the lives of both, the detective learned Arland had made a trip to Kentucky early in the summer. Robert Pugh had vanished from West Virginia after the close of the school year and had been seen in Toledo in August. Had the two come together sometime in that period, then become involved with somebody or in something to bring on their deaths?

No further link could be found. This approach seemed to reach the same dead end as all the others. Skin divers searched several deep holes in the creek where Arland's body was found and recovered some of his clothing, but nothing was learned from it. Still, there was now a file of information stretching in every direction but, in this case, the right one. The leads uncovered would take detectives six months to clear up and would eventually result in the solving of more than 40 larcenies and burglaries in Washtenaw County. But none of that information threw light on the death of Arland Withrow.

Without a real development, the murder story dropped from the headlines to the back pages. The nerves of the public eased, and by October 31, prison-official Ralph Nuss decided his work-release program was no longer threatened and he could enjoy his vacation after all—driving East to visit a brother and play with his nieces and nephews. On election day, November 8, news of the Withrow case had been out of the papers for a week, and although Supervisor Roy Smith won a seat in the state legislature, it can be doubted that the reward fund he'd started was any real factor—1966 was a G.O.P. year. Sheriff Doug Harvey, who'd put in three straight weeks of 16-hour shifts, planned to take a couple of days off for deer hunting.

Yet the detective work on the murder went on doggedly, with all the essential questions still unanswered—questions that dominated Chet Wilson's waking moments and plagued his sleep. Who had phoned Arland Withrow that Sunday night? With what message? Had Arland left his home voluntarily or been abducted? Why? Only two angles hadn't fizzled out entirely, and both were stalemated: the possibility of a link between two similar corpses from the same part of West Virginia, and a vague story that someone named Ken Nichols had once asked the dead boy to pose for pictures.

Getting nowhere on the first, Detective Wilson turned again to the second. Patiently he kept questioning Ypsilanti youths, including many who were not models of deportment. Whenever mention of Ken Nichols brought a furtive look, the detective bore down hard, frequently suggesting a polygraph test when he sensed he wasn't getting the truth. Finally several boys conceded they'd known a man of that name—and received not only offers of modeling jobs from him but also what polite language calls "indecent proposals."

Who had accepted such proposals? None of the boys would admit having had anything of the sort to do with Nichols, but one finally volunteered the information that a fellow just sent to an upstate reformatory had been seen riding with the man. Wilson went to see the inmate. In a firm questioning session, he got the likeliest lead yet, along with the names of other boys who'd gone riding with Nichols.

"He was around the drive-in the night Arland got it," the youth revealed. "He wanted to know where he was. I asked if he wanted me to look up Arland's phone number, and he said no, he already had it."

This boy was obviously very much afraid, and afraid of more than the public stigma of consorting with a homosexual. To the picture of the elusive Ken Nichols taking shape in Wilson's mind, a grim new dimension was added, particularly when the detective questioned some of the youths named by the reformatory inmate. Ypsilanti Township had its share of teen-aged toughs who had no reservations about leading on, then robbing and beating homosexuals. But even the hardest young cases who'd gone off with Nichols for this purpose became terrified of him. There was something frightening about the man. One case-hardened 17-year-old character, located in another reformatory, told of fleeing Nichols' home in fear of his life.

Wilson pounced on that inadvertent bit of information. Where was the home?

The boy didn't know the address or even the street; Nichols had been buying him beer before taking him there. "It was a nice, neat, brick house, though," he remembered, "with a two-car garage and a breezeway. There's a brick planter box out front with a lamppost in it."

Detective Wilson turned insurance salesman for a time, specializing in policies for brick houses with lampposts in planter boxes. As always in such searches, he was amazed at how many of the 5,000 homes in Ypsilanti Township fitted the description. But he found no one who could have been Ken Nichols in any of them. The determined detective began cruising a wider area. One day, on Tuttle Hill Road in neighboring Augusta Township, an elderly widow answered his knock. She wasn't interested in more insurance. Her boarder, a bachelor who looked after her like a son, caring for the lawn and taking her shopping, had told her that her present policy was adequate.

Acting out his role of salesman, Wilson carefully did not ask the boarder's name. But no detective has difficulty learning the identity of a man whose address he knows. On hearing the name, Chet Wilson felt the first traces of the incredulous disbelief that would soon be shared by all who read the newspapers. But when he and his partner, Stan Bordine, obtained a photo of the widow's boarder from an outside source and showed it to several of the youths they'd questioned, all identified the man as the mysterious Mr. Nichols. The warrant the two detectives quietly obtained was for "gross indecency." The charge would suffice for the moment.

In late afternoon on November 15, newly-elected Rep. Roy Smith, who'd posted a reward for Arland Withrow's murderer, was working at home on the details of a school-financing bill. Up in the Michigan north woods, Sheriff Doug Harvey was hoping for a shot at a wary white-tailed buck. At the Milan federal penitentiary, Ralph Nuss, the official who'd made such a success of the work-release program, stood in the center of a group of prison employees, posing for a news photographer who was doing a story on a prison charity-fund drive.

Nuss had played a leading part in the drive, as he did in many prison activities. Yet he still found time to teach Sunday school in nearby Whittaker, to look after his landlady—and to prowl the juke joints and drive-ins of the Ypsilanti area, leading a Jekyll-Hyde existence as Ken Nichols. When Nuss drove home after the charity-drive ceremony, Washtenaw County's team of persistent detectives was waiting for him.

Bordine produced the warrant, and Wilson began the required warning about an arrested man's rights, "Mr. Nuss, it's my duty to inform you. . . ."

The surprise on Nuss's face gave way to a strange faint smile. "Gentlemen," he interrupted, "you know my background. I know my rights far better than you do."

The detectives asked to look in Nuss's car trunk, and noted it had been recently scrubbed. They searched his room and found an address book containing Arland Withrow's name and the names of numerous other youths, most of whom they'd already questioned.

They also found a snub-nosed .38 revolver with three loaded cartridges and three empties in its cylinder, which was puzzling because neither Withrow nor Pugh had been shot. Yet at no time did either detective mention murder. The police silence continued all through the ride to the sheriff's department headquarters in Ann Arbor.

Nothing could be read in the frozen, almost shy-looking smile on Nuss's face. But at headquarters he had a puzzling demand to make. "Call the FBI."

"Why?" he was asked.

"Because you know as well as I do that I'm not here on any gross-indecency charge, and what we have to talk about will involve them." He sounded like a temperamental lecturer ordering special arrangements before starting a speech.

The sheriff's men shrugged. "Any particular agent you want?"

"Yes, get John McGirr out here," Nuss ordered, naming an FBI man he knew from the federal prison.

When McGirr arrived, Nuss told his story, but not in a burst of guilt or conscience. He spoke in a detached tone, as though he were narrating someone else's case history from his files at the prison. He said he had phoned Arland Withrow that Sunday night a month earlier, then picked him up and driven

TRUE

"That's how they make angels!"

him to the house on Tuttle Hill Road, which he was occupying temporarily alone, with the landlady off visiting relatives. Arland had fallen asleep there, and he'd bound and gagged the boy.

(Arland's friends and family say this story is impossible. They believe Nuss either talked the boy into coming with him on some ruse or surprised Arland when he went out to move his car, holding a gun on him in either case.)

Nuss's excuse for calling in the FBI was a claim that he'd driven the boy to a secluded area near the prison and strangled him there. But he hurriedly changed this part of his story when he learned that murder on federal property is punishable by hanging, even in a state like Michigan where capital punishment has been abolished. Then he said he'd killed the youth in the Tuttle Hill house. After the murder, he had put the body in his car trunk to hide it until the next night, when he had made the long drive to dump it in the far-off creek.

There was more to this strange man's account—elements of sadism and necrophilia so sordid that veteran psychiatrists were as shocked as laymen. With no apparent remorse, but with a feminine fussiness for detail, Nuss even insisted on typing out his own confessions—*both* of them. It was the second one that sent John McGirr rushing out of the interrogation room.

"Good Lord!" the FBI man muttered. "He's killed another one, too."

The sheriff's men nodded. "Robert Joseph Pugh."

But McGirr shook his head. When Nuss offered to lead the way to the second corpse, he took them north instead of south, up to still another creek, where they found the body of a 19-year-old Canadian boy named Tom Brown. Nuss said he'd picked up Brown at Detroit and killed him in his room five nights earlier, shooting the youth when he broke his bonds. At this writing, the Pugh case is still unsolved.

No confession has ever been taken with a prisoner's rights more carefully safeguarded; and since the prisoner had pointed out a victim the authorities hadn't known existed, the confirming evidence seemed ironclad. Two court-appointed psychiatrists found Ralph Nuss mentally competent to stand trial. No claim of legal insanity was made for him even by his own attorneys.

Yet Nuss was never brought to trial.

His case uncovered an incredible legal loophole. Michigan has a "criminal sexual psychopath" statute, enacted recently, whereby persons with a history of or tendency toward sex offenses may have themselves committed to a state mental hospital for treatment. They may be paroled after any length of time, at the discretion of the hospital superintendent. All criminal charges are dismissed at the time of commitment. The law was intended for such relatively harmless offenses as indecent exposure—not for murder. But the language of the law used the all-inclusive term, "offenses."

"Gentlemen . . . I know my rights far better than you do," Ralph Nuss had told Chet Wilson and Stan Bordine. He stunned the entire State of Michigan now by making good on this boast. He had a right to have his lawyers petition the Washtenaw County Circuit Court for his voluntary commitment under the criminal sexual psychopath statute. The court had no choice but to appoint three psychiatrists to examine him, as the statute provides. All were shocked by his story, but all had to testify that he did indeed fit the statute definition of a "criminal sexual psychopathic person."

The commitment hearing was held in mid-March of 1967, and it was a weird affair. Since Nuss needed his typewritten statements to the police to substantiate the story he'd told the psychiatrists, this may well have been the only instance in courtroom history where a confessed double murderer struggled to have his own confessions admitted to his trial as evidence, over the vigorous objections of the prosecutor.

When Judge William Ager handed down his ruling on March 29, he called Nuss's confessed crimes "the most sadistic activity by a human being that has ever been brought before this court." He doubted that Michigan lawmakers could have contemplated such a situation "when the criminal sexual psychopath law was enacted," and added, "The persons who advised the legislature may not have known the application of the criminal law." But the wording of the statute left no option, Ager ruled, except to grant Nuss's request that he be committed—with all criminal charges against him dropped.

Nuss is in a mental institution at Ionia today. He could be paroled tomorrow by the decision of a single psychiatrist, and no court or law officer could legally hinder him in any way.

A few minutes after Judge Ager's decision was handed down, this writer had a cup of coffee in the County Building lunch room with Arland Withrow's parents—an attractive dark-haired woman and a pleasant-featured man with a crew cut, both looking too young to have had a boy of 17. For two weeks their senses had been numbed by clouds of legal and psychiatric terminology, and the only one in the courtroom who hadn't sounded badly confused to them was the central figure. Nuss had crisply taken the Fifth Amendment 23 times in refusing to answer any questions, even though he was the petitioner.

"You can't tell *me* the government isn't covering up for him!" Loretta Withrow asserted in bitterness.

"I wasn't going to show anyone this," Al Withrow muttered dully. "But look!"

A prosecutor had been unable to bring a confessed, mentally competent murderer to trial, and a judge had been unable to promise the public that "one of the most dangerous men" ever brought before him would be kept in custody for any length of time. But other officials were performing their functions with cold efficiency.

St. Clair County had sent the Withrows a $33 ambulance-service bill for hauling their son's body out of the creek.

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"GIVE US ANOTHER SHOT AND WE'D BEAT THEM"

[*Continued from page* 35]

sitting in his spacious office in the Chiefs' opulent headquarters outside Kansas City. "What it really was was *one* game. And it means just what *one* game almost always means in the pro leagues. Which is not very much. You'd have to have a rather limited mentality, knowing how pro results sway back and forth and how the losing club so often pops up to win a rematch game, to take the Super Bowl with that much seriousness, now wouldn't you?"

What? The embarrassed Chiefs, and the pride-battered American League, think they could give the Packers a much closer battle in a repeat contest?

"Close battle isn't the correct phrase," shot back Stram, crisply. "We know what we know. The Chiefs have been there and profited and we're bigger, stronger and faster than the Packers. Give us another shot and we'd beat them."

His swivel chair tilted forward. "There are an awful lot of misguided critics around. And uneducated fans. We—the AFL—can beat the NFL, right now, anywhere."

Sheer shock effect. You blink three times at the statement, remembering how, at Los Angeles, Bart Starr of the Packers fired 37 and 13-yard passes through an overcompensating Kansas City defense to end Max McGee for two touchdowns; how Jim Taylor burst around left end on the Packers' patented sweep for a 14-yard touchdown; how Elijah Pitts behind head-on blocking cracked Stram's massive line for another score and how Starr, as deadly accurate as he's ever been, passed to Carroll Dale and McGee for 70 yards of gain and then sent Pitts rolling off the left side for a fifth TD.

That's the game the critics saw and reported on, in harsh terms. For years the young AFL had claimed equality with the old, rooted NFL. The Americans had demanded a play-off in the most forceful terms and when they got it, the Super Bowl became, at least in the matter of buildup, the most spectacular football game ever played. So rich was the pot that each Packer earned $15,000, each Chief $7,500.

The Chiefs—almost everyone agreed—blew it big.

The national press called Kansas City such things as "the team of delusion" and "incompetent" and "outclassed in all ways, the victim of its own foolish propaganda" and filed the match away as establishing that the AFL is two, three and maybe more years away from parity with the Nationals. Guzzling clubhouse champagne and laughing fit to kill themselves, the Packers added to this conclusion. "A romp!" cried guard Fuzzy Thurston. "They forgot to send away for muscles," grinned Jim Taylor. Sparing Hank Stram nothing, Coach Vin Lombardi announced, "K.C. is a good team but not on a par with NFL clubs . . . that is, the top NFL teams. The Chiefs don't rate with them. They're better than some of our weaker clubs . . . maybe K.C. could beat some of them, but not too many."

In that black moment when the sun set over the Coliseum, such owner-operators as Lamar Hunt and Bud Adams and Ralph Wilson and Wayne Valley, who've invested multimillions in AFL franchises, wanted to go off somewhere and shoot themselves.

Stram? He was whizzing home on a plane with a headful of play-diagram O's and X's and so little discombobulated by what had happened that he couldn't wait to jump from bed next morning and do those push-ups. *"Plan your work, work your plan—in total confidence."*

Now, with another season at hand, Hank Stram, son of a professional wrestler, athletic boy-wonder, winner of the Big Ten Medal at Purdue University for academic and athletic excellence, blandly eyes you and says, "I've coached all over. At Notre Dame, at Purdue, at S.M.U. and Miami and for eight years in the pros. And I've never yet seen a single game settle anything. Where can you logically get final judgment out of two hours of ball? Every coach in the country knows better than that. If the Super Bowl had been a league game, everyone would have looked at it calmly and rationally, knowing that almost every Sunday one team or another explodes all over some other team. That's routine in professional sport. It's also very common for the result to be reversed a little bit later. Matter of fact, the most predictable moment for Squad B to lick Squad A comes directly after B has had its socks knocked off by A.

"That's only one reason I think the Chiefs can end the old claim of NFL 'superiority.' Sure, the Packers beat us good. They are a very fine ball club. We haven't an alibi of any kind. But—despite what any expert thinks—they didn't convince us at all that they're better than we are. The Chiefs came out of the Coliseum mad at themselves and they broke up furniture in the locker room and felt frustrated. Why? Because *the way the game went* they never got a chance to show their real ability. They showed just a part of it.

"What they want now more than anything is to play the Packers again. If it should turn out that we win our league championship again this year and Green Bay repeats, I don't doubt what will happen.

"We will play 100 percent football and we'll defeat them."

Coaches' assertions such as this, at other times and in other places, have been full of rationalizations, second guesses, "ifs," "maybes" and complicated excuses. Stram goes in for none of these. He simply saw a different game in L.A. than was seen by most others. The peppery AFL "Coach of the Year" for 1966 also knows his manpower. "The Chiefs are older and wiser," he puts it, "and look at what we've got."

The Chief roster ranges from the smallest man, Mike Garrett, former Heisman Trophy winner at U.S.C. and one of the most dangerous outside runners now active, to the biggest men, all-AFL tackles Jim Tryer (300 pounds) and

TRUE

"Here's a letter supporting my views on Viet Nam—however, it's from Ho Chi Minh!"

Buck Buchanan (287). Any of the three could be first stringers for almost any NFL team. So, too, could offensive ends Otis Taylor and Chris Burford. Taylor led both the NFL and AFL in average yards gained on pass receptions last season and Burford, close behind him, is a powerful 225-pounder who was a first-round NFL draft choice when he left college. Pro ball's biggest defensive line averages 263 pounds per man and has as linebackers Bobby Bell and E. J. Holub. "Those two can play for me anytime," says George Halas of the Chicago Bears. Stram's passer, the veteran Len Dawson, in 1966, reached the brilliance always predicted for him. In the past five years the handsome Dawson has thrown more touchdown passes, 132, than Starr, Unitas, Meredith or anybody. Although his teammates let down in the Super Bowl, Dawson tied Bart Starr in completions, with 16, and narrowly missed two TD passes which could have turned the game around. And he isn't aged; he's only 31.

In addition, Stram is an inventor. While pro tactics haven't changed much lately, Stram has introduced the "floating-pocket" pass attack, the "stacked-deck" defense, the "refined-I" backfield setup and the "cockeyed" formation—all just a bit bizarre for the taste of a Vince Lombardi or a Dallas Tom Landry, but highly effective in Stram's sphere of operations.

"Take the stack defense," he says. "Everyone was using a four-three setup of linemen and linebackers and then we came up with the idea of going three-four, in which we play four linebackers, instead of three. It causes confusion. It puts our big man, Buck Buchanan, head-on with what is usually a relatively small-size center. It puts a backer right behind three of our front men, out of which all kinds of spacings and shifts are possible. It can change into a seven-man line in a second. It forces upon the opposing quarterback a different 'look' every time he breaks a huddle.

"The first year we used the stack, it helped win for us in the longest football game ever played." (This was the 1962 double-overtime play-off with the Houston Oilers in which the Chiefs—then the Dallas Texans—made an interception off the stack, kicked a field goal and won the AFL title, 20 to 17.)

In the "floating or moving pocket," Len Dawson performs what can be described as a controlled scramble. Instead of dropping straight back, he darts left or right, behind rolling-out blockers. This splits, or delays, the defense's charge. It was good for more than 20 TD's last year. "On the one touchdown we did get in the Super Bowl," Stram points out, "we had two men wide open and scored handily. Had we not been forced out of our game plan later by circumstance, this would have been repeated."

Lombardi's reaction to Stram's movable pocket was a cat-eating-canary smile. "Did it move?" he wanted to know after the game. "I didn't notice."

But other NFL operators see no reason for sarcasm. "It may be that Stram is a few years ahead of us," they say uneasily.

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"We will just have to wait and see."

If there is anything opponents know and respect about Stram it is that he is extremely rugged-minded. He teaches the toughest, bloodiest style of ball since Jumbo Joe Stydahar, back in the 1950's, was berating the Los Angeles Rams because they failed to lose enough teeth in combat. "Why," says Sherrill Headrick, a Kansas City four-time all-AFL linebacker, "with this club you play four quarters with a broken back." Headrick, in fact, has done just that—stayed in there and played with a fractured spinal vertebra.

"One of Stram's best men, Fred Arbanas," observes a Kansas City newspaperman, "got in a street fight in 1964 and was permanently blinded in one eye. But he's still diving into those pileups for Henry. Another lineman of the Chiefs has a metal plate in his skull, the result of a bad fracture. The NFL may have slicker and more experienced teams but they come no tougher than this dead-end mob that Stram coaches."

Yet with all their qualifications the Chiefs were losers by a 25-point margin to the Packers in the world-title game. Which, when you stop to think about it, could be support for Stram's argument that Kansas City was judged off insufficient evidence. Obviously the Chiefs would not be 25 points worse than the Packers in a series of matches. Such NFL coaches as Tom Landry and George Halas have said as much. Last January, Halas, who had hated and belittled the "upstart" AFL from its beginning in 1960, was willing to admit: "The difference between the NFL and AFL has tightened up. I watched Kansas City beat Buffalo for the AFL championship this season and now have to say there no longer is much disparity between the two leagues. Kansas City now has *defense*, and a lot of it."

Then what happened to the bullyboys of the AFL in the clash the whole country had been waiting for? Possibly more explanation exists than has been offered to date.

In the first place (although Stram himself does not cite this as a factor) star end Otis Taylor missed the plane carrying the Chiefs from Kansas City to their Long Beach, California, training camp and the Super Bowl. Stram had his men in top mental shape. Then their Number One receiver goofed off and came up missing. One veteran Chief now says, "It shook hell out of some of us because it went so much against the mood we were in."

Panicky over the fine he knew he'd get, Taylor caught another flight to Los Angeles shortly after the Chiefs took off. He grabbed a cab from the airport to the camp, and, partway there, encountered heavy traffic. Taylor, whose team nickname is "Slug" for sluggish, showed himself to be anything but slow. Hailing a passing motorcycle cop, he pleaded for help. The cop invited Taylor to climb aboard and, squeezed together on the bike, they raced for Long Beach, siren howling.

When Stram and the Chiefs walked into their Long Beach State College quarters, nonchalantly seated on a rubdown table was Otis Taylor, of Prairie View, Texas.

"What held you cats up?" inquired Otis.

Stram is a hard disciplinarian who describes his system of fines as: "Automatic. We fine them $25 for being late to a meeting or practice. Being late reporting to fall camp is worth $200. Missing a bed check is a $50 fine and possibly the player loses his paycheck for that game if he misses a second bed check." Taylor, no doubt, paid plenty. But the money wasn't important—what hurt was that his offhand act had jarred the delicate team spirit of dedication and determination which is so important in a high-stakes game.

Even more disturbing—because it made the Packers angry—was an alleged pregame misquote of Stram. "Hank had told the press," says his publicity man, Jim Schaaf, "that the AFL-NFL thing had been 'a war of words for years and now it would be war down on the grass.' What came out in a wire-service story was Stram boasting, 'We'll tear Green Bay apart.' " The Chiefs protested strongly but the Packers already had pinned the story on a bulletin board with mayhem in their hearts.

Thirdly, the Chiefs were quartered close by Los Angeles, where more than 1,000 press credentials had been issued, and they were swamped, day and night, by reporters and rubbernecks. E. J. Holub said, "We're going nuts with all the interference." Len Dawson and Mike Garrett had to take their phones off the hook. The Packers, training 100 miles northward at Santa Barbara, were relatively undisturbed.

Then it was kickoff time. Had the average fan been able to sit on the Chiefs' bench, says Stram, he'd have witnessed some aspects of the game which went overlooked in newspaper reports.

"Not wasting plays—that's the great secret to football," said Stram recently, standing beside a projector while movie film of the Super Bowl unrolled. "Versatility of attack is the other key. Now watch what happened in the first half of the game. Keep in mind that part of our pregame plan was to go straight at them on the ground, with play-action passes mixed in, and throw the ball in front of a retreating defensive man to a 'short' receiver."

Right off the bat, Dawson faked a pass and went seven yards through tackle. Then he passed short to Garrett for three. Then he sent fullback Curt McClinton up the middle for four and again passed short to Fred Arbanas for 18 yards. Next Garrett shot through left guard for nine yards. "See how the Packers are chasing the wrong man?" went on Stram, eyes intent on the screen. "Now watch. . . ."

Pulling the selfsame pass-fake that opened the series, Dawson gained two yards off tackle. A bit later he tricked the Packers into again retreating deep and threw another short flip to end Reg Carolan for seven yards. In 11 plays the Chiefs moved 54 yards through the best of all pro defenses by creating confusion through versatility.

[*Continued on page* 98]

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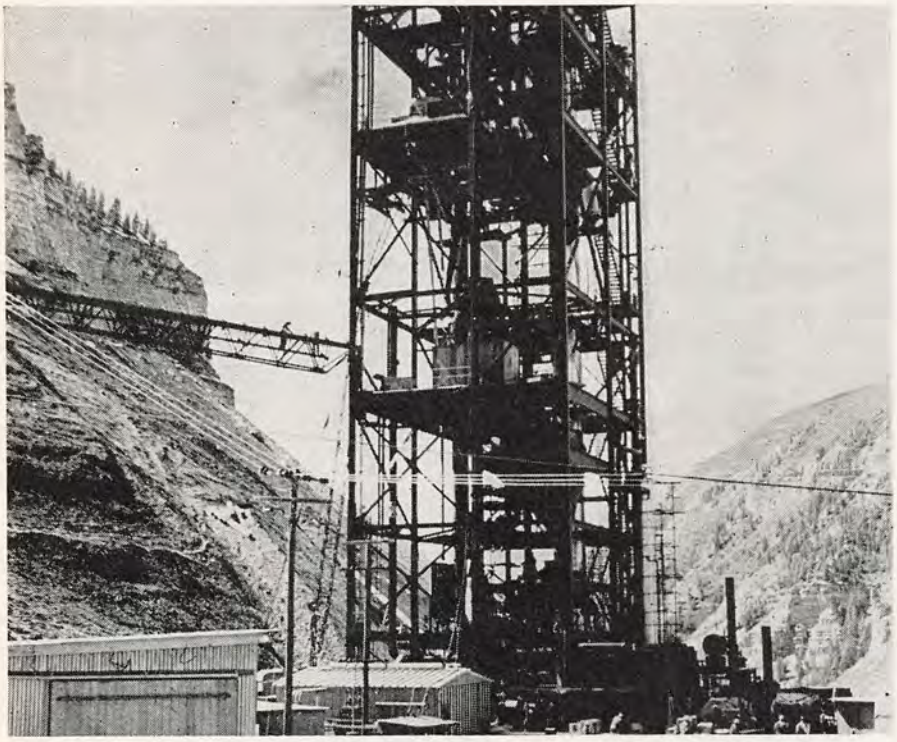

Oil will "flow" from rock to be carried from this Colorado mine to processing plant.

Recent news stories about oil deposits in the Rockies provoked Adam Pritchard of Worcester, Massachusetts, to write: "I've been reading about tremendous deposits of shale oil in Colorado. Just what is shale oil?"

The term "shale oil" is a misnomer, for the substance is not "petroleum" and the rock that contains it is marlstone, not shale. Marlstone is a hard, flinty rock which, if heated above 900 degrees, releases a substance called "kerogen." This has a chemical composition different from petroleum pumped from the ground, but it can be refined into a full range of oil products, from high octane gas to axle grease.

There are tremendous amounts of it. Government geologists estimate there are 16,000 square miles of marlstone in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming containing 2 trillion barrels of oil. This is 70 times the known U.S. reserves of liquid petroleum —eight times the world's reserve. At today's prices, the "shale oil" is worth $5-trillion, enough to pay off the national debt and present every man, woman and child in the U.S. with a check for $11,000.

Until very recently it was believed that the cost of extracting the oil from the rock was too expensive to be practical. But earlier this year The Oil Shale Corp., together with the Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company and Standard Oil of Ohio, announced they are building a $130-million plant near Rifle, Colorado. When finished in 1970, the plant will produce 58,000 barrels of oil a day.

But even if an efficient cracking process has been developed, tremendous problems remain. Digging out the marlstone involves strip mining, which could forever scar some of the West's finest scenery. Pollution is a major threat, for each ton of rock produces 15 to 20 gallons of oil—and 1,500 pounds of fine ash. If released into the air or piled on the ground, the ash could turn the West into a dust bowl. Also, the oil lies in naturally arid country, and oil refining takes huge quantities of fresh water.

But the biggest problem involves ownership of the oil. About 80 percent of the shale lands containing 85 percent of the oil is owned by the federal government. Western politicians who want an "oil boom" and the petroleum industry are pressuring the Department of the Interior, which controls the land, to lease it to private developers. On the other hand, conservationists want the government to develop the oil, either setting up a nonprofit government corporation or contracting the work to private companies. Both systems have been used in space projects and national defense.

At this writing, Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall has agreed to permit private leasing. No steps have been taken for government production.

Q: How did the custom of applauding theatrical performers begin? *Brian St. Thomas, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

A: Applause, which comes from a Latin word meaning "to strike together," is as old as the theater itself and as instinctive as an infant clapping his hands together to show delight. The ancient Romans and Greeks applauded by snapping their fingers and waving flaps of their garments as well as by clapping. In France, about 1820, producers began to hire professional applauders who, in order to influence audiences and critics, went wild over everything, good or bad.

Q: As a boy in Chicago, I heard my parents discussing the *Eastland* tragedy. I know the *Eastland* was a ship, but what exactly happened? *Russell Duckman, Gary, Ind.*

A: The *Eastland* was one of several Great Lake steamers chartered on July 24, 1915, to carry people from Chicago to the annual Western Electric Company picnic at Michigan City, Indiana. That morning, 2,500 persons jammed aboard the ship which was docked in the Chicago River. Suddenly, still lashed to the pier, the *Eastland* tipped over onto her port side and sank within six minutes. A total of 812 people drowned and 23 died later of injuries.

Q: I have heard that while a person holds his breath he cannot be stung by a bee. Is this true? *David Neville, Baltimore, Md.*

A: It is a popular belief that if one holds his breath, clenches his fists tightly, or grasps one wrist firmly with the opposite hand, it causes body pressure that closes the pores of the skin. Theoretically a bee's stinger cannot penetrate human skin when the pores are thus closed. This is rubbish.

"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense,* and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer.*

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after,* this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued,* and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

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Q: How much does helium cost and how is it shipped? *V. W. Springer, Shreveport, La.*

A: Helium costs $35 per 1,000 cubic feet. It is shipped as compressed gas in specially constructed railway tank cars, highway semitrailers and standard gas cylinders.

U.S. Marine Corps

Q: Where and how did the military salute originate? *Rex Jamison, Harrisville, Pa.*

A: There are various forms of military salutes, each with its own origin. The extended-arm salute comes from early Roman days when assassination by dagger was quite common. To show that their hands contained no weapons, men raised their open palms when passing one another. The American hand-to-forehead type of salute goes back to the time of chivalry when knights raised their visors for the purpose of identification. This led to the eventual custom of removing one's hat or helmet when approached by a ranking official. Today the hat is not removed but the gesture—the salute—is still made.

Q: What does LSD stand for? *George Knesley, Jr., Fullerton, Calif.*

A: Lysergic acid diethylamide.

Q: How did the Great Slave Lake in British Columbia, Canada, get its name? *S. M. Bunoe, Eagle Grove, Iowa.*

A: When the powerful Cree Indians defeated and plundered neighboring tribes, victims were driven north toward this lake. The defeated Indians were nicknamed "Awokunak" by the Cree, meaning "slaves," and the name was eventually attached to the lake and the lands around it. With an area of 11,170 square miles, the lake is the fifth largest in North America.

Q: Do all large animals, when standing up, raise on their hind legs first? *Jerry Robinson, Hicksville, N. J.*

A: No, only cattle, camels, sheep, goats, antelopes, deer, giraffes and all other members of the ruminant or cud-chewing family. Other large four-footed animals, including horses, raise on their front legs first.

Q: Why was Washington's camp, Valley Forge, so named? *Amos Pratt, Albany, N. Y.*

A: It was named after Valley Forge Creek, which got its name because Isaac Potts, in 1742, built a small ironworks there. Residents of the area referred to the ironworks as the valley forge.

Q: Where is the world's highest ski run? *Harry Streiten, Baltic, Conn.*

A: In Bolivia, the 18,300-foot summit at Chacaltaya, high above La Paz.

Q: The epitaph over Thomas Jefferson's grave makes no mention of his having been President. Who wrote the epitaph and why was such an important fact omitted? *Charles Warning, Miami, Fla.*

A: Because Jefferson, who wrote the epitaph himself, once described the Presidency as a "splendid misery." He wished to be remembered most for deeds recorded in the epitaph: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia."

Q: During World War II, what was Operation Paper Clip? *Walley Winship, Butte, Mont.*

A: It was the code name for an April, 1945, Joint Chiefs of Staff order directing General Eisenhower to "preserve from destruction and take under your control records, plans, documents, papers, files and scientific, industrial and other information and data belonging to German organizations engaged in military research." Later the order was amended to include the transfer of German scientists and technicians to the U.S.

Q: In an article I recently read about the Arctic, I came across the comment that one should cover his head in order to keep his feet warm. Is somebody putting me on? *Steve Cohn, White Plains, N.Y.*

A: No. In cold weather, the human body can lose up to half the heat it normally produces if the head is not protected.

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Q: Is it true that there are no sea gulls on the Hawaiian Islands because the native birds resent their presence and kill them off as soon as they arrive? ***Keith Coffey, Ventura, Calif.***

A: This is a popular belief, but inasmuch as not even dead sea gulls have ever been found there it is unlikely. Ornithologists, who do not have a definite explanation, theorize that sea gulls do not like the food available in the Hawaiian Islands.

Q: Is it true that my dog Doodlebug can see and distinguish pictures on television? ***John Trott, Charleston, S.C.***

A: If it could, Doodlebug would be quite unusual. Dogs see only blurred, distorted movements of light and dark images on a screen. Many react to television sound, however, which gives the mistaken impression that they can also see the pictures.

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Q: While driving through Kentucky, I noticed that almost all of the tobacco fields were no larger than 40 by 40 feet. Why don't the farmers use bigger fields? ***Rolt P. Mees, St. Louis, Mo.***

A: The fields observed were probably seed beds which are planted in the spring and moved later to larger fields. Also, tobacco fields do tend to be smaller than normal crop fields. Under the federal government's acreage allotment program, farmers who grow certain types of tobacco in certain areas are limited in the amount of acreage they may plant. Kentucky burley, for instance, is limited to 1.06 acres. Tobacco has a very high yield per acre and compared to most crops, its yields on a per acre basis are enormous.

Q: I say that the score in a forfeited football game is 1-0 for the winner. Correct? ***Owen S. Love, Salt Lake City, Utah***

A: Yes.

Q: What is the approximate area in acreage of the site set aside for John F. Kennedy and his family in the Arlington National Cemetery? ***Laurence W. Junker, Atascadero, Calif.***

A: It is 3.2 acres. The permanent Kennedy grave plot is about 15 by 27 feet. The balance of the 3.2 acres consists mainly of walkways and platforms for public visiting and a 2.2 acre hillside, too steep for burial sites.

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[*Continued from page* 92]

But a long pass to Burford with touchdown written all over it failed by inches and the Packers held fast on their 33-yard line. A field goal try by the usually reliable Mike Mercer missed.

Meanwhile the Packers had scored and led, 7-0, on what even Max McGee admitted was a fantastic freak catch. Reaching behind him at a badly-thrown ball by Starr, McGee caught it blindly and scored. "Pure luck," said McGee, later.

"After that," Stram continued, "Starr couldn't do anything wrong. He was so hot, was throwing so accurately, that no defense in the world could have stopped his completions. On the other hand, watch this. . . ."

The movies show Dawson back to pass. "He is in the moving pocket and they can't get to him. He has plenty of time to throw. And there you see Mike Garrett, wide open. He's read Green Bay's defense and has run to daylight. But Dawson doesn't seem to see him. Ordinarily no one is better at keeping two or three receivers in view on one play than Dawson, but this time he just doesn't see Mike out there. . . .

"And so we lost a probable touchdown."

Pro scouts at the Coliseum, however, were impressed. Against the Packs' famous pass coverage, the Chiefs broke a man so clear that he was within seconds of scoring. A completion here, indeed, would have made another game of it.

"After that," Stram said, "things improved. We'd been told we wouldn't do much power running against the likes of their up-front men, Ray Nitschke, Willie Davis, Henry Jordan and Lee Roy Caffey. Well, the Chiefs averaged 32 points per game last season, the best in either pro league, against some strong defenses. We didn't believe a word of it. Watch now and see how this worked out. . . ."

Rushed hard, Dawson completed a 17-yard pass to Garrett. Challenging the core of Green Bay's wall, halfback Bert Coan crashed through for three yards and McClinton for six. A third smash made a first down. The Chiefs gained on sheer power and then they pulled a switch. "Now we gave them the cock-eyed formation," Stram said, switching the film to slow motion. "In the cock-eyed formation, Otis Taylor, who has been playing wide at flankerback, suddenly pops up in the backfield. Now he's tucked in behind Dawson as a setback. Green Bay can't read the play and we also hit them with fake receivers. And there's Taylor, uncovered and pulling in a long pass. Which puts us right down on their seven-yard line."

The pass Taylor caught gained 31 yards. A Green Bay team badly deceived on this maneuver failed even more obviously to cope with the Chiefs' next shot—a fake hand off to Coan coupled with Burford and McClinton evading pursuit and winding up uncovered in the end zone.

Stram's tone tells you how easy it was. "Look, two men wide open over their goal line. Beautiful! Dawson has his choice—he can throw to either of them."

Selecting McClinton, the quarterback hit him for a touchdown. The score, in the second period, stood at 7-7.

"Despite what critics said of us," says Stram, "we must have done a few more things well. At the half we led them in total yards gained—181 to 164—and in passes completed and first downs. We were only three points down and it was anybody's ball game at this point. It's been said that the Packer reputation for invincibility 'awed' us the second half.

"Not true. We were so 'awed' that during the half-time intermission some of our guys were saying that Green Bay was no stronger than Buffalo or Oakland, in our league, and remarking that the Packers had a few tired old men in there. We were full of zing. We fully expected to win when we came out for the second half."

Up in the press box, consternation was observed. NFL officials were shocked by the ability of Kansas City, which they had expected to be outclassed all the way. "My God, the Chiefs are going to *win*!" moaned one NFL bigwig. NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle was glum. He'd seen his league's best played to a standstill.

"I dunno what's going on in Lombardi's locker room," chuckled one writer, "but they're sure as hell not telling any Italian jokes."

And then the roof fell in on the challengers. Stram emphasizes that it was not because his men suddenly began to play poorly but because: "Green Bay was terrific. For *one* day they were unbeatable—by us or anyone else. Their execution was so perfect that it was hard to believe and, whatever we tried, they were on top of it. We were overeager and made errors. And then, when they ran up an 18-point lead, we were unable to stick to the game plan that had gone so well before. We had to do something quick. So we quit shifting in order to get in more plays and we threw the ball. We couldn't run now; we *had* to pass and keep on passing. They knew it.

"And that isn't our personality, not our kind of football by any means. It is not the Chiefs."

The play which opened the floodgates for the NFL champions came at the outset of the third period when Dawson's arm was slightly jiggled, he failed to get good rotation on the ball and it fell short of the receiver to be intercepted by Packer safetyman Willie Wood. Wood raced 50 yards to the Chiefs' five-yard line, from where Green Bay scored.

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"That broke our momentum," says Len Dawson now. "We had a good drive going when it happened and the intercept killed it. Some days you lose your momentum and you never get it back."

Maybe it did more than that, as many experts claim. Perhaps it proved that the Chiefs are susceptible to panic.

"Any club can *appear* to panic," Stram stresses. "We did not panic. It's worth mentioning that late in the game, when their Jim Taylor objected to a Buck Buchanan tackle, Buck bodily picked up Taylor and threw him on his pants. We were hard-nosed and determined, to the last."

In a repeat contest, promise the giant Jim Tryer, Bobby Bell, Aaron Brown, Buchanan and the rest, it would all be different. "We'd run right at them and keep it up, because we proved we can do it." With corrections in their defensive secondary, the musclemen of the Chiefs think a rematch would in no way resemble events of last January 15.

Another favorable factor for Kansas City is that the Packers, perhaps, irritated the wrong tiger. "Some of the things said about us," Stram says, "caused a rather severe reaction among the Chiefs, to put it mildly." One postgame crack by Green Bay was: "The Chiefs turned out to be a bunch of big, fat guys. They weren't in shape."

Stram will need no pep talk before future meetings with NFL opponents. Anger, which can't be purchased by a coach, but must be provoked, is invaluable and it has settled deeply among his troops, who, running heavily to Texas-reared types, are strong on pride.

"Vince Lombardi made an ass of himself with his wisecracks," a top official of the Chiefs says, anonymously. Stram's own reaction is, "I've always liked and respected Vin. Maybe he was pushed into saying words he wouldn't repeat under similar circumstances. Yet, considering the discipline and shrewdness he's always shown as a coach, I can't understand his statement that we're no better than the weaker clubs of his league . . . no, I can't understand it at all." Stram's round, tough face grows grim as he speaks.

If storm warnings aren't up in the NFL for this season, and the future, somebody had better tend to it right away.

When Henry Stram speaks of the "personality" of his workers, he also means that the Chiefs are one of the best "playback" outfits in many years—that is, in second engagements with teams which have beaten them, they usually are "up" for revenge and win.

Fans may be beguiled by the Super Bowl's glamour, but, as Stram reminds his listeners, "Those who work in the NFL and AFL are well aware that in hockey [Stanley Cup], golf [four-day tourneys], basketball [exhaustive playoffs] and baseball [World Series] ample time is taken to determine who's best. Only pro football must concentrate on a few hours of play." Due to the physical punishment involved, and other factors, the NFL and AFL have no other choice; but the result is that, since wars aren't settled in one day, but only engagements, the Super Bowl actually is a phonus-bolonus affair. Only over the long league-season haul can a true determination be made. And there, just last season, the Baltimore Colts bumped off Detroit, 45-14, and shortly later lost to the fired-up Lions, 20-14. The Chicago Bears drubbed Minnesota and in a rematch the Bears were beaten 41-14. The Dallas Cowboys, in '66, took a bad defeat from Cleveland and 35 days later beat the Browns by two touchdowns. "Splits" of two-team series occur about 40 percent of the time.

They add up to the truth that today's result means little or nothing tomorrow (which is why gambling on pro grid games is suicide) and you could name the reasons from now until next New Year's day: changing injury factors, psychological changes in two squads, lessons well-learned and new tactical approaches applied the second time, slumping players suddenly hitting stride, breaks of the game switching from side A to side B, etc. Vengeance also figures big.

One more factor supporting the AFL's cause has to do with what that league regards as a large misconception still nourished by U.S. fans. Although the AFL long ago matched the Nationals in money spent on players, solved its scouting problems and now draws more than 2 million customers annually, the idea remains that the NFL, with far more press clippings, is the Number One show. However, after eight years of steady climbing, the AFL should have reached maturity. That time may have arrived. Since 1963 some 150 top college stars picked in the first 10 rounds of the draft by the NFL have joined up with the junior organization.

The Super Bowl, of course, was a major blow to the young league's growing image. One of the questions Stram has heard most often since then goes, "But are you people tough enough for the NFL?"

"What I tell them," says Stram, briskly, "is that Chris Burford, one of the half-dozen best ends in the country, plays on knees which have been operated upon four times. E. J. Holub is all-league and he's had seven operations, which is probably a pro record. Better blocker-receivers than Fred Arbanas you won't find, and Fred's blind in one eye.

"In Houston a year ago, Sherrile Headrick asked our trainer to 'fix' his thumb. 'Just wrap something around it,' said Headrick. The trainer looked and yelled for help. The thumb was torn loose from the hand, hanging like a blood sausage on a hook, with broken bones bursting through the skin.

"Headrick ordered the trainer to take a grip on it, fell over backward and yanked the thumb back into place—sort of. The blood was wiped up and with a stick-splint on the thumb, he returned to the field without missing a play.

"Headrick and his teammates think we didn't show more than a small part of what we've got in the L.A. Coliseum and that we can beat anyone the NFL nominates. Which is good enough for me. The critics and experts don't agree. But let me ask you: did you ever meet a critic or expert who wasn't wrong once in a while?"

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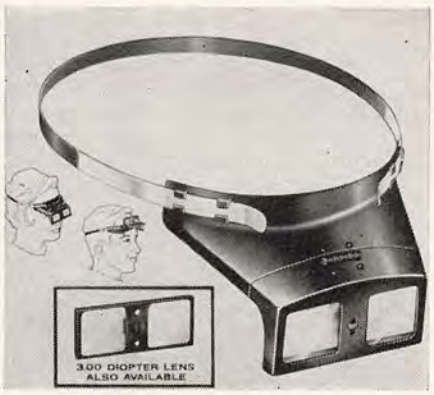

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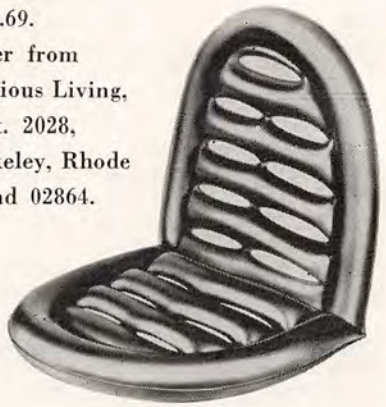

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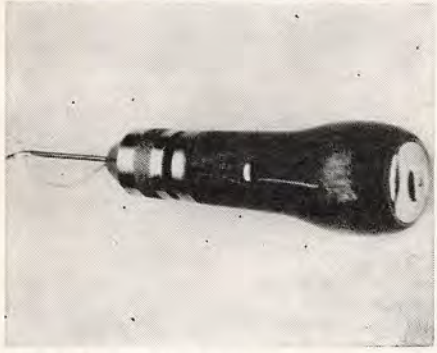

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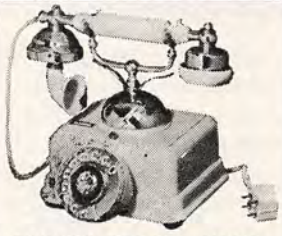

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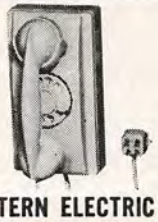

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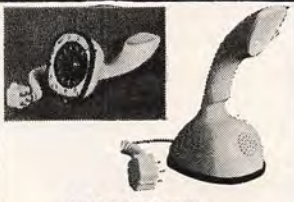

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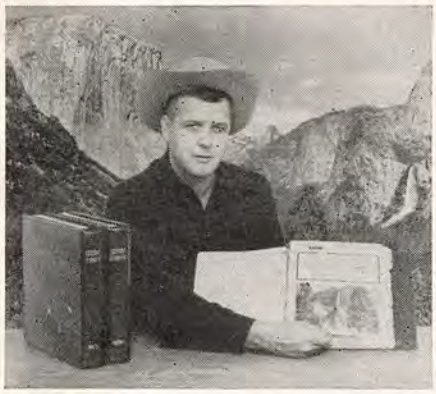

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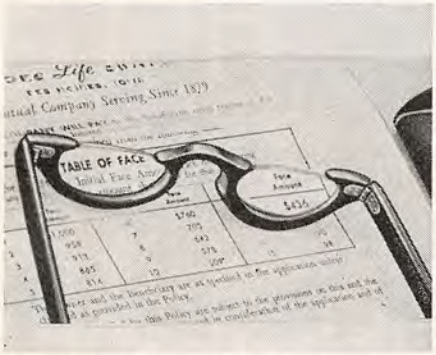

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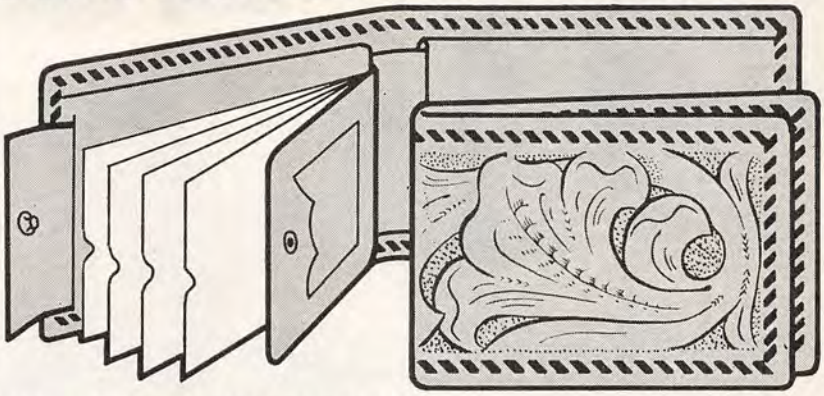

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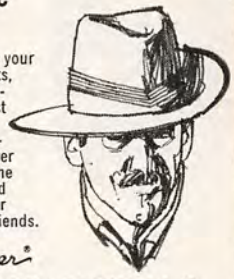

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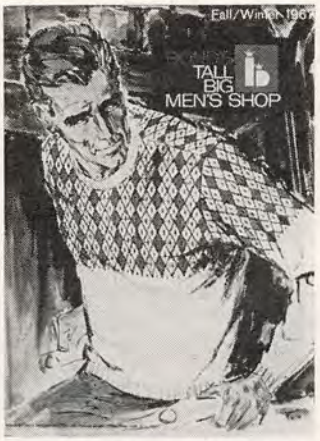

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PAPER DUDS TO TEAR AROUND IN

[*Continued from page* 45]

lost to all but the hippest of hippies, unintentionally proved to be an amazingly accurate style prediction.

It *has* happened—paper clothes for real people. They're here—throwaway, disposable duds, sturdy enough for several wearings, cheap enough to flip into the wastebasket without remorse. In some cases they're made simply to do a dirty one-time job, like clean a furnace or paint a barn. In others, they are novelties designed to break the boredom barrier of day-to-day, everyday styles. Whatever the use, one thing about paper clothes is certain. For the people making and selling them, at least for the time being, the paper is all colored bright money green.

So great has been the demand for paper clothes that the giant Kimberly-Stevens Company recently ran up a distress flag. The firm makes Kaycel, one of the prime materials used for paper fashions. This is a nonwoven material of 93-percent paper cellulose and seven-percent nylon, and the company had no more of it. Even today, its present output is still being rationed and small wonder. Look at what's been going on:

- New York's James Sterling Company, in business since last December, has already grossed $12-million in the sale of paper clothes; it produces everything from flight-line jump suits for Pan American Airways' mechanics to glittering, Go-Go mini-skirts for armies of pulsating teenyboppers.
- Ronald S. Bard, vice-president in charge of sales for the Mars Manufacturing Company, reports his company's fall paper apparel delivery at 1,200,000 pieces. The men from Mars make dresses, football shirts, men's shorts, golf slacks, robes and even swim trunks out of paper, at prices ranging from $2 to $9.
- William Guggenheim III, owner of "In dispensable disposables," New York's first specialty shop devoted exclusively to paper fashions, tossed an opening day champagne party. So many people showed up that the crowd spilled out onto the sidewalk and then into the street. The enthusiastic crush was so big, in fact, that almost nobody noticed a pet goat, present for the occasion, nibbling away at the tail section of a young, well-shaped model's paper dress, exposing paper panties that were as pink as her face.

The birth of paper fashion was innocent enough. It took place little over a year ago when, as a promotion gimmick for its other products, the Scott Paper Company offered customers a write-in coupon deal—a dress made entirely of paper for $1.25. Within six months, 500,000 were sold.

What the girls received were dresses made basically from the same two-ply material that goes into ordinary paper towels, specially treated to make it fireproof. The dresses weren't much. *Consumer Reports Magazine* called them "rather sloppily made" and "not very strong." However, Scott's impressive sales reports brought others rushing in with improved, more sophisticated products.

Along with Kimberly-Stevens' Kaycel, which is technically nothing more than Kleenex pressed over a nylon scrim, a number of companies now are grinding out various forms of paper material for clothing. Among them is Du Pont, which produces Reemay, a nonwoven polyester. Tiger Fabrics, an aggressive young New York firm, makes Tiger Tissue, 75-percent cellulose and 25-percent Dacron. Chicopee Mills uses a nonwoven bonded fabric with a rayon base. Almost all nonwoven paper fabrics contain some textile fiber to provide drape and strength. Without it, paper clothes have a tendency to balloon out in all the wrong places.

From graduation gowns to barbecue aprons, the practical, "wear it once or twice and throw it out" application of some paper clothing is obvious. Thus, five-dollar paper coveralls, similar to the ones used by Pan Am mechanics are proving popular. Designed for industrial work or for car tinkering on weekends, they can also be kept in car trunks for emergency on-the-road repair work. A number of hotels now stock giveaway bathing trunks made of paper, and at least one exclusive restaurant in New York now offers its dressed-too-casual-to-admit male customers the use of paper jackets and ties.

For the average man, however, the idea of a $12 paper suit does provoke some doubts. He's apt to think that in a paper suit he'd walk around sounding like a bag of potato chips, or that he'd disappear in a blaze of flame the first time he lights up a cigaret.

Not so. Clothes made of paper have much the look and feel of cloth. Except for one firm in Paris which markets bathing suits intentionally designed to dissolve in water, paper clothes won't disintegrate when wet. Nor will they burn, at least not until they've been washed or dry cleaned, as a warning label inside each garment indicates.

For the future, shirtmakers envision wear-a-day dress shirts of paper that will cost less to buy than shirts now cost to launder. Other exponents of paper fashion feel the age of really traveling light is not far away. Before long, they say, a man will be able to take off on a business trip or vacation carrying little more than a toothbrush. He'll buy all his clothing needs in paper-wear at the hotel or resort lobby.

Farfetched? Perhaps. But it's already possible to go out for a paper and find yourself at the haberdasher's instead of a newsstand. **—Ron Butler**

IT'S INDIANS VS. PALEFACES AGAIN . . .

[*Continued from page* 58]

Supreme Court reversed a lower court decision and held that Indians could be subjected to reasonable and necessary regulations for conservation purposes. The Indian treaty, the judges said, amounted only to an easement or right of way to their accustomed fishing grounds. As the state stepped up its enforcement program, Indians went on the warpath.

The state said that only about 178 Indians from the scattered bands and tribes in the Puget Sound area were fishing off reservation and contrary to state law. But among them, meeting in councils of war, were some pretty determined braves —Donald "Dawn" McCloud, for one, a solid, broad-faced man and a longtime fighter for treaty rites ("I'm a bad Indian. The only good Indian is a dead Indian.") Among them, too, were Bill Frank, Jr., a famous fisherman, son of the oldest living Nisqually, for whom Frank's Landing was named, and Al Bridges, also of the Nisqually tribe, a lean man with deep-set eyes who speaks so seldom that even Indians call him The Silent Warrior.

Sometimes the long, bitter powwows lasted late into the night. Their only hope of fighting the state of Washington to a standstill, the Indians finally decided, was to take a leaf from the civil-rights movement and rally public opinion to their side. Not that they themselves were after civil rights. What they were after were uniquely Indian rights.

Public opinion did not rally easily. When they staged public fish-ins on the Nisqually and the Puyallup rivers they were arrested. When they marched with placards and drums on the capital, Olympia, or picketed the Department of Fisheries office in Seattle, all they got for their efforts were some curious stares from passersby and a few inches of type in the newspapers. And when they showed up at an Indian's trial in full regalia the judge ordered the court cleared.

"This is a heck of a note," an Indian growled, marching out in his warpaint. "So native American dress isn't dignified enough for an American court. And all the time the judge is swishing around up there in his long black robes."

But at night, along the banks of the rivers, another type of war altogether was being waged, a sort of running dogfight between Indians and game wardens which now and then blazed out into full-scale battles.

At 3 o'clock one morning, Fisheries and Game men, patrolling in separate cars, spotted two Indians net fishing in the Nisqually. The wardens promptly climbed out of their cars and had just started down the bank to arrest them when the night exploded into wild war whoops and Nisqually Indians, 30 strong and mad as hornets, leaped up out of the bushes.

The wardens managed to make it back to their cars through a barrage of rocks, sticks and dead fish, but once inside they were completely immobilized. Indians pressed in all around them. Several women and children among them scrambled up on top of the cars and beat a tattoo with their heels on the glass. One Indian shoved his face up close. "You guys have been confiscating our boats," he said. "Well, now we're confiscating state cars." As an afterthought he added, "Maybe we'll confiscate you, too."

While the war cries grew louder and fiercer and rocks bounced against the cars, the officers radioed for reinforce-

ments. After these came piling in, everybody settled down to a slugging match. Indians swinging at officers, officers laying about with nightsticks and trying to drag women off the cars.

Finally Thurston County Sheriff Clarence Van Allen arrived and after 15 minutes of very fast talk, managed to negotiate a truce ("You've made your point. Now you might just as well knock it off.") Two Indians were taken to the hospital for first aid. A number of officers were scratched and bruised but no arrests were made.

Minor set-tos kept cropping up all the time.

One day the word would be passed along that game protectors had rammed an Indian dugout canoe with their powerboat and arrested Al Bridges and Bill Frank, Jr., again. Al Bridges, The Silent Warrior, was still not doing any talking. He just kept on fishing and getting arrested—a total of eight times.

When Bill Frank was prevented from joining a fish-in where five Indians were arrested, he celebrated his 33rd birthday by putting on his own fish-in, directly in front of a game protector, in order to be arrested and join his friends in jail.

Eventually over 100 Indians were arrested, thousands of dollars' worth of fishing gear, boats, dugouts and nets had been confiscated, the Indians were staggering under a load of legal expenses and the courts were all jammed up with lawsuits.

As to the game wardens, they found themselves in an intolerable position. Whenever they made an arrest, they were apt to be set upon by a crowd of furious women and children.

Some of the tribal councils were anything but happy about the struggle. These tribal leaders hold firmly to the Indian right to fish off-reservation but the methods used by the hotbloods in the war offend them. They say these are not only undignified but injurious to the Indian cause which they believe will be upheld eventually by the federal courts. The fighters call them "Uncle Tom-ahawks."

And the fighters, at last, had been making headlines. The big break came when Marlon Brando arrived from Hollywood to fish-in with them. The morning he paddled out into the Puyallup, the shore was lined with newsmen, television cameras, sightseers, law-enforcement officers and what looked like half the Indian population of Washington. Paddling out with him were Bob Satiacum, a Puyallup Indian who had been fighting for Indian fishing rights since the 1950's, and Canon John Yaryan, an Episcopal clergyman up from San Francisco ("a very frightened patriot, 200 quivering pounds of fright").

A fine great belly laugh the crowd would have had, too, if the trio floated around all day without catching a fish. Brando and his crew were not about to take a chance like that. When the net went over the side, two steelheads were already in it, both very dead.

TRUE

"Well, if we can't lick them, we can always get them hooked on tobacco."

Steelheads are sea-run rainbow trout, classed as a food fish in Oregon but as a game fish in Washington. Netting them is strictly illegal according to Washington law. When the fishermen came paddling back to shore, they were promptly arrested, carried off to jail and then almost as promptly released. The affair was just a publicity stunt, the district attorney announced.

A very effective publicity stunt it turned out to be, too. Overnight, everybody in the Northwest knew about the Indians and their treaty rights. Most of the stories which hit the headlines had to do with the exploits of Bob Satiacum, a big, good-looking, hot-tempered man of the Puyallup tribe, a mighty fisherman and as colorful a personality as the Northwest had seen since the wild, old days.

Once he ran for lieutenant governor in the Democratic primary, campaigned in a splendid feathered war bonnet and managed to poll a surprising 30,000 votes. At the height of the salmon war, when he was looked on as a kind of Public Enemy Number One by the Department of Game, he applied for a job as game protector. On the application blank he admitted that he had been in jail (for taking fish contrary to Washington law), but he said he felt his vast knowledge of fishing more than made up for this.

Finally, as the greatest play of all, he decided to capture the mothballed battleship *Missouri*. The only trouble was, this time the ploy seemed to be falling a little flat. Even though Satiacum, magnificent in his war bonnet and accompanied by two other braves, paddled out in his canoe, nobody seemed particularly interested. There was not even a television camera in sight.

Satiacum decided to play it cool. No heroics. No violent boarding and taking possession. Instead he and another brave applied formally to Navy Capt. Gordon Williams for the loan of the warship to help the Indians in their salmon war. Captain Williams, taking it in stride, said he would refer the request to higher authority and invited the Indians to coffee on his command ship. The Indians responded with the gift of a smoked salmon.

Some Indians are disgruntled with Satiacum at the moment because of that feathered war bonnet he wears (the costume of Plains Indians, not of the Puget Sound tribes) and because he calls himself Chief Satiacum, a title, they say, to which he has no right at all.

Other detractors mention that during one three months' period he made $63,000 fishing.

"He was acting as agent for 100 Indians," his supporters explain with heat. Among his stanchest supporters is his wife, Su'Zan, tall, 23 years old and beautiful. She is also a fighter. On one occasion, restrained from raising a wigwam on the courthouse lawn, Su'Zan lunged at a policeman with a ceremonial spear, just grazing his side, and then, with the police in hot pursuit, took off down Tacoma Avenue—an unforgetable sight, swift as a deer, dressed all in white buckskin, beautiful black hair streaming out behind.

All these happenings were good for

headlines and laughs. But there was nothing laughable about the combats fought along the riverbanks—the Battle of Frank's Landing, for example.

In October of 1965, the Survival of the American Indian Association staged a fish-in on the Nisqually. By 3:30 in the afternoon, the crowd began to arrive, newsmen, photographers, television cameramen, sightseers and some 30 Indians, including the women and children. The fishermen shoved off from shore with Don "Dawn" McCloud and The Silent Warrior, Al Bridges, at the oars. Several cameramen, a young Indian named Dorian Sanchez, Don McCloud's two small sons and the family dog were also aboard. As the men began to set the net, two state boats headed toward them from the opposite shore.

It looked to Don McCloud's wife, Janet, as if the wardens were about to ram the boat, a usual procedure. Her husband and two young sons were in it and the younger boy could not swim. Janet McCloud, a small woman, the mother of nine, is a descendant of the famous Chief Seattle and one of the most fiery of the fighting Indians herself. So she just grabbed up a rock and let fly at the wardens. In a flash all the Indians began pelting the state men with everything they could lay their hands on.

About 35 Game and Fisheries men had been stationed at strategic spots along the river, so they moved in and the battle was on. The fracas that followed is the most controversial of the war. Game protectors were accused of brutality. Indians were accused of irresponsibility. In any case, when the dust had cleared away, three game protectors needed medical attention, one with two broken ribs, another with a head wound and a third who had lost a fingernail when he was hit by a flying rock. A number of Indians were bruised, but none seriously injured. Eight Indians were arrested, among them Don McCloud and The Silent Warrior.

The war seethed along all winter. At one time comedian Dick Gregory and his wife came up to fish-in with the Indians. Between them they were involved in hassles a number of times. Then in the spring of 1966, as the chinook started in from the sea, rebels from the Yakima Nation of the mid-Columbia grabbed up their guns and things began to get sticky.

The government had paid several Indian tribes $26 million for the loss of the fishing grounds at Celilo Falls, flooded when the dams were built. The Yakima Nation received $16 million of it, $3,720 for each man, woman and child of the tribe.

The Yakimas are a large and well-organized tribe with their own fishing regulations set up by the tribal council. But in the spring, a group of some 30 young Yakima rebels started a rival "fish commission" and announced that the salmon season would open two weeks before the tribal opening and a month before the official state opening. Within a week, 12 Indians on both sides of the river had been arrested.

Then one morning a big No Trespassing sign appeared at Cook's Landing, a three-acre point of land on the Washington side of the river. Somebody had written on it: "U.S. Indian Land. Trespassers shall be SHOT."

The Indians were not fooling, either. After that anybody pushing in close could see Willie Tillequots, an excellent marksman, up there on a bluff, cradling a .30-30 carbine and keeping an eye on the two 400-foot gill nets strung across the river.

Alvin Setler, who called himself attorney general for the rebel "fish commission," said the rumble started because about 14 officers, all well armed, had swarmed across some railroad tracks one night, arrested two Indians at Cook's Landing and confiscated 20 salmon. He spoke darkly of bringing action against them for trespass, false imprisonment and bearing arms on an Indian reservation. Not that the Cook's site is an Indian reservation. But it is federal land, set aside as Indian fishing ground in lieu of sites flooded by the dams.

Law-enforcement officers continued to patrol both sides of the river with orders to enforce the law where they were able to, but not to start shooting it out with Indians.

A few of the officers felt they had a pretty close shave, though. One night five game protectors tried to arrest two Indians and instead found themselves looking at the muzzle of a .30 caliber carbine. At the other end was the resolute Yakima face of Clarence Tahkeal. "You're under arrest," he said. "For trespassing."

Out of the corner of their eyes, the state men caught a glimpse of another Indian back in the bushes with a .22 rifle trained on them. They sat there for a "sweating spell of time" before a state trooper, called by the Indian, showed up and negotiated for their release.

All summer the Indians kept on pulling salmon out of their nets under the protection of armed guards. As winter set in, an unusual quiet settled on the rivers. In the Puget Sound area a number of the fighting leaders had found steady-paying jobs. Both Bob Satiacum and Don McCloud, for example, were working for construction companies. But the lawsuits and arguments dragged on.

Indians insist that in the 1850's, Governor Stevens expected them to earn their living by fishing. They quote a speech he made to other tribes a few months after the Medicine Creek treaty was signed. He was telling tribes assembled at Walla Walla why they had received 50 times as much land as the Puget Sound Indians who outnumbered them. "They (the Puget Sound Indians) have few horses and cattle. They have not 300 head. They take salmon and catch whales and make oil. They ask for no more land. They think they have land enough."

One Puget Sound Indian puts it this way: "The United States took 2,236,000 acres from the Indians under the treaty of Medicine Creek and gave back a fishing right the Indians already owned without restriction. If the treaty does not give us greater fishing rights than all citizens have, what did we get for our land?"

But the states have a powerful argument on their side, too. Edward Mains of the Washington Department of Fisheries summed it up this way: "The Indian population and fishermen are on the increase. Virtually all important salmon-producing rivers in the state are subject to Indian fisheries. Uncontrolled fisheries on these streams render all conservation measures completely useless in that they possess the capability of cutting deeply into the seed stock or destroying it completely."

On their side, Indians speak of white man's pollution of rivers by industrial waste, to the covering of spawning beds with silt from irrigation and the runoff from logged-over land and to the injury done fish runs by dams on the Columbia. Fish ladders make it possible for salmon to reach the spawning grounds upriver. But Indians point to the hundreds of circling fish hawks below John Day Dam, growing fat on mangled remains of young salmon caught in the turbines on the way to the ocean.

At one time it was suggested that the government buy the Indian fishing rights. The Indians refused to sell. At another time it was suggested that regulations for Indian fishing should be set up by a federal agency. The states of Oregon and Washington would not accept the idea.

As to the legal complexities involved, Mike Layton once wrote in the Sunday *Olympian*, "They are enough to make a wooden cigar-store Indian tear his hair." For example, Washington has the McCoy decision wherein the state Supreme Court held that Indians could be subjected to regulations for conservation purposes. But Oregon has the Umatilla case, a decision of the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeal in 1963 which put the burden of proving its regulations are reasonable and necessary onto the state, adding, "restriction of the fishing of Indians is justifiable only if necessary conservation cannot be accomplished by a restriction of the fishing of others."

Last winter three more decisions by the Washington Supreme Court reinforced the McCoy decision in the Puget Sound area. But up the Columbia, a superior court judge at Stevenson, Washington, and a circuit court judge in Oregon followed the Umatilla case and upheld the Indians' right to fish—but only as long as the Indians were fishing according to their own tribal regulations.

Not that any of these cases is going to settle the matter. The only thing either side can do is to tough it out until the problem makes its laborious way up to the United States Supreme Court for a final ruling. And then?

"If our treaty is not good, then the sacred treaties of the United States of America have no honor with any nation and the word of the U.S. President is but a whispering wind passing in the dark night." That's Bob Satiacum speaking.

"If solutions to the Indian fishing problem cannot be found, then it may be necessary to abandon the tremendous investment in salmon." That's according to the Washington State Department of Fisheries.

What will happen when those bright chinooks plough their way in from the ocean this season is anybody's guess.

—Jean Muir

"We must give the Beast a sign," the preacher told the members of the Action Squad.

THE KLANSMAN

[*Continued from page* 38]

soon as I pick him up, before I book him, I call his daddy or mama, or the welfare people, and I try to talk to him. I try to get him in the Army: God knows the Army helped me."

The Army did indeed help Big Track. Generations of Bascombs in Atoka County had never had anything or got anywhere. Not one Bascomb had ever finished high school, or owned the ground under his feet, or had a bank account, or been allowed to buy anything on credit that couldn't be repossessed. The Bascombs all worked in the woods, around the peckerwood sawmills. They lived in shacks, and each shack had a secondhand washing machine on its front porch and looked like its TV aerial might tip it over in a high wind.

Born in 1929, the year the Depression started and the sawmills stopped, Big Track had been hungry when he was three years old. That he lived to be any older was due to welfare vegetables and the federal minimum wage law. By 1945 he was the educated Bascomb: he reached the ninth grade before he dropped out to work in the woods. In 1947 he was trapped by his manhood. Under big moons, lying on pine needles with Maybelle Abernathy, he couldn't control himself; and when she budded he had no healthy choice but to become an 18-year-old married man. (The Abernathys lived in the woods, too; and they shot as straight, and as readily, as the Bascombs.)

In the Wildcat Big Track shook his head. I don't know how me and Maybelle stayed alive, he thought. We couldn't'a made it without Breck Stancill. He let us move into a shack on his land, and he talked young Doc Parker into letting Maybelle have the baby in that new hospital he'd set up in a empty store building. A lot o' credit's got to go to Maybelle. That little skinny, yellow-headed country gal has always had grit in her craw. She ain't never been scared in her life. She's always told me that we was gonna better ourselves and get somewhere and have something, and that our kids was gonna be somebody.

Big Track often shook his head and marveled at the way things turn out. That growth in Maybelle which had forced him to see the preacher had become the son who could score touchdowns and make his father throw his hat in the air. Not many sons ever make their fathers throw their hats in the air. Even more marvelous: Allen Bascomb was now in the 11th grade, and he was an "A" student. Not only did he know about forward passes, he also knew about *sines* and *cosines*, and he could listen to Huntley and Brinkley, even to Eric Sevareid, and understand every word they said.

As for the Army: skilled Americans go to the Army reluctantly and at financial loss. In 1950, when he was 21, Big Track, who was unskilled, went to the Army proudly and at financial gain. He bettered himself when he became an Army private: he wore warmer clothes, and he put more bread in his son's mouth and more cash in Maybelle's thrifty hand. The Army bettered itself by employing Big Track because soldiering was an employment at which he could quickly become skillful. He took to weapons. There was war in Korea; it was not a popular war; so the Army needed gook killers, and Big Track became expert at gook killing. Young platoon leaders, just out of West Point, wanted Corporal Bascomb, then Sergeant Bascomb, with them on night patrols. One night a "human sea" of screaming gooks, bugles blowing, attacked the patrol; and when relief arrived the only man alive and standing fast was Sergeant Bascomb, surrounded by 39 dead and dying gooks.

The free world was grateful. By battlefield promotion Sergeant Bascomb became Lieutenant Bascomb; and in the White House rose garden, with Maybelle and a four-year-old boy looking on, President Truman saluted Big Track and placed around his neck the Congressional Medal of Honor. That night Maybelle and Big Track and their son slept in the Mayflower Hotel as guests of the grateful people of the United States of America.

The people of Alabama and Atoka County were grateful. Big Track and Maybelle returned to a new, $12,000 gift home, with all-electric appliances, in Ellenton, and to membership in the First Baptist Church. Big Track became a deputy sheriff until 1958 when he was elected sheriff. He became Post Commander of the Buford Bascomb Post, American Legion; vice-president of the Lions Club; and commander of the Ellenton Gun Club. In 1962, the year George Wallace was elected governor of Alabama, Big Track was reelected sheriff.

In the Wildcat Big Track said: "Son, there's just one thing that you and me and your mama want now. We all know what it is, and we're all aiming at it. You're gonna go to West Point. The congressman has promised to appoint you. So next year I'm gonna get reelected, and I'm gonna get the congressman reelected if I have to hold a gun on every voter in the district. You're gonna go to West Point. Being the son of a Medal of Honor winner helps your chances, and being a all-state halfback damn sure ain't never hurt the chances of any boy tryin' to get in West Point. So you're gonna go. When a man comes out of West Point he can give orders from the start. Flunkeys carry his gear and make up his bunk. Nobody never looks down on him. He travels in a reserved seat, and goes right on up the ladder. I know because I seen it. That's what you're gonna have, Al."

Big Track and Allen had left Ellenton early Saturday morning. They drove south, through Tuscaloosa, then southeast to Montgomery, and stopped at the State Capitol. The Selma-to-Montgomery march by supporters of the Negro Movement had

ended two weeks earlier. Big Track and Allen, and everybody else in Atoka County, had followed it on Huntley and Brinkley.

"Now we'll hear the other side," said Big Track. "We'll hear it from the governor and the troopers and Jim Clark."

The governor first had himself photographed standing between Big Track and Allen, welcoming them to the Cradle of the Confederacy. Then he led them to a window and pointed to where the marchers, "males and females together, white and black," engaged in a mass urination, right there in the street, "just opening up and letting fly by the numbers," so that urine "flowed down the gutters like spring rain."

"That's the sort of troublemakers that Johnson and Bobby Kennedy and Katzenbach and Earl Warren sent into this great state," the governor said. "Punks, whores, scum, kooks, atheists and perverts. Everything you heard on TV is lies told by liars who hate me and Alabama. Just let the troopers show you the true pictures and affidavits. They'll turn your stomach."

Big Track and Allen were shown enlarged photographs of some of the beatniks in the Selma March: the arms of white females around the necks of Negro males; the hands of Negro males on the rumps and breasts of white females; a Negro male and a white female kissing and "sucking each other's tongues"; a Negro male and a white male kissing; and a Negro male and white male lying under a tree each with a hand in the other's crotch.

"Old Long Ears calls that the Great Society," a state trooper explained.

"Yeah, that's Bobby Kennedy's Freedom Now," another trooper added. "That's Sweet-Jesus Freedom after We Shall Overcome."

A third trooper asked: "Why didn't Huntley and Brinkley show them pictures? Then people could a' knowed what the march was all about."

A Montgomery policewoman's affidavit read: "There were white and Negro people all over the Ripley Street side of St. Margaret's Hospital. Many of them were kissing and hugging. One couple on the hospital lawn were engaged in sexual intercourse: a skinny blonde white woman and a Negro man. After they were through she wiggled out from under him and over to another Negro man lying near them and he mounted her."

There were other such statements.

KKK

When Big Track and Allen were leaving the Capitol, the governor spoke to them again. "We're gonna win this war, Big Track. We've lost a few battles, but we're winning the war. All we got to do is fight, fight, fight! Stand up for Alabama! The real Americans are already behind us. We're gonna win."

"Well, governor," said Big Track, "we been mighty lucky up in my county. The outsiders ain't tried to bother our niggers yet, and I'm hoping they won't try."

"They'll try. But you can handle them. If you need any help the troopers will give it to you."

The trooper who was the governor's bodyguard grinned. "I can't see Big Track needin' much help. A man who can kill 39 gooks in one shooting match ain't likely to need help handling a few punk agitators."

Driving toward Selma, along the route of the march, Big Track was told over the radio that a trooper would meet him at the spot where Mrs. Viola Liuzzo was slain by Ku Klux Klansmen for having participated in the march. The trooper was waiting, and he showed Big Track and Allen where the Detroit woman's Oldsmobile stopped off the road after she was shot.

"We want you to get the truth of this, Big Track," the trooper said. "You heard Old Long Ears go on TV and get all hot in the collar about Ku Klux killing this pore innocent woman. But he didn't tell it all. When we stripped this woman we took off a dress and a slip, and she was wearing some kinda little old girdle up here around her hips. But her crotch was bare's a possum's ass. And she was driving that car at night with a Freedom Now black buck setting right close up next to her."

Big Track asked: "Did the doc find any sign that she'd been popped that night?"

The Trooper shrugged. "Course not. We found rubbers scattered the whole 51 miles from Selma to Montgomery."

After Big Track and Allen resumed their journey, driving on toward Selma, Big Track said: "Al, you're a little young for me to be lettin' you listen to all this friggin' talk."

"I'm 17, Dad. And big for my age."

"I know how old you are. I aimed for you to spend most of this trip studyin' your history and geography lessons. Not listenin' to talk like that."

A few miles further Allen asked: "Dad, did that woman from Detroit deserve to be killed?"

Big Track chewed his cigar and didn't want to answer. "It's hard to say. I won't say she deserved to be killed. I don't know enough about what all she'd been doing. Or what kinda fool notion she had to bring her 'way off down here. But one thing's sure. There's something wrong with a 39-year-old woman who runs off with a gang like that and leaves her own kids wonderin' why she's gone and when she's coming back. There's something she ain't findin' at home that she wants mighty bad."

At Selma Allen wanted to see places he had seen on television: the restaurant in which troopers slew Jimmie Lee Jackson; the tree under which Rev. James Reeb was bludgeoned to death; and the bridge at which, before TV cameras, troopers tear gassed marchers and beat them to the ground where they were run over by horsemen of Sheriff Clark's posse. After visiting these places, Big Track and Allen met Sheriff Clark at his office.

"I tell you, Big Track," said the sheriff, "you had to see it to believe it. I never thought I'd live to see a fine, old, cultured American city like Selma ravaged by a filthy mob. Perverts! Whores! Liars! Scum of the earth! To think that such scum could have the protection of the courts and the President of the United States! Whatever it costs us we've got to stop it. This is a war we got to win. Just look at our affidavits. They'll boil your blood."

Again Big Track and Allen read more affidavits: "white females building up the sexual desires of Negro males, rubbing and kissing, then hiding behind a tree, or doing it before God and everybody."

KKK

About 4 p.m. Big Track and Allen left Selma and drove the 160 miles south to Mobile. En route they didn't talk much. But Allen said: "Dad, we both watched the Selma march news on TV. Not all those people looked like kooks. Was . . . frigging . . . was that *all* that the march was about?"

"Well," answered Big Track, "I guess there was a few good people in the march. Just mixed up and thought they might be doin' some good. But in a white man's mind all that this agitation comes down to is frigging."

"Why? Can't a Negro vote without frigging a white girl?"

"I don't know. Maybe. Maybe a few good, sound niggers can. But maybe friggin' goes with votin'. Most white men in Alabama figure that once we let the bars down, once niggers mix in white schools and churches and courthouses, then there's just boun' ta be more and more frigging."

"Is that why all those pictures and documents we looked at, why they were all about sex and nothing else?"

"It just comes down to that, Al. A white man just naturally hates to think about a black hand on a white girl. The very thought of it makes him sick. And if he sees in his mind a nigger actually climbing a white woman, a red-blooded white man goes crazy as a bat. It's just more'n he can bear. He wants to kill somebody."

After another long silence, Big Track said: "I'd just as soon we'd not been in that picture with Wallace."

"I thought you liked Wallace."

"Well, I kinda like him," said Big Track. "But in politics you got to look after Number One. I can help Wallace get reelected, but he can't help me get reelected. Lots o' voters in Atoka County think he's Jesus. But there's a good many that don't like him. I got to get votes from all kinds. I'm making a whole lot more money as sheriff than I could ever make doin' anything else. I got to have that money, for you, for your two sisters to go to the university, and for all the other things we want that we ain't got yet. So it was all right for us to see the governor, and shake his hand, but I didn't figure on no picture. It could hurt us."

"Well, don't worry about it, Dad," Allen said. "It can't hurt much."

"Maybe not," said Big Track. "But when it comes to helping you get in West Point what good can Wallace do? It's the

United States of America that's got to pay your way to West Point. Wallace is fighting a war with the United States. If you and me are Wallaceites, somebody may be standing in the door up at West Point tryin' to keep you out."

In Mobile Big Track and Allen checked into a motel, had dinner, and went to the wrestling matches. Then they walked around a few minutes, went back to the motel, turned on the TV and got ready for bed. They both felt lonely. Big Track remembered nights when he walked streets in San Francisco and Tokyo looking for excitement. He didn't look for excitement in cities any more, not even during Legion conventions. A public servant can get in trouble at night in a city, trouble that can cost him an election and embarrass his family.

Allen began feeling lonely when he unpacked their hand bag. On one bed he laid his father's pajamas, on the other bed his own. He could feel his mother's hand on the cloth. She had made both pairs, washed them, ironed them, packed them neatly in the bag. Maybelle Abernathy Bascomb was a backwoods girl with an eighth-grade education who had got knocked up and had to get married at 17. But with her family she had lived by one rule: she was always *there*. Except for the eight days and nights when she was in the hospital, bearing her two daughters, no child of hers had ever waked up, or come home from school and not found her *there*. Allen had heard her say: "A mother's put in this world to keep her children and her husband from being scared. Every day she's got to say to her family: 'Hold your head up. Work hard. Be honest. Get your lessons. Say your prayers. Your mother or your wife loves you and thinks you're the most important living human. You're gonna be somebody and have something.' "

Allen felt disturbed: the whole day had disturbed him. He wished he was at home, in his own bed, with his mother sewing in the next room. He wished he was parked in the woods, up on Stancill's Mountain, with his girl, Billie Jean. But he was also glad to be with his father, his bighearted, big-tracked father, who was now in his pajamas and his big bare feet crawling into the other bed.

KKK

On Sunday morning Big Track and Allen drove south, along Mobile Bay. They crossed the new bridge to Dauphin Island and walked along the beach picking up shells. After lunch they returned to the Mobile docks and visited the battleship *Alabama*. In 1964 the United States gave the ship to Alabama, and school children paid to have it towed from Seattle, through the Panama Canal, and installed in Mobile Bay as a tourist attraction and as "a shrine, a perpetual memorial to the valor of American arms in two Pacific wars."

It was a bright, warm, April Sunday afternoon. Hundreds of tourists were aboard the ship or along the dock. Martial music paraded from many loudspeakers: "Dixie," "Anchors Aweigh" and "God Bless America." Flags waved. Spirits were lifted by the tonic of spring sunshine and pride of race and country.

"This old ship helped us kill a lot o' gooks," Big Track told Allen.

When Big Track signed the visitors' book he was recognized by employes of the Tourist Bureau, so a photographer was summoned to pose the great Medal of Honor winner visiting the *Alabama*. Big Track was photographed in color, standing on the dock gazing with pride at the fighting ship, and standing on the main deck pointing out to his son the pictorial record of enemy planes shot down by the ship's guns. The crowd learned the big man's identity, so he was recruited by fathers and mothers to pose with their seven-year-old sons, sitting on guns, leaning on guns, and looking at guns.

Big Track grinned and said: "I feel like I'm running for governor."

Around 3:30 p.m. Big Track and Allen went to the Mobile County jail and picked up the punk. Then they headed due north, on U.S. 43, which crosses western Alabama, south-to-north, from Mobile, through Demopolis, Tuscaloosa and Ellenton, to Muscle Shoals and the Tennessee line. During the five-hour trip to Ellenton they stopped only once.

By 8:30 p.m. they had passed through Tuscaloosa and were nearing the Atoka County line. The curves became sharper and more frequent, the hills higher, with more bluffs and boulders visible in the lights. Big Track and Allen knew that the great dark stretches were gorges and vistas of loblolly pine. The infrequent lights were in big chicken houses.

"Yeah, we've had a good trip," observed Big Track, yawning. "But home'll look good to us. Seems like we been gone a week."

Allen was glad to see the city limits sign, and turn down the familiar street, past the high school, to the courthouse square. The clock in the courthouse tower was striking 9 when the Wildcat stopped at the little new, pink-bricked, two-story jail.

Big Track didn't know it, but inside his jail trouble was waiting for him.

KKK

At 11:30 a.m. on Sunday, while Big Track and Allen Bascomb were in Mobile, Sheriff's Deputy Butt Cut Cates sat in the jail in Ellenton reading:

A gale of chivalrous passion and high action, contagious and intoxicating, swept the white race. The Ku Klux Klan was the resistless movement of a race. The secret weapon with which they struck was the most terrible and efficient in human history. These pale hosts of white-and-scarlet horsemen struck where the power of resistance was weakest and the blow least expected. Discovery or retaliation was impossible. Not a single disguise was ever penetrated. All was planned and ordered as by destiny. The accused was tried by secret tribunal, sentenced without a hearing, executed in the dead of night without warning, mercy or appeal. The movements of the Klan were like clockwork, without a word, save the whistle of the Night Hawk, the crack of his revolver, and the hoofbeat of swift horses moving like figures in a dream, and vanishing in mists and shadows.

It was a passage from *The Clansman*, a novel published in 1905, and from which a film was made. When released the film, too, was titled *The Clansman*, but this was changed to *Birth of a Nation*. In 1960-65 *Birth of a Nation* was the "theme film" of the Ku Klux Klan. It was used to recruit new members and reassure old ones. It was frequently shown in small town drive-in theaters, after which Klan recruiters said prayers, set fire to a cross, and led the singing of "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Old Rugged Cross."

Because *Birth of a Nation* was endorsed by Woodrow Wilson, and because *The Clansman* contains quotations from Abraham Lincoln which comfort Klansmen, all Ku Klux Klansmen are taught to regard Lincoln and Wilson as their benefactors. Many Klansmen learn and recite passages from *The Clansman* as though they were Bible verses.

Butt Cut was not reading the novel, *The Clansman*: he didn't read books. He was reading "Passages from *The Clansman*," featured in a Ku Klux Klan bulletin. He read further:

Lincoln said: "I can conceive of no greater calamity than the assimilation of the Negro into our social and political life as our equal."

The physical touch of a Negro is pollution.

You call Klansmen midnight assassins? It is the question of who should possess the power of life or death, the men who love a community or those who would degrade it.

Butt Cut's nickname was common in a county where the principal occupation was the growing and processing of pine trees, either for lumber or pulpwood. Twenty-nine years old, Butt Cut Cates was five-feet-six and weighed 190. He was a human bulldozer. With a gangling, redheaded wife and four stumpy sons, his ambitions were to see himself sheriff, to see Earl Warren impeached and to see George Wallace President.

The bulletin from which Butt Cut was reading was one he had just brought from the post office. Either as sheriff, or as a past post commander of the American Legion, or as commander of the Ellenton Gun Club, Big Track was on the free mailing list of 24 organizations dedicated to the proposition that America is being destroyed from within.

Every day Butt Cut brought from the post office an armload of revelations and exhortations. Every day he skimmed through this post-office literature and scissored out what struck him as the direst warnings. Once each week he took his accumulated clippings to Hardy Riddle, superintendent of the Atoka Lumber Company, and Hardy's secretary made 200 Xerox copies of each clipping. Then Butt Cut taped the copies to bulletin

boards at the courthouse, the city hall, the post office, the Legion hall, the Masonic Temple, Cora's Cafe, Flack's Barbershop, and the high schools. He also kept a stack of clippings atop the flush tank of every public WHITES ONLY toilet in Ellenton.

"It's the patriotic duty of the sheriff's office," Butt Cut said, "to try to git the truth to as many real red-blooded Americans as has eyes to see."

Butt Cut frowned as he thought of the conflict which had grown out of his bulletin board activities. Only one citizen of Atoka County had ever displayed any objection to the efforts of the sheriff's office "to git the truth to real Americans." That one was Breck Stancill.

Breck lived on Stancill's Mountain, five miles from Ellenton, and whenever he came to town and noticed one of Butt Cut's clippings on a bulletin board, he performed an unchanging ritual. He walked to the board, hung his aluminum walking stick in the crook of his arm, took out his pocket knife, and, loud enough for every watcher to hear, he spoke one word: "Trash!" Then he cut the tape, jerked off the clipping, crumpled it, and tossed it into the nearest trash basket.

Even if Butt Cut was watching, or Big Track, or Hardy Riddle, Breck never changed the routine. On one occasion, which everybody heard about, Breck was in the barber chair and Ed Flack was cutting his hair. Hardy Riddle was in the next chair. Five or six men were sitting around, talking, waiting their turns. Big Track and Butt Cut came in.

Breck spoke to them, as friendly as anybody. But when Ed Flack finished the hair cut, and gave Breck the final dusting, and handed him his walking stick, everybody tensed up. Breck paid Ed Flack, put on his hat, and started out. Then he noticed the bulletin board. When he began his routine, all the bystanders got ready to duck, figuring that Butt Cut couldn't take it before Hardy Riddle and Big Track and the whole damn county!

Then Breck said "Trash!" A little louder than usual. Everybody heard it. Hardy Riddle's jaw hardened. Big Track looked at the floor. Butt Cut's face lost color. But nothing happened. Breck crumpled up the clippings, and went over and threw them in the can where Ed Flack threw the dirty towels. Then Breck walked out.

When Breck was gone, nobody in the barbershop said a word, not until Ed Flack cleared his throat and started talking about the Alabama-Tennessee football game.

Back in the sheriff's office Butt Cut tried to have a showdown with Big Track about it. "How long we gonna let that one-legged bastard keep calling us trash?"

"I don't know," said Big Track. "When he says trash I don't know if he's calling me trash, or you trash, or if he's just calling what you put up there trash."

"He's spittin' in my face," said Butt Cut. "He's got no right to tear down what I put up. And he's causin' younguns to start doin' it. Two or three football players are startin' to tear down what I put up. I ain't got their names yit, but I'll git 'em. We got to tangle with Breck Stancill! I tell'ya right now I ain't gonna let that s'nuvabitch spit in my face again!"

Big Track exhaled a cloud of cigar smoke. "Yeah, y'are," he said. "When Breck spits in'ya face just use'ya sleeve and go paste'ya bulletins back up. There's lots'a reasons why you ain't gonna tangle with Breck Stancill. First off, he's one-legged. That right leg was blowed off six inches above his knee at Iwo Jima. He was a Marine lieutenant, and a goddam good'n. He got the Silver Star and the Navy Cross. He's the only man in this county who's killed as many gooks as me."

"Then why ain't he a red-blooded American? What's he doin' being a lousy nigger-lover?"

Big Track replied: "Breck ain't no nigger-lover, even if he has got that bunch'a old nigger relief hounds livin' out there on the mountain with him. He's just a one-legged man who don't like Ku Klux. He thinks George Wallace is a piss-ant, and he ain't afraid to say so. That's the only difference between him and you."

Butt Cut was puzzled. "You takin' up for that s'nuvabitch?"

"Naw," said Big Track. "I ain't taking his side. I'm just tellin' you the way it is. If I ever tangled with Breck I'd have my own wife and boy to fight. It goes back to '47 when I wasn't nobody but a pore, scared kid with a knocked up wife and my own daddy in bed with his back broke. The man who give us a shack to live in, and something to eat, and went to bat for us was Breck Stancill. And hell he was just four-five years older'n me, just back from the war and the hospitals, still falling around and cussing, tryin'ta learn to walk with that tin leg and ride his horse in the woods. So Breck's been my friend, and if I was hungry today I could still set down at his table and eat."

"The s'nuvabitch may be yo' friend," said Butt Cut. "But he ain't mine. And he's gonna git knocked flat on his one-legged ass!"

"Well," said Big Track, "whoever does the knockin' better knock fast. Because Breck can break a man's neck with his hands. He learned karate in the Marines. And he can shoot a lot straighter'n you can."

"He don't scare me," sneered Butt Cut. "I got friends. They know ways."

"They sure do," said Big Track. "They can shoot Breck's dog and his horse. They can fire his woods. They can hide in the bushes and shoot him in the back. Maybe that's what'll happen. But, by god, I ain't gonna do it. And as long as you work for me you ain't gonna do it."

KKK

A few minutes before noon a Chevrolet pickup pulled into the jail's parking lot, and two men got out and rushed into the jail. They were Sy Shaneyfelt and Tag Taggart, and they were Night Hawks, or armed lookouts, for the Ku Klux Klan. Sy, 32, worked in a filling station; and Tag, 28, fixed cars at a shack on the edge of Ellenton.

"Git on yo' horse, Butt Cut," said Sy. "Two agitators got in here last night. A white preacher and a bearded nigger. They went to Stancill's Mountain and saw a nigger gal named Loretta Sykes."

"Ain't Loretta in Chicago?" asked Butt Cut.

"She come back in here last week. We figger she joined the Apes-and-Alligators [NAACP] up north, and they sent her back to fix a nest fer agitators on Stancill's Mountain."

"Is Loretta out there on the mountain now?"

"We seen her there not more'n 20 minutes ago. That's what we come runnin' in here fer. The two outsiders is gone, so you got to git out there and grab her."

"This is D-Day, Butt Cut," Tag said. "They're startin' in on Atoka County right now. We got to move fast and nip it in the bud."

Butt Cut hesitated, then asked: "Is Breck Stancill out there on the mountain? Did'ya see him anywhere?"

"Naw," said Tag. "He ain't out there today. His pickup's settin' right up here at the bus station. He went to Birmingham this morning to see that woman o his'n. He won't be back till the 10:20 bus tonight."

Butt Cut felt excited as he got in his white Ford sedan and pulled out of the parking lot. He had to move slowly because the Baptists were pouring from their church, in their Easter outfits, clogging the sidewalk and the street, shaking hands, smiling, patting each other on the back, praising the sermon, and admiring the dogwoods and the azaleas. Two blocks further Butt Cut was caught in a similar jam at the Methodist Church, and even when he reached the countryside he had to drive carefully because the country people were leaving their churches, crowding the road, hurrying home to their Sunday dinners.

Perhaps it was the sight of all these good, happy, Christian people; perhaps it was the weight of command, with Big Track 277 miles away; but for some reason Butt Cut felt a heavier burden of responsibility than he had ever felt before. These good and happy people were looking to him to protect their way of life.

As he hurried toward Stancill's Mountain, Butt Cut felt as if he were activating a military defense plan. In his mind he could see the map of the county as a defense problem:

A rectangle, 20 by 30 miles; a perimeter of 100 miles; an area of 600 square miles; 384,000 acres; inhabited by 16,519 people, of whom 4,877 were Negroes. With the courthouse in the center of the county. With a fourth of the people living within the city limits of Ellenton. With another fourth living within two miles of Ellenton, around the two big lumber mills, the heading mill (wooden kegs), and the yards for collecting pulpwood. With the other 8,000-odd people scattered through the county, in the pine forests, at crossroads settlements, and on 40-acre farms with chicken houses, three-to-10-acre cotton allotments, and pastures with small herds of cattle.

It was Butt Cut's job to defend this land and these people from agitators. So his excitement increased as he neared the foot of Stancill's Mountain.

While hoping the sheriff's car would not come, Loretta Sykes had been expecting it. She watched Butt Cut get out of the

white Ford, and she waited for his call from the yard: "Hello! Anybody home?" Then she opened the door and faced him.

"You looking for someone, Sheriff?"

"Yeah," said Butt Cut. "You Loretta Sykes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anybody else in the house?"

"Only my mother. She's ill and in bed. Would you like to step in?"

Butt Cut eyed her closely. "Naw," he said, "we'll just stand out here and talk. Come on out."

"May I get my sweater?"

"Okay. But don't keep me waitin'."

Loretta stepped inside and put on a blue sweater over her short-sleeved, gray dress. She was 22 and about the size of Leslie Uggams. She was darker than Miss Uggams, but not as dark as Sammy Davis, Jr., (Alabama Negroes describe their color in relation to TV personalities). Most persons would have called her nice looking, but not a beauty or a high-yellow sex trap. She appeared neat, intelligent and capable; and in Chicago she earned $105 a week as a secretary for Montgomery-Ward. Her hands were her best feature: long, graceful, efficient.

When she and Butt Cut stood together in the yard, they both knew that eyes in two other shacks were watching them.

"How long you been up in Chicago?" he asked.

"Three years," she said. "Well, almost three years. I left in May, the day after I finished high school in Ellenton. You know how we 'go Greyhound' when we get that high school diploma, Sheriff."

"Yeah. Out'a Slavery and Up to the Promised Land. When'd'ya git back?"

"A week ago yesterday."

"What'd'ya come back fer?"

"My mother has cancer. She's a terminal case. Doctor Parker says she has maybe a month to live. There's no one else to nurse her, and she wants to die and be buried here on Stancill's Mountain. So I had to take a leave of absence from my job and come back."

Butt Cut's jaw hardened. "Don't lie to me nigger! You ain't in Chicago now! You know goddam well what I'm doin' here. Yo' ass is in a sling and you know it. Who was here with'ya last night?"

Loretta hesitated, then said: "Two men were here last night. Reverend Franklin and Charles Peck."

"You let them two communist agitators come in'ya house and spend the night with'ya?"

"They came to my door," Loretta said slowly. "I didn't know they were coming. I would have preferred that they not come. I'm here to help a good woman get into her grave with dignity. So I'm hardly in position to become involved in the Movement here. I had never met either of them. Reverend Franklin says he is a Presbyterian and a Democrat. Mr. Peck is with Rev. Martin Luther King. Once they were at my door I couldn't refuse to let them enter. They stayed about an hour and left. I don't know where they are now."

Butt Cut rocked on his heels and stuck his right thumb in his gun belt. "Well, that's a bunch'a lies and you know it. But at least you confess that this house was used fer conspirin' last night. What'd'ya talk about?"

"The Movement."

"We Shall Overcome?"

"If that's what you call it."

"Freedom Now?"

"Yes, sir. They talked about a new Voting Rights Bill they expect Congress to pass this summer. They talked about trying to get a thousand Negroes registered to vote in Atoka County."

Butt Cut was surprised at how readily she confessed. "Well, you're guilty of conspiring against the peace and dignity of Atoka County."

Loretta lowered her head and tried to think of something to say or do. She considered saying: "Sheriff, look at this rotting, two-room shack in which I was born. It has no plumbing. We used to use tar paper to try to keep the wind and the rain from coming through the walls, the roof and the floor. Now we use a clear plastic that Mister Stancill gives us. When I was 14, Mister Stancill gave me a rebuilt old typewriter and told me it could spell FREEDOM for me if I could become the best typist in America. Can you imagine, Sheriff, how many hours I beat on that old typewriter in that shack? How hard I studied my shorthand and typing in high school in Ellenton? How hard my mother worked to keep me fed and clean? How, in Chicago, I worked during the day and went to business school at night? And after all this effort, Sheriff, to escape from Atoka County, to escape from dirt, dung, decay and degradation, can you imagine that I would ever come back here *one day* except to repay part of my debt to a dying mother? As much as I admire the Movement, can you imagine that, even to help the Movement, I would risk coming back here even for one hour!" Loretta only considered saying that. But she didn't say it. She knew it would further enrage the sheriff.

"Now here's another crime you're guilty of," said Butt Cut. "One of them agitators was white. You know it's against the law fer a nigger gal to . . . to shack up with a white man. They got a fancy word for it, but it means screwing."

Loretta shook her head. "Nothing like that went on here last night."

Butt Cut snickered. "I bet it didn't! I can just see you now, standin' up before a jury, swearin' that you and two buck agitators spent Saturday night in a shack in the woods together, and all'ya done was say'ya prayers and count nigger votes and sing 'We Shall Overcome!' Can't'cha just see a jury in Ellenton believin' that!"

After a pause Butt Cut added: "I'm takin'ya to jail. Fer further investigation."

"Won't you let me make bond? So that I can stay with my mother?"

"How could you make bond?"

"Mister Stancill will make it for me."

"He ain't here."

"He'll be back this evening."

"It ain't time to talk about bond yit," said Butt Cut. "I ain't finished investigatin'. Let's go."

"Will you let me go inside and tell my mother and get a few things?"

"Fer just a minute," he said. "But I'll go with you. I don't want to spend a Sunday afternoon chasin' yo' black ass through the woods."

Inside the shack not one word passed between Butt Cut and the dying woman who lay in the old iron bed. She looked at Butt Cut, who didn't take his hat off, and she knew that words wouldn't help.

Butt Cut looked around. He noticed the pictures of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. Those pictures had replaced Lincoln's in 1934 when James Farley distributed millions of Roosevelt pictures as part of his successful campaign to take the Negroes away from the Republicans. Butt Cut noticed the old typewriter which had spelled FREEDOM for Loretta, and the TV set which was newer and larger than his own. The federal government had not brought plumbing to such shacks, but through the TVA and the REA it had brought electricity.

The only words spoken were by Loretta. When she had put a few things in a handbag she knelt by her mother, kissed her, and held her hand. "Don't worry, Mother," she said. "I'll be back before dark. The neighbors will look after you while I'm gone. No harm is coming to me. You get your rest, and look at TV, and I'll be back in time to watch Ed Sullivan with you."

Her mother clung to her daughter's hand, choked on fear, and prayed to God. She knew that only God and Breck Stancill could help Loretta now. And Breck wouldn't be back for nine hours.

KKK

At 1:50 p.m. on Sunday Loretta Sykes was locked in a cell in the Atoka County Jail. Since she was the only Negro female in the jail, she was alone in the cell block reserved for Negro females. She placed her hand against her bosom and felt how fast her heart was beating. She was terrified, but she was educated enough not to panic but to reflect on what had happened, what mistakes she may have made, and how she might help herself.

When she was 14 her mother told her: "Lord, child, you got to learn to look after yo'self! When a colored girl gits out'a her mammy's sight, she ain't got *no-body* to take her part. A white girl's got a daddy 'n' de High Sheriff 'n' mos' every-body to take up fo' her. But a colored girl? Even iffen she's got a daddy, iffen he raises a fingah he gits his haid blowed off. And yo' ain't got no daddy. I can't rightly say who yo' daddy wuz. Three o' fo' men wuz a-tendin' to me purty reg'lar 'fore you come, and hit don't matter much which'un planted de seed whut sprouted. A

colored girl lak you, whut's smart 'n' purty, yo' got to be lak a vixen. Yo' got to look 'way off 'n' smell dem dawgs a-comin' so's yo' can run 'n' hide 'n' make sho' *no-body* evah gits yo' in a tight place."

Loretta sighed. This time she had not been as smart as a vixen. So she was in a tight place. As helpless as a snared rabbit.

What everybody in Atoka County knew about Loretta was that from the time she was 15 until she was 19 and went off to Chicago she avoided Negro males. On many afternoons, after she got back to Stancills Mountain on the school bus, she hung around Breck Stancill's house. She helped clean up for him. She typed his letters. And since Breck lived alone out there in the woods without a wife, everybody, white and Negro, could see plain as day that he was lifting Loretta's skirt. Nobody doubted it. Nobody ever disputed it. But it wasn't true.

One afternoon Breck had come in from the woods and was grooming his horse, a palomino named Dan. The weather was hot, so Loretta took him a pitcher of iced tea. It was her 16th birthday, and she had on a new red dress and had her hair fixed different. She wanted him to notice her and he did. Then he said: "Loretta, go in the house and look on my desk and bring me that letter from Montgomery-Ward." When she brought the letter he said: "Sit down over there on that bench and read it to me."

Breck went right on working as Loretta read:

Dear Mr. Stancill:

In reply to your letter let me emphasize that we are indeed hiring capable and personable Negro girls from Alabama with high school educations.

We regard such a girl as the best buy for Montgomery-Ward on the Chicago labor market. The reasons, I'm sure are readily apparent to you.

The ambitious Negro girl from Alabama wants to move rapidly from serfdom to the middle class. So she is the most acquisitive member of our society today. She will save on food to buy a refrigerator. So she becomes a good customer for Montgomery-Ward as well as a dependable employee. We have found that Negro buying power is ACTIVE buying power.

The white girl we hire may quit when she gets married, or when her first child comes. The Negro girl from Alabama is much less likely to quit. She wants that little FHA home too much, with all that can go in it. She demands much more of her husband than Negro women once could demand. She wants her children to go to college. So she continues to work, often throughout her employable life. This doubly benefits Montgomery-Ward: the longer she works the more she buys.

Please convey our best wishes to Miss Loretta Sykes. Urge her, by all means, to study hard, to become an expert typist, to learn all she can about the operation of business machines. Then, when she has her diploma, assure her that Montgomery-Ward will be waiting to welcome her, to help her, and for her to help us build the better life for all Americans.

When she finished reading neither Loretta nor Breck said anything for a while. Loretta was thinking and rereading. Then Breck said: "You understand what that means?"

"Yes, sir. It means I got to work."

"Sure does," said Breck. "You're a smart girl. Nice looking. A valuable human being. You want to go somewhere and have something. You don't want to live like your mother lives. You want your child to know who his daddy is. You want the daddy to marry you, and cherish you, and help you acquire a home, a Chevrolet, and an all-electric kitchen. You want your kids to go to college. That's good. I admire you for it."

Breck lifted Dan's left fore hoof and examined a loose shoe. Then he continued: "But if you want to join the middle class you must value what they value. To belong to the regulars you must be regular. So beside working here's something else you must do. Keep your skirt down and your legs crossed. Sex without prospect of marriage is for the irregulars. It isn't for strivers. When you finish high school and get up to Chicago, don't drop your guard. Don't let any selfish, reckless, irresponsible bastard get you in a tight place. Find you a man who wants what you want. Then marry him and hitch him to the plow. Make him bring home the paycheck, and be a daddy to his kids, and stay home on Saturday and mow the lawn."

Loretta, on her 16th birthday, had been solemn and a little scared when she said: "I know what you mean, Mistah Breck. I'm gonna do exactly what you say."

Now, sitting on the bunk in the jail cell, scared half to death, she almost smiled as she remembered. She had, in fact, done exactly what Breck Stancill told her to do. Except that she hadn't yet found her man, so now she was an aging, 22-year-old virgin. She remembered the question she had then asked Breck: "Mistah Breck, why haven't you done what you're telling me to do? Why haven't you gone off somewhere and done something big? Why don't you have a wife, and children in high school, and a new house, and a big Cadillac? All you got is a Chevy pickup, and this little, old log house, and Christopher [an Irish setter], and Dan [the Palomino]. You don't even have a TV!"

Breck chuckled. "I'm not a shining example, am I?" he said. "Somewhere I guess I lost my desire to acquire. Maybe it's because I inherited 3,000 acres of mountain land that won't grow much but rocks and pine trees. Ever since I got back from the war all I've wanted is just to live and help live, in the woods where it's quiet. These old people I inherited, like your mother, I want them to have their shacks, welfare commodities, relief money, TV, and hope of heaven. Since they all want it, I want them to be buried here on the mountain, where there won't ever be any progress so it'll always be quiet, and where they can all be together on that Great Gittin-Up Mawning. But you young ones, I want you to continue the exodus. Hurry it up. The boys who go to the Army, I don't want them to come back. There is nothing here to come back to. The rest of you, get your high-school diplomas, grab that Greyhound for Chicago or wherever the jobs are, and get you a hundred-foot lot and an FHA house in the new order. Serfdom in Alabama has had its day, and I want to see it die decently."

KKK

Because, by April, 1965, Loretta already had gained a foothold in the Chicago middle class, and because her mother wanted only to die peacefully as a serf on Stancill's Mountain, Loretta had not welcomed Charles Peck and Rev. Josh Franklin when they came to her door Saturday night and identified themselves as civil-rights workers. She had been almost hostile.

"Why have you stopped *here?*" she demanded. She had motioned them off the porch and joined them in the yard so her mother couldn't hear. "My mother is dying. I've come back only to nurse her. Don't you know you'll attract lightning to this house?"

"Relax, Baby," said Charles Peck. "Lightning's everywhere now. Everybody's got to risk lightning."

"We don't want to bring harm to you," Josh said. "But since you are an NAACP member in Chicago we thought you might be willing to help us here on Stancill's Mountain."

"Here!" said Loretta. "There's nobody here anymore. Only about 40 shacks. Just old people waiting to die, and a few young people waiting to go to the Army or somewhere else."

"They all count, Baby," said Peck. "They all got to learn where the ballot box is. Else how we gonna keep the Big Tracks from being sheriff and the Wallaces from being governor?"

Loretta agreed to talk a few minutes. While Peck was hiding the car among some trees, Josh said: "Since your mother is dying and I'm a ministerial student, perhaps you'd like me to go inside with her while you talk with Charles?"

In the moonlight Loretta looked at his blue dungarees and rough, high-topped shoes, at his bare head, crew-cut hair and youthful, tanned white face, and she smiled.

He said: "I guess she wouldn't take me for a preacher, would she?"

"She might make allowances. She likes for preachers to come to see her. Except she has never met a white preacher. That may be a problem for her. Have you got a Bible?"

"Oh, yes. In the car. I carry some of the tools of the trade."

"Do you know how to talk and pray about heaven?"

"You mean the old-time-religion heaven?"

"I mean my mother's heaven."

"I could try. Is that what you want me to talk about?"

"It's what I want you to talk to her about. Nothing but heaven. Tell her about the white wings and the streets of gold and the sweet music, and the big fish frys and watermelon cuttings, and especially about the Great Gittin-Up Mawning. Don't tell her about us building a new heaven on earth. Just tell her about the old heaven beyond the sky."

"I'll do my best," said Josh, moving toward the house.

"Wait just a minute," Loretta said. "Wait about five minutes. She's watching Lawrence Welk now. It's one of her favorites. It goes off at 8:30. Then we'll go in. I'll turn the TV off, and

tell her you are one of the white preachers who now try to comfort Negroes. And you can talk and pray with her for 29 minutes, until just before *Gunsmoke* comes on. She looks forward to it, too."

"You mean the Lord must wait on Lawrence Welk? And take His turn between Welk and *Gunsmoke?*"

"That's right," said Loretta. "My mother's Lord wouldn't want one of his dying chillun to miss a minute of those shows."

While Josh tried to comfort her mother, Loretta and Charles Peck sat in chairs on the porch. They talked about Atoka County, the Negro settlements, and the Negro schools. Physically, Peck was a Negro Butt Cut Cates. Built like a fireplug. He wasn't a beatnik, but he wore the mustache and goatee of the Movement, and on his broad face they made him look like the portraits of Henry the Eighth would look had Henry been a Negro.

Peck asked Loretta who The Man was on Stancill's Mountain.

"His name is Breck Stancill," she said. "He's the only white man in this county you can talk to. He's about 40 now, and he may not like you. But he'll sit on a stump and talk with you. And you don't have to be afraid of him."

"You don't think he's a Kluxer? At least in his heart?"

"Not in his heart or his head. The most famous crime in this county's history was committed close to where we're sitting. In 1861, Mister Breck's great-grandfather, Judge Landers Stancill, owned all this land and lived in Ellenton. He opposed Secession and wanted to end slavery. So local hotheads who later became Klansmen, they hanged Judge Stancill to a tree, right here on Stancill's Mountain, about a quarter of a mile up that road. Mister Breck passes the spot every day. You don't think he has forgotten, do you?"

Peck whistled. Then he asked: "But if Breck Stancill's not a Kluxer, why does he let his tenants live in these old run-down shacks?"

"Oh, you know the answer to that," said Loretta. "My mother, these other people, they're not really Breck Stancill's tenants. Not any more. He owns the land, and they live here, but only one woman and maybe two men ever do any work for him. He just lets them live on here till they leave or die. After the Civil War and on down to back before I was born, the Stancills owned a lot more land. Cotton land down in the bottoms. The shacks were built up here to get away from the fever. Everybody thought folks were less likely to catch the fever in the summertime if they lived up here, and drank mountain spring water, and rode back and forth to the fields. Then, like other folks, the Stancills kept leaving the country, and they sold off the cotton land, and cotton gave way to pine trees. While Mister Breck was off at the war, his sisters left, his father died in Germany, and his mother sold the house in Ellenton and went to Florida and married again. When Mister Breck came back, one-legged, all that was left was the mountain, and a lot of old shacks, and a log cottage up on top that his father had built for his other woman. That's the way it is now. Mister Breck lives in the cottage, and everybody just waits to leave or die."

When Josh, Peck and Loretta were all standing in the yard again, and Josh and Peck were leaving, Peck put his arm around Loretta and said: "Thanks, Baby. Thanks for all the information and southern hospitality."

"You're welcome," she said. "Thank you, Reverend Franklin, for comforting my mother. She told me it was a blessing."

"I was glad to try," said Josh. "I wonder if I sounded convincing, talking about heaven?"

"Nothing wrong in talking about heaven, is there?" asked Loretta. "Even if it's true that 'evah'body talks about Hebben ain't goin' there'?"

"Well next week, Baby," said Peck, "there won't be no Hebben in Atoka County. Just hell, like war is. We'll be demonstrating in Ellenton. Me and Josh'll be standing down there in the street at the courthouse eyeball-to-eyeball with old Big Track and Butt Cut and all the other Kluxers."

Loretta shuddered. "I hope you don't get hurt," she said.

"We'll survive," said Josh. "It can't be any worse than Selma. Except we won't have as much publicity and support."

Sitting on the bunk in her cell, Loretta wondered again why she hadn't ordered Josh and Peck to leave the instant they reached her house. Then she sighed and guessed that their prompt departure would not have helped her. The report that they had *stopped* at her house probably would have brought the sheriff to investigate.

The door to the cell block opened and Hattie Bascomb, Big Track's sister who was the jailer, set a food tray in the pass-through for Loretta. Hattie didn't speak and turned quickly to leave.

"Miss Bascomb!" Loretta called.

"What'cha want?" Hattie answered.

"Can you tell me anything about when I'm to be released? The courthouse clock has struck 4, and I need to be back to my mother's house before dark."

"I don't know anything about your case," Hattie said. "My job is just to keep you clean and fed."

The steel door closed.

KKK

"Our Heavenly Father, as we gather in Thy Holy Name on this Sabbath afternoon, we pray for guidance. We stand alone, O Lord, besieged by Thy enemies, as Thy people have so often stood before. Step by step our once-Christian nation is being delivered to Godless Communism. Thy altar has been banished from our schools. Those bearing the Mark of the Beast are being forced into the innocent company of our children, and the seed of the Beast is being planted in Christian wombs. Everywhere the God who directed the building of America is being proclaimed dead. His people are being driven before mobs in the street. In this desperate hour, O Lord, five of Thy servants are gathered here on our knees in secret. No one knows we are here: only Thou knowest. As devoted fathers and patriots, as red-blooded, Christian, Anglo-Saxon Americans, we want to stand up for Jesus and America. Guide us, O Lord, comfort us, protect us, assure us, strengthen us, to the end that Thy Blessed Rule on this earth may be secured and extended. We ask it all in Thy Name. Amen."

Having prayed that prayer, the Rev. Mark Alverson, pastor of the Pentecostal Baptist Church, Ellenton, Alabama, got up off his knees. So did his four companions: Vernon Hodo, Sy Shaneyfelt, Tag Taggart and Butt Cut Cates. These five were an Action Squad of the Ku Klux Klan. Vernon Hodo was the Exalted Cyclops, or commander, of the Atoka Klavern. Reverend Alverson was the Kludd, or chaplain. The others were Night Hawks. The meeting place was Hodo's office in the main lumberyard of the Atoka Lumber Company. Hodo was the company's woods boss, and the yard and offices were deserted on Sunday except for a watchman who was also a Klan Night Hawk.

"It's 4 o'clock," said Hodo, looking at his watch. "The nigger gal's been in jail two hours. By now every nigger in the county knows we got her. Every nigger knows she was sent back in here to stir up trouble. So every nigger expects us to do *something* to her."

Vernon Hodo spoke quietly. He was an artisan, expert in maintaining cutting edges on all tools used to harvest trees. In his mid-40's, thickening around the middle, he was bald except for a grayish fringe. He wore the steel-rimmed spectacles which many such artisans wear; and he examined men with the same eye that he laid along the edge of every axe and power saw before he put a gang to work in the woods.

"You agree with me, Preacher?" Hodo asked.

The preacher was a rangy, good-looking man, 45, with coal-black hair which he parted in the middle and combed back. He had been educated in a Baptist seminary. He believed in eternal damnation for unbelievers. He preached it. This had caused him to break with the regular Southern Baptists. They, too, believed in eternal damnation, but there was the matter of emphasis. Alverson preached "just too much hellfire and brimstone." So he built his own church. Many people thought he was a good man. He was no more vain, vulgar or venal than most men. He helped the poor. He visited the sick. For believers he preached a comforting funeral. His children made good grades in school. His wife, far from being dried-up and pickle-faced, was fat and jolly.

The preacher believed that the Bible says Negroes are more bestial than other men. He believed that the "Beast" visions of Daniel and John are warnings against Negroes. So as a Klan chaplain Reverend Alverson thought he was like other chaplains. A chaplain may be any minister of God who encourages men who are fighting to defend or extend cherished beliefs. The Klan, to Mark Alverson, was the church militant.

The preacher replied: "Whenever His people are threatened by the Godless, God despises pacifism. We must do whatever is necessary to give the Beast a sign that we shall not be overcome."

Every head nodded, and Butt Cut said: "Let's shave her head and stripe her back and turn her loose buck nekkid in niggertown."

"I say let's hang her," said Tag Taggart.

"Naw, that won't do," said Hodo. "Striping and killing attracts outsiders. We need'ta do something that won't show. Something that won't bring a crowd of reporters running in. What about us usin' Lighting Rod?"

Hodo grinned, as did Butt Cut and Sy Shaneyfelt. The preacher was perplexed, so Hodo explained to him. "You don't know Lightning Rod like the rest of us do, Preacher. A big, purple-black nigger. He's feebleminded. He can't talk, just grunts at you. They say that when he was a kid he was struck by lightning. And since lightning never strikes twice in the same place, the niggers say he's just as good as a lightning rod to have in the house when it's lightnin'. That's why they call him Lightning Rod. Well, between his ears Lightning Rod's not all there, but between his legs he's all there plus two or three extra inches. So he's hard on a woman."

Vernon Hodo lit a cigarette, then went on: "Lightning Rod has made money all his life by white boys getting him behind lumber piles and paying him to show 'em his long blacksnake. And on a Saturday afternoon, when a white gang's paid off, and the boys start to drink a little before they go home, they've been known to have fun with Lightning Rod. They catch a nigger gal, then they form a circle in the woods, put the gal in the circle, and turn Lightning Rod in on her. I ain't never witnessed it, but the boys tell me it's a show better'n anything on TV."

"I seen it once," said Sy Shaneyfelt. "I seen a nigger gal fight Lightning Rod like a wildcat. He'd jump and grab at her, like a big, black ape, but she'd dodge and jerk away, and he'd scramble after her. When the gal'd try'ta break out of the ring, we'd knock her back, and she'd spit at us, then spit at Lightning Rod. Finally, Lightning Rod knocked her down and jumped on her, and you never saw such spittin', scratchin', kneein', and gougin'. But there was a hundred pounds difference in their weights. And when he startin' usin' them big knees on her, the gate just had to open. That gal was one mess when old Lightning Rod got through with her."

The Reverend Alverson was shaken. "That's bestial," he said. "I can't approve such an action." But after reflection he became philosophical. "I concede it's what the Romans did to us Christians. Russians did it to Germans in 1945. And the Bible likens niggers to beasts. What you propose is that we allow two niggers to prove again that niggers are bestial. And every nigger in the county would learn that we have witnessed their bestiality. So I suppose, reluctantly, I can approve."

But Tag Taggart objected. "It just don't seem like enough to me," he said. "If we gonna let this nigger gal off that light, how we gonna scare niggers so they won't try to demonstrate, or register to vote, or git in our schools?"

Vernon Hodo replied patiently: "Think about it this way, Tag. This particular nigger gal is real uppity. She's been in Chicago acting like she was white. She's gonna fight a pore dumb nigger like Lightning Rod. So when he gits through with her, she'll be a bigger mess than she'd be if we striped her. And remember this! She was sent in here to help lead the Movement. But tomorrow she's gonna turn tail and be on that Greyhound to Chicago. How's that gonna make niggers feel? Us usin' Lightning Rod is smart. No TV story or pictures. Just every nigger in this county gittin' the message that the Klan is on the job."

"I'm for it for another good reason," said Butt Cut. "This gal in jail is one'a Breck Stancill's niggers. He give her the money to go to Chicago. It's gonna grind his guts when he learns that we let Lightning Rod graze in one'a his pastures. And anything that grinds Breck Stancill's guts just tickles me to death."

That erased Tag Taggart's objections. "I hadn't thought'a that angle," he said. "That makes the action all right with me. Because we all know that before this fight's finished we gonna have to settle with Breck Stancill."

The most powerful man in Atoka County was Vernon Hodo's boss, Hardy Riddle, superintendent of the Atoka Lumber Company. Back in the 30's, Hardy went to the University of Alabama on a football scholarship and played in the Rose Bowl. He was an All-American center and linebacker, and proudly displayed on his desk at the lumber company was his motto: WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING, BUT IT SURE BEATS THE HELL OUT OF LOSING.

In 1965 Hardy was 50, still muscular, with a full head of graying hair. He was a big, shaggy man who wore sport coats and sporty, narrow-brimmed hats, smoked pipes, and had a face which might have been hewn from hickory. He was relaxed, friendly and able, and he would have been liked in almost any group except a labor union and the NAACP. His blowzy wife, whom he called Mama, was "in everything," and at their big, $100,000 house they had a yardfull of well-adjusted children and grandchildren. Hardy kept in shape by playing handball in his basement with the young Methodist Minister of Song.

After the meeting the Klan action squad at the lumberyard, Exalted Cyclops Vernon Hodo drove to Hardy Riddle's home. He stopped his car in the driveway and rang the bell at the side door. One of the children let him in and led him to the basement where Hardy was in shorts and gym shoes practicing his handball. Hardy pulled on a sweat shirt and sweat pants and sat down with Vernon.

"Skipper," said Vernon, "since we're likely to have a little street demonstratin' next week, I guess it won't surprise you to learn that the Klan has a little action laid on for tonight. I thought you'd want to know about it."

"Yeah, I want to know about it," Hardy said. "But I don't want to know what you're gonna do. I might have to put my hand on a Bible sometime. What I want to know is what you're *not* gonna do. You're not gonna kill anybody?"

Vernon shook his head. "Absolutely not, Skipper."

"You're not gonna maim anybody? So I got to look at pictures of Alabama racist atrocities on Huntley and Brinkley? Or so my stockholders got to read in the *Wall Street Journal* about what barbarians we are in Alabama?"

"No, sir, Skipper. We got more sense'n do that."

"You're not gonna burn a building down, or use dynamite, so I got to look at some more'a that kind'a pictures?"

"Not a chance, Skipper."

Hardy thought a minute, to see if he had thought of all forms of atrocity which can be publicized. Then he said: "Okay. I guess it's all right. You know how I feel, Vernon. I told you four years ago when we were thinking about you organizing this Klan here. My only interest is the continued orderly development of Atoka County. We have fine, Christian people here, great opportunity, and we're moving for the first time in our history. A Klan, through periods of trouble, if it's run right, can be a useful adjunct to police power. So far, you've run it right, and you've seen my appreciation in your paycheck. The way for a Klan to be useful is just to *be there!* The generals call it a 'deterrent force in being.' Just be there, but don't do much, except burn a few crosses, and sing The Old Rugged Cross, and if you have to take some agitator out and talk to him, maybe touch him up a little, make sure you leave him feeling just sort of chastised, so he can't run to the FBI about it. A Klan is not being run smart if it takes action that attracts outside attention."

"You're a hundred percent right about that, Skipper," said Vernon. "But you understand my problem. Some Klansman is always standin' up in the meetin' sayin' 'Hell, if I'm gonna be a Ku Klux I want to Kluck!' That means he wants action. He don't want to keep coming out at night, missing good shows like Red Skelton and Andy Griffith, and not seeing no action. It's like tryin' to keep a good Army without ever doin' no fightin'."

"Sure, I know," said Hardy. "But you've proved you can handle that. Whenever your Kluxers have got too big a hard on to go cutting or burning, you've taken them down to Awful Annie's and let 'em do a little drinking and jigging at the expense of the Atoka Lumber Company. We've charged it off to Community Relations Expense. Right now we don't want any sort of Klan publicity. Not just two weeks after three killings in Selma! So tonight you make damn sure that none of those Kluxers get trigger-happy, or dynamite-happy, or club-happy, or knife-happy!"

KKK

Lying on the bunk in her cell Loretta Sykes was losing her fight to remain calm. The cumulative effect of five hours of waiting, listening and fearing was causing her lower lip to tremble. I must remain calm, she thought. I must keep my senses. As part of her effort, she tried to stand aside, outside herself, and compare in intensity the fear she felt now with fear she had felt at other times in her life.

One night when she was nine her mother barricaded herself

in the pantry against a berserk Negro man with a butcher knife. Loretta ran a mile to Breck Stancill's house. Breck was in his nightshirt, his leg off. With no time to strap it on, he hopped to his pickup and raced down the road, with Loretta at his side. At the shack Loretta watched Breck, hopping on his left foot, attack the man and take the knife away from him.

Then there was her first night away from Stancill's mountain, on the bus to Chicago when she was 18. Alone, on a rear seat, she never closed her eyes. She prayed, watched the dark, flat fields of Indiana, and knew she was homeless, uprooted. Each time the bus stopped and the lights went on, she looked for a friendly face. But she saw only neutral or hostile faces. The first morning at Montgomery Ward's her legs almost collapsed when she was told to walk into the office of the personnel manager. Twice in Chicago, returning to her sister's house from night school, she was chased by youths intent on gang-raping her. But she dodged, and ran, and hid, like the vixen her mother raised her to be.

This time, she thought, I'm more afraid than ever. There is more danger. They've caught me, so they feel compelled to hurt me. They are just like the boys who chased me in Chicago. Had those boys caught me, each boy would have felt compelled to prove himself on me. To avoid ridicule, even self-ridicule, he would have had no choice. The Kluxers are like that. They have been standing guard against outside agitators. Now they have caught one. So they, too, in some manner, must prove themselves on me.

At 7:10 p.m. Butt Cut arrived at the jail so Hattie Bascomb could go to church. She was ready, in her pink dress and white hat, with a white pocketbook in one hand and a hymnbook in the other.

"Before you go," said Butt Cut, "how about movin' the nigger gal fer me? Put her in the Nut Cage."

Butt Cut had decided to implicate Hattie. He didn't want her telling Big Track that she had been told nothing. When she hesitated he said: "We got 14 other prisoners in this jail. If I have to teach the nigger gal a lesson before I turn her loose, you don't want them others listenin', do'ya? So we better put her in the soundproof cell."

Hattie said: "Big Track ought'a be back in another hour's so. Why don't you wait till he gits here. He ought'a decide things like that."

"He might git back too late. She might be sprung most any minute. You don't want her just walkin' out'a here, do'ya? Without bein' taught nothin'?"

Hattie didn't want that. So she said, "Okay. But don't do nothin' you know Big Track wouldn't want'cha to do."

Hattie laid down the pocketbook and hymnbook, picked up the keys, and went to the cell-block door. "Come heah, Loretta," she called through the baffle.

As her cell door slid back Loretta obeyed. She felt relieved that whatever had to happen seemed about to happen. But she almost fainted when Hattie opened the door to the padded cell and motioned her in. Like peering into a cave, Loretta looked into the bare, dimly-lighted cell and gasped: "Is it a gas chamber? Are you going to smother me?"

"Git in there," ordered Hattie.

Loretta put her hands to her face and began crying. "Please don't shut me up in there and go off. Please help me."

Hattie shoved Loretta through the doorway. Loretta sank to her knees, crying. Hattie said: "Now strip. Quick."

Loretta raised her head. "You mean . . . stark naked?"

"You want me to call Butt Cut to come'n strip'ya?"

Slowly, Loretta slipped out of her clothes. Hattie snatched them up. Loretta sat naked on the sponge-rubber floor as Hattie slammed the door.

KKK

Alone, Loretta struggled to calm herself. She stood up and examined the cell. She found that the entire floor was spongy. So were the walls. By jumping she could touch the ceiling, and it, too, was spongy. She knew she was in a soundproof cell because once she had seen a TV show about a girl dreaming she was in such a cell. The girl was screaming, but no one could hear her: no sound came from the soundtrack. The girl became even more hysterical on realizing that she couldn't hear herself: no matter how "loud" she screamed she couldn't hear a sound.

To learn if she could hear herself, Loretta spoke the words she always used to test a typewriter ribbon: "Every good boy does fine." She felt relieved to hear her own voice, though it sounded as if she were speaking through a handkerchief. She noticed the Oriental toilet in the center of the floor: an aluminized hole to squat over, like a child or an animal does in the woods. She noticed the yellow light in the center of the ceiling, burning at half-light. When she found the circular observation window she shrank from it, into a corner so that her nakedness couldn't be observed. Then she noticed a second window, in another wall and at a right angle to the first. This meant there was no corner in which she could not be observed.

Facing the door, and as far from it as she could get, Loretta sat down: a tethered virgin awaiting attack. She noticed a white mask at one of the observation windows. She had to look twice before she could realize that it was real, that it was a Ku Klux Klan mask, and that a human face was behind it. The face was that of the Reverend Mark Alverson. The Exalted Cyclops had degreed that the victim was not to see a bare white face during the rite.

Another mask appeared at the other window, after which masks seemed to be taking turns at both windows. Loretta became so absorbed watching this alternation of masks that for a moment she forgot to be afraid. Then the door was jerked open. A naked and frightened man was pushed inside, and the door was closed. Lightning Rod stood looking around the cell and at Loretta.

Instantly Loretta understood. She recognized Lightning Rod. She had never known him, but he had been pointed out to her when she was in high school. She had heard descriptions of the rite sometimes celebrated in the woods on Saturday afternoon by white employes of the Atoka Lumber Company. She had once talked with a girl who had survived the rite. Every literate Negro in Atoka County knew that Lightning Rod was the poor white man's proof that all Negroes are bestial and simpleminded.

Now they have drafted him to tear me down, thought Loretta. They can't bear the idea of Negroes voting, being educated, and earning $105 a week as skilled workers. So they are going to watch Lightning Rod put me back in my place.

For the first time since her arrest Loretta began to lose her fear. Defiance began to replace it. She thought of trying to communicate with Lightning Rod. Since the masked watchers probably couldn't hear words spoke inside the cell, why shouldn't she say to Lightning Rod: "Can't you see that we both are victims of men who despise us? So let's refuse to entertain them. Let's sit down together and compel them to kill us or leave us alone. Or, since your ability to rape is your claim to attention and a source of income, if you must penetrate me then let me submit so that, at least, we can deny our tormentors the pleasure of watching me resist."

But communication was impossible. Just as a battered old prize fighter assumes his fighting stance when he hears the crowd, so Lightning Rod, on seeing the masked faces at the windows, went into his crouch prepared to attack. Loretta decided then that she would never submit. To the limit of her strength she had to resist, even if he knocked out her teeth, gouged out her eyes, or choked her to death.

The watchers found the contest exciting. Perhaps it was worthy of the coliseum. Bear baiters would have liked it. Lovers of bull fighting might have seen something beautiful in it. It would have looked impressive on color TV. The entire interior of the cell, the sponge rubber, was a luxurious green. Loretta's skin was like melba toast, and Lightning Rod was as black as Sir Laurence Olivier playing Othello. Quickly, they both began to sweat, adding sheen, like a photographer adds with glycerin. The light was golden, and seemed at times to gild the struggling figures. It was glistening ebony on burnished bronze on velvety green, with splotches of turkey red, like Loretta's lips, or Lightning Rod's tongue, or blood.

In Saigon before all the wars, on the walls of opium dens there were carved, gilded figures of human beings engaged in phallus worship. Always the central figure was a man with a phallus so large that he needed community assistance to help him carry it. The scene in the Ellenton jail was something like that.

The trouble was the contest was too brief. Had the arena been as large as a boxing ring, Loretta might have dodged and darted until Lightning Rod lost his breath. But the arena was no larger than a cockpit. Or had Lightning Rod been a gentleman and refrained from hitting, gouging and choking, his success might have remained in doubt long after he knocked her down and jumped on her. But Lightning Rod played by jungle rules. He tolerated squirming only as long as it pleased him. Then

WHAM! the stunning backhand across the face. Once Loretta was stunned her maidenhead caused a few beats of delay. But it was no problem; the watchers didn't notice it. Then Lightning Rod enjoyed half an hour of varied and complete conquest.

During this half-hour, since Loretta seemed unlikely to scream, the Klansmen opened the cell door for more convenient observation. They stood around, lit cigarets and smoked them through their masks, and made comments, like farmers whittling, jawing and chewing tobacco while a bull is servicing a heifer.

"That's something to see, ain't it," said Vernon Hodo. "I swear to God I never thought he could git all that thing in her."

"Nigger women are made for it," Reverend Alverson explained. "He'd tear something loose in a white woman. But nigger women are made for it."

"It'd'a been a lot better if we'd took 'em out in the woods," said Sy Shaneyfelt. "We could'a give her more room to dodge in. She had a lot'a fight in her. But in this cubby hole he was all over her like a blanket."

When Lightning Rod was satisfied, he sat slumped in a corner, like a tired old black lion sitting on his haunches near the ruins of a carcass. Loretta lay on her side, sobbing quietly, her eyes closed.

"You boys better git the Champ out'a here," said Vernon to Sy Shaneyfelt and Tag Taggart. "Give him the rest'a that pint'a corn and this coupl'a bucks. He's a good boy. I'll let my wife see if I ain't got some old clothes to give him."

"I guess I'll be going too," said the preacher. "I hope what we've done tonight serves the holy purpose we intended it to serve."

"It's bound to help," said Vernon. "Nobody who's here'll ever admit it ever happened. Except the gal. She'll tell a few niggers, then light a shuck back to Chicago. The niggers'll git the message. They'll know who's on the job and still lookin' down their throats."

In the jail corridor the Klansmen removed their masks and robes. Lightning Rod put on his clothes, and they all moved through the jail office and out the door. In the jail office Hattie Bascomb, back from church, nodded to them.

When all the other Klansmen were gone, Butt Cut, for some reason, walked back to the padded cell. Loretta was still lying on the floor. For the first time Butt Cut noticed the amount of blood. Loretta was lying in blood, and across her leg blood was running onto the floor.

At that moment Butt Cut heard voices in the jail office. Big Track and Allen, with their prisoner, were home from their trip to Mobile.

"What's wrong?" asked Big Track as he and Allen walked into the jail office with the prisoner.

"I got to tell you some'pin," said Butt Cut. "In private."

Big Track locked the prisoner in a day room, then he, Butt Cut and Hattie stood in a corridor while Allen remained in the office. Hurriedly Butt Cut told of arresting Loretta and of what had happened in the padded cell. They all went and saw that Loretta was bleeding seriously.

Big Track thought fast. Like he was back in Korea under night attack. Then he said: "It ain't safe for us to claim that this nigger wasn't never in this jail. You jailed her in broad daylight. So both of'ya listen close. You jailed this nigger fer investigation at 2 p.m. Let the record show it plain. Both of'ya was here. At 7:15 tonight, about two hours ago, you released her. Let the record show it plain. Both of'ya was here. You released her just before Hattie went to church. The last thing either one of'ya saw of her she was walkin' out that door and down that street in perfect health."

"I got it," said Butt Cut. Hattie nodded.

"We all three got it," said Big Track. "That's the way it was. Now here's what we do now. Butt Cut, you bring the Ford to the door. Then you take the Wildcat and drive Allen home. Tell Allen to tell Maybelle I'm tied up. Then you drive back here listenin' out fer me on the radio. Hattie, you git the nigger ready to move. Plug up that bleedin' somehow, put her clothes on, and make sure that nothin' o' hers is left in the jail. Lock her in the back seat o' the Ford. Then you come back in here, clean up the padded cell, fix the record just right, and you listen out fer me on the radio."

Big Track went to a desk and, far back in a bottom drawer, he found a "zip gun" he once took from a Chicago Negro. Fashioned from a half-inch pipe, its crude plunger could explode a .38 cartridge and propel a slug into a brain. Big Track slipped it into his pocket.

With Loretta in the Ford with him, Big Track drove toward Stancill's Mountain. He didn't drive fast because he was thinking. As always he thought of protection: of protecting his family, his income, his good name as a Medal of Honor winner, his son's appointment to West Point. He wanted to keep hearing cheers when he was introduced at Legion conventions. He wanted to keep feeling that if he ever got hungry again he could sit down at Breck Stancill's table.

If they just hadn't'a left this nigger bleeding so much! he thought. Then I could'a turned her loose and she couldn't'a caused trouble. She would't'a had no evidence. But if I turn her loose now she's got to run to the Atoka Hospital. Doctor Parker sees the evidence, and she tells him Ku Klux did it to her in my jail. She tells Breck Stancill and outside agitators and the FBI and Huntley and Brinkley. Sure, it's her word against Butt Cut's and Hattie's. But she causes me trouble. So I got no choice. I got to shoot her and leave her in a ditch. When I hear about it I investigate and find that agitators robbed her and shot her with a zip gun. That causes a little talk. Maybe it gits on TV. But that's the end of it.

Loretta, stunned, hurt, humiliated, horrified, was beginning to think again. She saw the big man with the big, round shoulders and the big hat in the front seat. She knew him. Every Negro child learned to scurry before the approach of the High Sheriff's big, menacing car. The High Sheriff was driving Loretta toward the woods, not the hospital. So she knew he was going to shoot her.

But Big Track questioned himself further. He didn't want to act hurriedly. A big man who's trying to better himself and his family can't afford a mistake. Big Track remembered himself talking: "Folks, my opponents in this sheriff's race keep saying that I'm a natural-born killer. That since I killed so many gooks in Korea I just naturally kill too quick as a sheriff. My opponents keep harpin' on the fact that I've killed two white men and one nigger since I been wearin' a badge in Atoka County. Well, here's my answer: I ain't never killed nobody who wasn't at that very minute tryin' his best to kill me. That's the kind'a man I am. As long as you keep electing me sheriff, no man, white or black, needs to worry about me killin' him unless he's tryin'ta kill me or one'a you good folks whose lives and property I'm under oath to protect with my own life."

Was Loretta Sykes trying to kill him? If he killed her could he ever stand up and make that claim again?

Big Track turned into an abandoned side road. He stopped the car, got out, and opened one of the back doors. But instead of reaching for Loretta he leaned down and spoke to her.

"You're a Stancill nigger, ain't'cha?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"I've knowed Breck all my life," said Big Track. "I use'ta live in one'a his shacks on the mountain. You reckon me and you could make a deal?"

"What do I have that you could want?"

"Well," said Big Track, "I could do a lot for you. And you could do a little some'pin for me."

"Sheriff," said Loretta, "I'm going to bleed to death if I don't get to a hospital. You know that. So you brought me here to finish killing me, didn't you?"

"Ain't no law says I got to kill'ya. All of a sudden I can start playin' on yo' side. I can grab that radio and have Doctor Ted Parker meet me at the Atoka Hospital. The doc brought my boy into this world. He's my friend. I can turn on that si-reen and in 10 minutes I can have you in the emergency room. Then, in a day or so, when you're in good shape, I can help'ya git back to Chicago."

"What's the little something you want me to do for you?"

"Just be closemouthed. Tomorrow, when the doc has'ya in good shape, I'll bring the tape recorder, and you tell me what happened. You was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Cates. For investigation. He treated'ya good. When he found nothin'ta hold'ya on, he turned you loose at 7:15 tonight. You was walking down the street toward the bus station when some niggers pulled up, jumped out, grabbed you, threw you in the car, and brought

you out here and raped'ya. Then they run off, and I happened to find'ya, right here, right now. You'd staggered out in the road tryin'ta hail help. Like the Good Samaritan I grabbed'ya up and rushed'ya to the hospital."

"But I won't be telling the truth, Sheriff," said Loretta.

"Maybe you won't," said Big Track. "But you'll be telling it right. Everything that's right ain't always true."

"I don't have any choice, do I?"

"Yeah, you got a choice," said Big Track. "Same choice I got. Do right or suffer. When some'pin like this happens I got to make it look like folks think it ought'a happened. I got'ta do right or lose everything I got and want. You and me's in this together. All you got'ta do is play ball with me. And you got to be goddam careful what you say'ta two men. Breck Stancill and Doc Parker. I want them two men to think well'a me and my wife and boy."

"I understand," said Loretta. "I promise. Now please hurry."

KKK

Hattie Bascomb reached for her pencil when she heard Big Track on the radio: "Hattie, git on the phone and find Doc Parker and tell him I'm bringing in an assault victim. A nigger female. Loretta Sykes. Same one'ya let out'a jail at 7:15. Put out a report to the state troopers. I'm lookin' fer four nigger males. Ages 18 to 22. Probably riding in a '59 model white Ford two-door. All of 'em may have blood on their pants. Have Butt Cut meet me at the hospital."

Hattie's report to the state troopers was broadcast at 9:47 p.m. Three minutes later a press association reporter in Birmingham called the jail for further information. Hattie told him of Loretta's arrest and release. About 10 p.m. Doctor Parker began treating Loretta. At 10:05, outside the hospital, Big Track and Butt Cut sat in the Wildcat in conference.

"You sure you handlin' this thing right?" asked Butt Cut.

"I got'ta look after the sheriff's office," said Big Track, lighting a cigar. "If I'd'a been here earlier today I'd'a handled things different. But I wasn't here. I had to act on the situation I found at 9 p.m."

"You reckon that nigger gal's gonna play ball with'ya?"

"I can't tell. We'll stand by till I git the doc's report. Then we'll see what the situation is."

At 10:10 Big Track went into the hospital's waiting room where several persons sat watching the CBS Sunday Evening News. At 10:13 the reporter, Harry Reasoner, was handed a typescript from which he read: "Finally, a winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor is in the news tonight. Former Sergeant Buford 'Big Track' Bascomb, who won the nation's highest award for valor in Korea, is now sheriff of Atoka County in rural northwest Alabama. Tonight Sheriff Bascomb is looking for four men he has charged with raping an attractive young Negro woman from Chicago. The victim, Miss Loretta Sykes, 22, is said to have been slated to help lead civil-rights demonstrations which are to begin in Atoka County tomorrow. The Justice Department says the FBI will help the sheriff investigate what appears to be yet another civil-rights atrocity."

Hardy Riddle, watching the telecast, jumped out of bed. "The stupid sonsabitches!" he said. "Publicity is just what we didn't want! Now we get crowds and cameras!" He grabbed his bedside telephone, dialed the jail, and told Hattie: "Tell Big Track I want to see him up here. Tell him to come as soon as he can."

After hearing the TV report Big Track hurried back to the Wildcat and Butt Cut. "Goddam!" he said, "they already got it on TV. All bigger'n hell!"

"What'd they say?"

"Plenty. Me and the Medal of Honor and that goddam *civil-rights atrocity* that Hardy Riddle wanted us to keep from havin'. Right this minute Hardy must be havin' a runnin' fit!"

Hattie came on the radio: "Track, you better git on down heah! Everybody in the world is tryin'ta git'cha on the phone. And Hardy wants'ta see'ya at his house."

A nurse's aide came running out of the hospital and up to the Wildcat. "Sheriff," she said, "folks is tryin'ta git'cha on the hospital phones. Folks from 'way off some'ers."

"Tell 'em I'm busy, honey," said Big Track.

"What we gonna do, Track?" Butt Cut asked nervously.

"Keep'ya shirt on," said Big Track. "I got some'pin important for you to do. The Justice Department is sending the FBI to help me catch these nigger rapists. So I want'cha to go out to that spot where the nigger gal was jumped. But first go by the jail and look in the refrigerator. Must be seven'eight cans'a beer in there. Open'em, pour the beer out, and take the empty cans with'ya. Git two or three different brands's cigarets and smoke a dozen down to butts. Then when'ya git to where them niggers was waitin'ta rape this girl, scatter the beer cans and butts around like niggers'll do. Git it?"

"I know jest how'ta do it," insisted Butt Cut.

"Okay. Keep'ya ear cocked'ta the radio. You guard the scene'a the crime. I'll be out there soon's I git the doc's report."

The 10:20 bus from Birmingham was a few minutes late, so it was 10:27 when Breck Stancill stepped off the bus and walked toward a sky-blue Chevrolet pickup in the nearby parking lot. He had "spent Sunday with a woman" so he was dressed up. Instead of his usual faded khakis he was wearing a gray tweed suit, a blue shirt and blue tie, and a narrow-brimmed, dark-blue hat. He carried a small airline bag and walking cane. In his slightly jerky gait he walked rapidly across the parking lot because he was tired and wanted to get home. Cities and women tired him, which partially explained why he lived alone on a mountain, why he didn't own a regular passenger car, and why he always rode the Greyhound bus to Birmingham. He liked to read while he rode.

A Negro boy, about 13, had been sitting in the bed of the pickup. He jumped out as Breck approached.

"Caleb, what are you doing here?" Breck asked.

"Trouble, Mistah Breck," said Caleb gravely. "Mama sent me in heah to wait for you and tell you."

"What sort of trouble?

"Loretta. The sheriff come and got her after church. He put her in his car and drove off."

"Does anybody on the mountain know why?"

"Naw, suh," said Caleb. "Except'n two outsiders come up on the mountain last night. They talked to Loretta."

Breck unlocked the cab. "Well, get in here," he said, "and we'll go see."

Breck Stancill was a responsible man. Forty-one years as a Stancill, including three-and-a-half years as a United States Marine, had taught him not to shirk responsibility. So he didn't often ask: Am I my brother's keeper? But once in a while, when he felt tired and dispirited, he thought of all the days and nights when some Negro had come running to hand him trouble. Breck then smiled his wriest smile and thought: I wish to hell my great-great-grandaddy, Fowler Stancill, mustered out in New Orleans in 1815, hadn't bought a Negro boy and brought him to Atoka County. And that sea captain in 1619, lying off Virginia with the first cargo of slaves, I wish that s'nuvabitch had been fired on and denied permission to land.

At the jail Breck got out and tapped on the glass of the front door. He could see Hattie Bascomb inside, talking on the telephone. She came and let him in. "Hattie, what about Loretta Sykes?" he asked.

"A lot's happened, Mister Breck," said Hattie. "Butt Cut got word that Loretta might be tied in with some'a these agitators that's due in heah this week. He went up on the mountain and she told him two agitators had been'ta see her. So he brought her in for a while this afternoon while he investigated to see if that was all it was. He didn't find nothing else, so at 7:15, just before I went to church, we turned her loose. She walked right out'a that door and down the street in perfect health. When Big Track got back from Mobile around 9, he made a little run out toward the mountain, just to see if any agitators was comin' in tonight, and Loretta must'a flagged him down there. Big Track says she says four niggers jumped her. We ain't had the doc's report on her yet."

"Where's Big Track now?"

"At the hospital," said Hattie. "He's waitin'ta git Doctor Parker's report. The state troopers is looking for the four niggers. The whole thing's done been on TV."

"Thanks, Hattie," said Breck. "If you can reach Big Track on your radio, tell him I'm on my way up there to see him."

When Breck was gone Hattie said to Big Track: "Track, Breck Stancill's just been in heah. I told him what's happened. He's on his way'ta see'ya."

"Is he hot in the collar?" asked Big Track.

"Didn't seem to be," said Hattie. "He's all dressed up. Must'a been some'ers."

"That's good," said Big Track.

Breck arrived at the hospital just as Big Track was leaving the Wildcat and its radio to go inside to Doctor Parker's office. They spoke and Big Track said: "The doc's

just told me to come right in. He's ready'ta gim'me his report."

"I'll go in with you if you don't mind," said Breck.

Big Track felt uneasy as he and Breck walked together toward the doctor's office. He thought of the first time he met the doctor: back in 1948, when the hospital was in an old store building, and when he was 19 and scared and looking for a place for his pregnant wife to have their son. Breck was with him then, to pay the bills.

The doctor, a dark, taciturn man, hurried in, spoke, and said: "Loretta's going to be all right." He lighted a pipe and continued: "Now first, about the legalities. Loretta Sykes is my patient. She is of age, conscious, competent, and no next of kin is present. She has rights, the first of which is the right of privacy. Without her written permission I could not describe her injuries to anyone, not even the sheriff. But when I explained this to her she insisted on giving me such permission covering both of you."

Doctor Parker began to speak as though he were testifying in a courtroom. "When Loretta Sykes was delivered to this hospital she was frightened, distraught, and bleeding from the vaginal area. I quickly determined that the bleeding was not menstrual. Chiefly, the bleeding was from the hymeneal ring which had been torn. Most women bleed very little when their so-called maidenhead is ruptured. But in a few cases there is unusual vascular concentration in this area and women bleed freely, even dangerously. A year or so ago I had a girl in here who bled a week. I thought I'd never be able to stop it. Additionally, Loretta Sykes had suffered torn tissue in the vagina. I used a local anesthetic and sutures to make repairs. I found numerous sperm cells. So I can report as a medical fact that until this evening this girl was a virgin. She has been subjected to violent intercourse with very deep penile penetration. From what I know of her, and from what she told me, it is my opinion that she is the victim of a criminal act."

Uneasily, Big Track asked: "What'd she tell'ya, doc?"

"I haven't questioned her at length," said the doctor. "I've been too busy treating her. But she said the man who did it was a Negro."

"Just one nigger? Or three or four?"

"She didn't say more than one penetrated her. Others may have assisted or been present."

"And you're saying you think this nigger was a *virgin!*"

"That isn't an opinion," said the doctor. "That's a medical fact which I have observed and reported to you. A ruptured hymen is an observable fact, like a broken leg."

"It may be a fact to you, doc," said Big Track. "But it ain't gonna be to nobody else. I ain't gonna mention it. I'd make a fool out'a myself if I told state troopers and the FBI and the TV that a 22-year-old nigger virgin got raped in Atoka County, Alabama, tonight."

"You could explain why Loretta was a virgin," said the doctor. "She's a striver. Breck encouraged her, so she has worked at bettering herself, getting somewhere, and having something. Like many Negroes she already belongs to the middle class. And Negro middle-class girls must preserve their virginity more carefully than white girls. They must prove that all Negroes are not amoral. They want to be well thought of. They want good, God-fearing, Anglo-Saxon, middle-class white people to be willing to live in the same block with them."

"Now, doc," said Big Track, "you know I can't say nothing that'd look like I was building up this nigger girl. The TV's done said she's a civil-rights agitator expectin'ta lead demonstrations in Atoka County."

"You might try changing that, too," said the doctor. "Loretta's here to help her mother die of cancer of the liver. Her mother's my patient. Loretta's been calling me from Chicago for a month, getting reports on her mother. She's been paying the bills. One of her bosses, a white man at Montgomery Ward, called me to see if he could help. Loretta Sykes is well thought of. She's a decent, smart, hardworking Christian girl, down here for the sole purpose of helping her mother."

"The girl's the innocent victim, not the criminal," said Breck.

Big Track got to his feet. He was worried. The more he heard, the more perilous his position seemed to become. What if Loretta decided to tell Breck and Doctor Parker the truth? Then he said: "I'll do the best I can, doc. I ain't Jesus Christ! So I can't go building up no niggers that folks think is agitators. Can I talk to Loretta now? I need'ta git some more descriptions."

"No," said the doctor. "She wants to talk to Breck a minute about somebody staying with her mother. She needs rest. You come back in the morning."

"Then here's my last question," said Big Track. "I got'ta go out and start talking to troopers and FBI agents and reporters. Suppose I don't tell everything just like you told it to me? Suppose I leave out a few things and git mixed up on some others? What you gonna do, doc?"

"That'll be up to Loretta," the doctor answered. "I have no right to discuss her case except at her direction. But tomorrow she can talk with anybody she chooses. If she talks, then asks me for confirmation, I'll tell the truth."

"You gonna talk, Breck?" asked Big Track.

"I'm a tree farmer," said Breck. "Not a talker. I think you'll do what's right, Track. You're the best sheriff this county ever had."

KKK

The Atoka Hospital was the most visited institution in Atoka County. But no white man had ever visited a Negro girl. So when Breck Stancill, after hearing Doctor Parker's report, visited the private room occupied by Loretta Sykes at 11:20 p.m., he gained invidious distinction and caused ugly talk.

One nurse said to another: "Why would a white man like him be troubling hisself at this time'a night about a nigger girl who's tied in with agitators, who don't even work for him, and who says another nigger humped her?"

"Beats me," replied the other nurse. "Must be something there that won't stand the light'a day. It sure ain't natural for a white man to trouble hisself over a nigger."

Breck knew his visiting Loretta would cause such talk. The Stancills had always been called unnatural in their dealings with Negroes. When Breck entered the room Loretta was crying and half asleep from sedation. The light was shaded and turned against a wall. "They tore me down, Mister Breck," she sobbed. "I'm like a vixen that's been caught and torn by the dogs. I won't ever be able to strive again."

"Sure you will," said Breck. "In a few days you'll be back in Chicago striving harder than ever. Think of the thousands of women in Europe who were gang-raped during the war. Most of them came back to lead normal lives."

"They weren't Negroes, already weighed down with disadvantages. They weren't Alabama Negroes striving to make it in Chicago when the dogs caught them."

"Some of them had similar disadvantages," said Breck. "And they lacked your advantages. They didn't have a sheriff to rush them to a hospital. They didn't have a doctor to protect them against disease and pregnancy. In three days you'll be healthy as ever."

"What about Mama, Mister Breck?"

"Don't worry about her. Dora is with her. Dora sent Caleb to the bus station to wait and tell me about you being gone. Dora will stay with your mother."

"Then who'll cook for you?"

"I can cook for myself. In a pinch I can always break out a K ration. What's important is that you sleep and forget."

Standing again in a hospital room, looking down at Loretta, Breck remembered his own days and months in hospitals. Loretta's face, stunned, drained of hope, reminded him of other faces after other assaults. Just as he had searched men's faces, even his own face, he searched her face and was glad to see no cuts, bruises or abrasions which would leave permanent scars. He looked at her graceful, efficient hands, lying there on the cover sheet, and he felt thankful they had not been damaged. He remembered looking at his own hands and feeling thankful that the blast had spared them.

As he looked at Loretta, Breck remembered reading how, in one of the South Pacific cultures, when a man rescues a woman from drowning she acquires the legal right to expect him to help her for the rest of her life. Why not? Wasn't his motive selfish in that he preferred to rescue her rather than watch her die? Hasn't his action compelled her to continue carrying the burden of life? It's the same when a man encourages a girl to strive, Breck thought. If, by her striving, she gets hurt, he should help her, shouldn't he? The most reckless act on earth is for one human being to encourage another.

"Mister Breck," Loretta said, "before you go, would you give me a little advice?"

Breck wanted to say no. To advise can be as reckless as to encourage. But with Loretta he was already obligated. "I'll try."

"The sheriff is coming here in the morning," said Loretta. "He's bringing his tape recorder. He wants to record my story of what happened."

When she didn't continue Breck tried to guess why. Was she saying she didn't want to tell the truth? Or that Big Track didn't want the truth? Breck said: "From what you are not saying I gather the truth won't do?"

"That's right," said Loretta. "The truth won't do."

"Does the sheriff know the truth?"

"Yes, sir. But if I told the truth he'd have to prove it was a lie. The truth just can't be. So I promised him a lie. He made a deal with me. He let me live and brought me to the hospital, and I promised not to tell you or the doctor about the deal. The sheriff doesn't want you to know. He wants you to think well of him and his wife and his boy."

Breck moved close to the bed and lowered his voice. Loretta was talking the sort of talk which results in killing. "Hush, Loretta!" he said sharply. "This is no time or place for you and me to talk 'killing talk.' You're hurt and half asleep. Now listen carefully! Keep your promise to the sheriff. Be brief and don't accuse any identifiable person. But tell the sheriff what you promised to tell. Let him record it. Make him believe that you told me and the doctor only what you promised to tell us. Then refuse to discuss what happened with any other human being. Don't talk to any FBI agent or reporter or civil-rights worker. Tell them you've told the sheriff all there is to tell. You understand?"

"Yes, sir. But will that be right?"

"Right can wait," said Breck. "You're already a casualty, so you deserve to be safe. Not even the Marines expect their wounded to expose themselves. You tell the sheriff whatever makes him feel safe. Then you'll be safe. If what's right and what's true are to be established, let people who aren't yet casualties take the risks."

KKK

At 12:20 a.m., after visiting Butt Cut at the faked scene of the crime, Big Track rang the basement bell at Hardy Riddle's $100,000 house. When Hardy opened the door Big Track said: "Skipper, let's talk in my car here in your driveway. I got to be where I can hear my squawk box."

"Okay," said Hardy. "Just a minute." He stepped back inside and pulled on one of his old, red, University of Alabama dressing robes, with a white "A" over his heart. Then they sat in the Wildcat.

Hardy was worried. Since hearing the television report he had been trying to put two and two together and figure what had happened. "Track, did we have to get on TV?" he asked. "Wasn't there some way you could have kept us off?"

"I didn't want to git us on TV," said Big Track. "But I don't know what else I could'a done. I got back at 9 o'clock and found a mess on my doorstep. I had'ta git rid of it. And I had'ta do it so it wouldn't hurt this county or this state."

"Well, let's see if I understand it," said Hardy. "I don't want to know too much. Just enough so I can talk intelligently to the Powers-That-Be in the back room of the bank. Earlier today I got the impression that a little action was to be taken tonight to sort of warn the Negroes not to listen to agitators. I don't know what action was to be taken, but I understood that nobody was to be hurt seriously enough to attract outside attention. Now am I to understand that there is a connection between that little action and this rape you've put on TV?"

"There sure is a connection. That little action was in the wrong place and on the wrong nigger. The wrong place was my jail, and the wrong nigger was Loretta Sykes. She was the wrong nigger because she's got two white men who'll stand up for her. Doc Parker and Breck Stancill. Both'a them can tell you and me both to go to hell. So they're dangerous men. You got'ta be careful how'ya mess with men who can tell everybody to go to hell. When I got back I faced a situation where, if the nigger was turned loose she'd run straight to the hospital and tell Doc and Breck and the FBI where it was done and who done it."

"Why did you have to turn her loose? Why didn't you patch her up, then take her out of the state?"

"In another hour Breck would'a come looking for her. If I'd'a held her and tried'ta sneak her somewhere, I'd'a just showed that it happened in jail, so I'd'a made it 10 times worse."

"But there must have *some* way you could have kept it quiet and kept her from talking?"

"There sure wasn't," said Big Track. 'I could'a kept her from talking. I could'a killed her. Then we'd'a had the situation where a civil-rights worker is jailed and then turns up missing and dead. That damn sure wouldn't'a kept it quiet. We'd'a never heard the end'a that."

"Even after you put her in the hospital, couldn't you have kept it off of TV?"

"No way that I know. Not without looking suspicious and making it worse. She was a rape victim. Rape is a capital crime in Alabama. A man's supposed to burn for it. I had to be looking for rapists. When I'm looking for rapists I got'ta tell the state troopers. I told 'em. Every big newspaper in the state's got men who listen to the troopers' radio. That's how the story got on TV. I couldn't help it."

"But Good Lord, Track!" Hardy protested. "Isn't this Negro girl bound to talk? She's alive and on TV! She's bound to think she's been done wrong. The agitators know her, and they'll be after her. Isn't she bound to tell them what happened and where?"

"I figured she's bound *not* to tell," said Big Track. "She ain't no ordinary nigger. I talked to her. She's got education. She's what Doc calls a striver. She knows I did the best I could for her under the circumstances. She don't want trouble. She's already talked to Doc and Breck. She told 'em a nigger done it, and she didn't dispute where I said it happened. And she ain't gonna talk to nobody else but me and Breck."

"But what about Breck? Surely he's going to learn the truth?"

"If he does learn it," said Big Track, "I figure he'll see that nobody else learns it. I know Breck Stancill purty well. I know him better'n anybody else knows him. Sure, he thinks George Wallace is a piss-ant. Sure, he hates Ku Klux. He's bound to: they hung his grandaddy. He spits in Butt Cut's eye, calls him trash, and jerks his clippings off'a billboards. But Breck knows how far'ta go. He knows what a killing situation is. He recognizes killing talk when he hears it. And he don't want'a have'ta kill nobody, and he don't want nobody'ta have'ta kill him. He's laid by in the killin' business. So I figure when Breck eases up close'ta a killin' situation, he's bound to back off and live and let live."

"That's a dangerous way to live, isn't it?" asked Hardy. "You wondering what Breck knows and what he might do, and him wondering what you think he knows and what you think he might do?"

"Yeah, it's dangerous," said Big Track. "But I been through a war. So's Breck. In war you git used'ta living across the road from a fellow who might kill'ya and who might not. It ain't so dangerous if each fellow knows how the other fellow thinks."

When she heard Big Track turn into the driveway about 2 a.m., Maybelle Abernathy Bascomb went to the kitchen door and opened it for him. "You must be mighty tired," she said.

"Yeah, honey, I shore am," he said. "I had a long trip and a long day. I'm shore glad'ta git home."

She helped him undress, drew water for him into the outsized bath tub, and sponged his massive back. While he completed his bath she fixed a bowl of strawberry pie and a glass of cold milk. Then, sitting in the bedroom, in his pajamas and his big, bare feet, he ate his pie, drank his milk, and told her what had happened.

"You reckon I done right, honey?" he asked.

Maybelle's uneasiness had grown as she listened. The more she heard the more she feared Loretta Sykes. But she never evinced fear to Big Track. So she answered: "I don't see what else you could'a done. You didn't hurt nobody. You helped the girl. I don't see how nobody could blame you. You sure Breck didn't blame'ya none?"

"He didn't blame me a bit. Not at the hospital and not when I seen him out at the foot'a the mountain after he'd talked to the girl. He seemed real friendly. He told the doc I was the best sheriff the county ever had. He asked me'ta shut this case up and let it die, and I told him he could count on me."

"That's good," said Maybelle. "I ain't never wanted you to get crossed up with Breck. We got too much'ta thank him for."

—William Bradford Huie

NEXT MONTH

Part II (conclusion) of THE KLANSMAN: the killing situation between Breck Stancill and the Ku Klux Klan, with Sheriff Big Track Bascomb caught in the middle.

THIS FUNNY LIFE

One warm lunch hour while serving near Atlanta during World War II, I stopped at a roadside fruit stand to buy something to go with the dry sandwiches I had packed in my musette bag.

For a moment, I forgot my errand completely: the girl behind the improvised counter was built so magnificently that I just plain stood there and stared.

I knew I wasn't the first to be so shook up when, after a long, long pause, she drawled: "Well, Captain. Now, maybe y'all would like to see a nice, big *peach*?"

E. Wager
East Troy, Wis.

After several hunters were taken on a trip with an elderly backwoods guide, they got the feeling that they were lost and questioned the old man. He agreed that he was lost, too.

"I thought you were the best guide in Wyoming?" one hunter grumbled.

"In Wyoming I believe I am," he agreed. "But I think we're in Utah!"

Wilfred Beaver
St. Anne, Ill.

After the barber had finished with his next-to-last customer he said to a teen-ager with long hair, "Your turn!"

The teen-ager replied, "Oh, I'm not waiting for a haircut!"

The barber then asked, "Well, why have you been sitting in here all day?"

The teen-ager said, "I'm hiding from my father. This is the last place in the world he'd think to look for me!"

Pat Tarr
Durham, N.C.

Among the group of fellows kidding a local purveyor of vitamin products, one braggingly proclaimed, "I've a different kind of problem. Do you have something that will slow me down from twice a night, to twice a week?"

"Yep, have just the cure for that," answered the vitamin salesman. "It's called truth serum."

Name withheld at writer's request
Smelterville, Idaho

A venturing missionary arrived in a remote part of the Yukon and discovered a tribe of Indians who had never recorded a baptism, a confirmation or a marriage service. He soon rectified this situation, baptizing and confirming everybody in sight, and winding up by uniting every beaming couple in holy wedlock. Later the tribal chief told him that the tribe hadn't had so much fun in years.

"And what part of the ceremonies did you enjoy most?" asked the missionary.

"The marriage service," replied the chief, happily. "We all got new wives."

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

The young military doctor had a high opinion of himself and never lost an opportunity to expound at length that military service was not for him: that having been drafted, he was only putting in time waiting to return to his lucrative civilian practice. He viewed with haughty disdain the GI's he saw each day and whom he regarded as goldbricks.

At sick call one morning he directed his sarcastic comments to one young soldier suffering from a mild affliction. The doctor was certain the lad was pretending to be ill, just to get out of work.

"I am sure," he said, "that if this were civilian life, you wouldn't be coming to see me with such a minor ailment. Answer me now, soldier. Would you come to see me?"

"No, sir," the soldier replied. "I wouldn't. In civilian life, I'd *send* for you."

Name withheld at writer's request
APO New York

As a Justice of the Peace I'm often asked to perform hasty marriages. Recently a serviceman brought his bride-to-be and asked, "Can you 'tie the knot' while I'm on this three-day pass?"

I told him that it would not be possible because in our state we have a three-day waiting period which would leave us several hours short, at best.

After he considered my reply a few moments he asked, "How about saying a few words that will hold us over the weekend?"

Bill Henry
Magalia, Calif.

Charlie was a loner straight from the hills of Tennessee and as suspicious, opinionated, and downright stubborn a character as you could find. His temper matched his dust-reddened eyes and the men had heckled and hounded him from boot camp to the battlefield, but old Charlie just bided his time and managed to leave his hecklers the worse off for every encounter. At the hint of a slur, his bulldog tenacity to "get even" became a point of pride among his few friends. One day the Viet Cong oozed over a hillside and out of the grass by the hundreds and when things settled down a bit, I saw the wounded Charlie galloping up the trail after the retreating horde, spurting blood from every seam and shouting his best invective.

I gave chase and yelled, "Get that man to the medic—he's been shot!"

The tattered remnants of his patrol stared at me, shrugged and finally one man said, "Yeah, we know, Sarge. But Old Charlie thinks he knows who did it!"

R. E. Holmes
Beloit, Wis.

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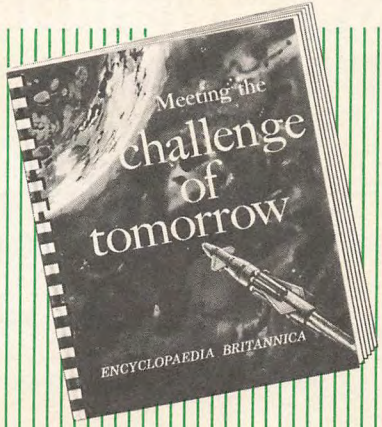

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